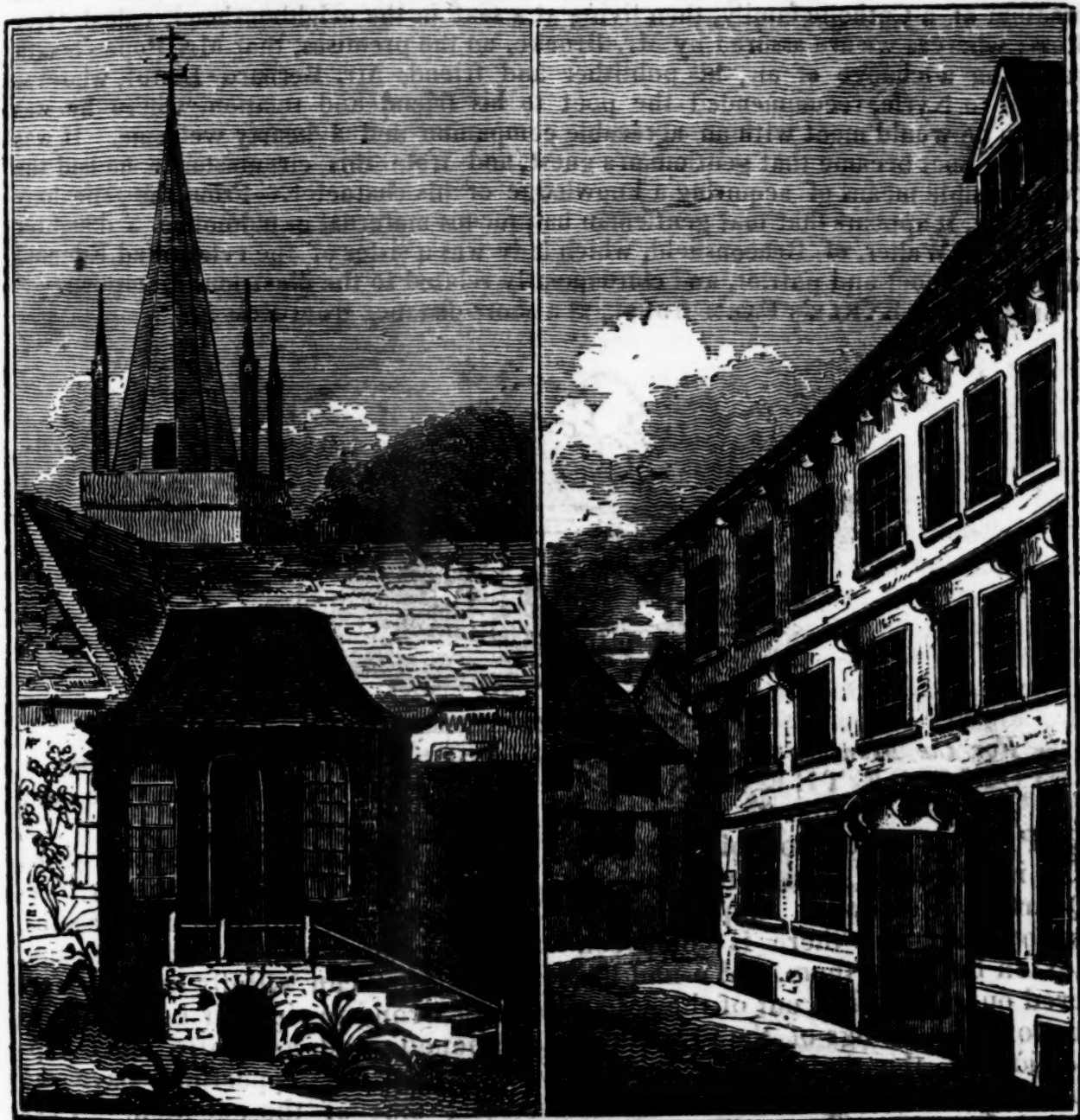


THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 386.]

SEPTEMBER 1, 1823. [2 of Vol. 56.



RESIDENCE AND GARDEN OF JOHN KYRLE.

THE name of John Kyrle, in the vicinity of his former residence, is still considered as a pronomen of public worth and private merit. Though Pope in his commendation may be thought extravagant by those who have not had the means of becoming acquainted with the history of "the man of Ross;" yet, to them who do know it, his eulogium is not more strange than true. Dr. Johnson bears this evidence, when he illustrates Mr. Pope's verses on this extraordinary character in the following words:—"But the praise of Kyrle, the man of Ross, deserves particular attention, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private character, is said to have diffused those blessings from *five hundred a-year*. Wonders are willingly told, and as willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contribution to his charitable schemes: this influence he obtained by an example of his liberality to the utmost of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor obtained from the minister of the place; I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it should be shown to be possible."—In our three Engravings, we have given his House in Ross, now an inn; his Farm-house; and his

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386. Summer.

Summer-house, nearly in the same state as it was left by himself and Pope. In this summer-house the benevolent man usually spent his evenings with his friends, when the seasons permitted; also in the same summer-house, tradition has it, Mr. Pope, whilst his guest, gave to certain of his admirable productions their form and finish. Mr. Charles Heath, of Monmouth, in his "Excursion to the Wye," says, the poet came to Ross for change of air, being indisposed; whence, he infers, it was very easy for the man of letters and the benevolent country-gentleman to become acquainted; but Mr. Fosbrooke ascribes the poet's knowledge of the character of "the man of Ross" to the medium of a Catholic family, then living at a seat in the neighbourhood, called Over Ross; whereas we are assured by Mr. Brooke, on the premises, that Mr. Pope's health requiring a change of air, his publisher and friend, Mr. Bernard Lintot, who was related to Kyrle, recommended the poet to his friend and relation, where he was certain he would meet with an agreeable companion and a hearty welcome. It was thus the poet became that gentleman's guest, and from this circumstance he had the best possible means of acquiring a knowledge of his character.—From the genealogy of Kyrle, it appears that that gentleman had for his maternal grandmother a daughter of Robert Waller, of Beaconsfield, which lady was a sister of the celebrated Edmund Waller, the poet and patriot, and consequently related to the illustrious Hampden.

Subjoined is KYRLE'S FARM-HOUSE, at a short distance from Ross:—



For the Monthly Magazine.
TOPIC OF THE MONTH.
Spain.

SPAIN is unquestionably the leading topic of this month, and the Quarterly Review as unquestionably is not; but still there is some connexion between them. We had flattered ourselves, that, out of the pale of the lowest hirelings of the prostituted portion of the daily press, and the lowest hunters for office,—who would sell their own souls to the devil, or their father's bones to the maker of hartshorn, if that would procure them the means of living at the expense of the public,—there was not one who would dare to palliate, far less to defend, the monstrous aggression of the Holy Alliance upon that country, and, through it, upon the liberties of mankind: but we find we were egregiously mistaken; for, lo and behold! we find in the Quarterly Review a sort of whining, canting, and malignant, article, which, while it affects to be extremely liberal, is yet, from beginning to end, one tissue of gross abuse of the liberal Spaniards, and of all who have aided them, and one stupid and sophisticated perversion of every principle of sound and manly policy, and of

international law. One sentence of this precious production will be quite enough.

"The government," says this learned Theban, (*quere*, is he Southey?) "generally has the initiative of measures, and therefore chooses its course; and, as no men can wilfully or perversely prefer wrong to right, it generally has happened, and generally must happen, that the opposition have the wrong side of the question."—Page 536.

We have been particular in quoting the page; because otherwise our readers might have had doubts if, in this learned and logical age, such a sentence could have been written. Yet here it is—"No man or set of men prefers wrong to right," *ergo*, the government must always be in the right, and the opposition in the wrong. "Well, but," says the reviewer, "you omit one circumstance," and that is a material one; "government has the *initiative* (rather an odd having) of measures, and therefore chooses its course." Granted; and has not a swindler who cheats you, a thief who robs you, or a murderer who cuts your throat, also the *initiative*, and therefore chooses his course; and is he

he for that reason always in the right, and you always in the wrong? If so, there is no need of arguing farther,—the very same plea which the reviewer here sets up for government, may be set up in favour of every crime all the world over; and so there is no need for a single word more. But, granting that in all the measures in which government have the *initiative*, they are necessarily in the right; then, according to the reviewer's own showing, the opposition must, in all the measures in which they have the initiative, be in the right too; and, in short, whatever is proposed by any one person or party should be instantly gone into by every other. The claims of the Catholics and Dissenters should be granted, Parliament should be reformed, corporations and tithes should be abolished, the taxes should be reduced, sinecures should be pitched to the deuce, and, to crown all, the Foreign Enlistment Bill should be repealed; and Britain, instead of a hankering, unnatural, and smuggled, regard for the Holy Alliance, should instantly shake hands with the Spanish patriots,—the Spanish people: because all these have had their “initiative” with the opposition, and been resisted by the government; therefore in all these cases the opposition must be in the right, and the government in the wrong. This reviewer is really a wise one,—a wight

“To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.”

The fact is that, to give him two of the words, if it be not possible to give him any of the meaning, of logic,—the measures of the government issue from them *absolute*, and they are right *secundum quid*; and it so happens in this case of their conduct to the Spaniards, that the whole evidence of sound writers upon national law, and rational and unfettered thinkers in the country, are against them. Canning's opinion is not in itself one jot better than the opinion of Brougham, or Mackintosh, or Burdett, or Macdonald, or Abercromby; and it cannot be given just so freely, because there is such a thing as a man's losing his place. In like manner, Liverpool's opinion is not a jot better than Grey's; and the latter is free, while the former may be fettered. Your opposition-man has nothing to sway him in those measures of which he has the initia-

tive but the good of his country; your ministerial man *may* have that, but he *must* have something else; therefore the great bulk of the people,—discounting of course those who are paid for their opinions, and whose opinions of course go for nothing,—have always thought, and always must think, that the opposition are generally in the right, and the government in the wrong; and in no case has this opinion,—discounting as aforesaid,—been more unanimous than in the case of Spain.

So perfect, indeed, is this unanimity, that we hold it as being perfectly demonstrative of the enormity of the Holy Alliance. We pointed out a few features of the enormity some time ago, and also noticed one or two of the probable causes; to these we shall not accordingly revert, in the mean time, farther than to say, that every step which has been taken in the business tends to prove more clearly that this enormity is not the voluntary and individual act of the French government; but forms a part of that plan, for keeping the world in slavery, which was made by the one despot (for the others are mere tools in his hands) of the North, who may very naturally quarrel with her for so doing; and, ere long, we may expect to see the banks of the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone, peopled with Cossacks, and the light which dawned upon France at the Revolution veiled in the shades of polar night. If, on the other hand, France continues the war, she must become so exhausted, that she will not have the weight of a feather in the general councils of Europe. The war against Spain is far different from her wars at the Revolution, or under Bonaparte. In the former, she had the name and the stimulus of liberty to cheer her on; and, in the latter, the burden of the war fell upon the enemy. France herself was spared, except in conscriptions of men, lived in peace, and waxed rich, while her armies were overrunning the territories, and consuming the revenues, of all the states on the Continent. In the present case, it is far different: the resources of France are exhausted by a double, or rather by a triple, drain,—the direct support of her own invading army, the support of her partizans in Spain, and the sums that are constantly expended in corrupting, or attempting

attempting to corrupt, the Spaniards. The aggregate of these is greater than France,—considering the broken state of her spirit, the exhaustion of her treasury, and the imbecility of her government,—can bear; and she may depend upon it, that not one of the northern despots will give one skilling or one copec to assist her. The French government, amid all their dulness and all their doting, seem to be aware of this; and this consciousness, more than any thing else, seems to have been the cause of the Duke d'Angouleme's departure (flight, shall we call it?) from Madrid. Finding the persons whom, in his own inconsiderate folly, he had appointed members of the Madrid regency, had private enmity to gratify, into which he could not enter,—finding that they were controlled by some power, as we say in this country, “farther north” than himself,—and finding that their suspicion of him was fast taking the shape of hatred, and would, in all probability, have ended in hostility,—he very naturally, and, in our opinion, very wisely, took his departure. Upon every view of the case, indeed, the French are in sorry plight. They have no plea of justification,—they are mere tools in the hands of Russia,—they are wasting their strength for an object which they are not very likely to obtain, and, which obtained, would bring them nothing but disgrace. Suppose that by fighting, or, by what appears a more successful and more congenial mode of proceeding, by bribery, they were to win all the strong places, and purchase all the commanders in Spain, what would they have gained? Every mountain in Spain is a fortalice, and every mountaineer is a soldier: foreign domination, though long a favourite at court, is most hateful to the Spanish people; and they are jealous even of foreign aid. Under such circumstances, we need not wonder that the French are becoming tired of the matter; and this is to the friends of liberty one ground of hope.

As to the existing state of Spain, there are no data by which it can be even fairly guessed at. Of Cadiz and Corunna we can know something; but of the state of the interior we have only French accounts, and of these so great and varying a portion has proved to be false, that they are unworthy of

record in any thing more permanent than the columns of the daily prints,—those ministers to the idle curiosity of the public, which yawn for their quantity like one of Agar's daughters of the horseleech, and which, like her, are not particular as to the quality.

The defections of the Spanish leaders, Morillo, Ballasteros, and such men, are matters of very small moment. When the liberty of a nation is at stake, men that can be corrupted are dangerous; and, if Spain is to be a free state, it will be only years of struggling that will clear her of Arnolds and Dumouriers, and call forth Washingtons and Carnots, upon whom she can with safety rest her cause.

There is another consolation to the friends of liberty: if there had been no struggle in Spain, it is probable that, ere now, the vulture of the Neva would have had his claws upon the Greeks; but, while he is working at second-hand, and very wisely as he thinks, no doubt, upon Spain, the Greeks are quietly raising up those altars of freedom, which, to the disgrace of Europe, have so long lain in the dust; and the probability is, that during the time that the tyrants of Europe are occupied in extinguishing the volcano of France by the fuel of Spain, the Greeks shall have so far established themselves, as to be able to hold both Turk and Tartar at bay. So long as, through the medium of the press, knowledge continues to circulate as the life-blood of the world, tyrants may in turn damp, and be burned by, the fire of freedom; but they never can extinguish it.

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For the Monthly Magazine.

ANALYSIS of the JOURNAL of a VOYAGE round the WORLD, in the YEARS 1816-1819, by M. DE ROQUEFEUIL, LIEUTENANT in the FRENCH NAVY.*

MR. BALGUERIE, jun. formed a plan to send a vessel to the North-west Coast of America, for the purpose of procuring sea-otter skins, which it was to sell in China; and, by this means, import into France Chinese productions, obtained by exchange, and without the exportation of ready money. He offered the com-

* A translation of this work appears in the recent Number of the Journal of Voyages and Travels.

mand of this vessel, of 200 tons burthen, with a crew of thirty-four men in all, to M. Roqueseuil, an officer of the Royal Navy, to whom he likewise confided the direction of the commercial operations. The Bordelais sailed from the mouth of the Gironde on the 9th of October, 1816, and returned on the 21st of November, 1819. The Bordelais arrived at Valparaiso, in Chili, in three months and seventeen days after leaving Bordeaux. The second day after his arrival, news was brought to the governor, of the passage of the Andes by the troops of Buenos Ayres under San Martin. The people, that is, the Créoles, were already ripe for revolution; and, the defeat of the royal troops of Chacabuco entirely discouraging the European Spaniards, they thought only of escaping on-board the vessels in the harbour; they had not even the precaution to retain possession of the batteries to cover the embarkation, and keep the inhabitants in awe, who rose, and made prisoners of the straggling parties of the defeated troops, who returned without order, and generally abandoned by their officers, who had been the first to fly. M. de Roqueseuil took several persons of distinction, among whom were two Oydors, on-board his small vessel, which contributed to procure him a good reception in Peru.

From the port of Callao, where there are about four hundred houses, M. de R. went to Lima, the road to which cannot be passed in the night on account of the robbers. He was very well received by the viceroy, without, however, being able to obtain permission to go and purchase wheat and rice, as he had intended, in that part of Peru where the port of St. Pedro and Truxillo are situated, and which is very rich in produce. He was obliged to employ the proceeds of the sales which he had been able to effect, in the purchase of copper, which of all the articles of Peru and Chili, best suits the China market. He also took some articles of exchange for the North West Coast of America, and the teeth of the whale, (*cachalot*), which were to serve him to procure sandal-wood at the Marquesas islands.

The women of Lima wear a narrow and plaited petticoat, which the natives call *saya*, and which sits rather too close to suit European notions of decorum; on the other hand, the upper part of the figure, and the face, is

completely concealed, when they walk abroad, by the *manta*, which is a black veil, closed at the waist. In point of fact, they fear the vertical rays of the sun, and not the looks of strangers. They add to a pleasing countenance great elegance of dress, and particularly a decided taste for pearls, which make an agreeable contrast with their dark complexion and shining black hair. The houses, in their internal arrangement, show neither taste nor splendour; the outside alone is neat.

On the eve of Palm Sunday M. de Roqueseuil saw the procession called *del Borriquito*, (of the Ass,) a grotesque ceremony, which attracts an immense concourse of people. On occasion of the amusements of Easter, he speaks of the intemperance of the people of this country, nay, even of the inhabitants of Spanish origin, not excepting the women; a vice, which is so great a contrast to the sobriety which distinguishes the mother-country. But many customs, which surprised our traveller, are, however, only a repetition of what is seen at Madrid, Cadiz, and Barcelona. For example, at the theatre, as soon as the curtain is dropped between the acts, a general striking of flints is heard, and every mouth, even the prettiest, is armed with a segar, which fills the theatre with a cloud of smoke. Bull-feasts and cock-fighting are favourite amusements with the inhabitants of Lima.

The population of Lima is about 80,000 souls, of which the European Spaniards do not form a twentieth part. Here are also a great number of white creoles: the rest of the inhabitants are composed of African slaves, whose number may be equal to that of the whites; and people of colour of all shades, a mixture of Spanish and African blood, and of the ancient Indian races, crossed *ad infinitum*.

This town has a hydrographical depôt, which contains the best charts of the South Sea, and several interesting manuscripts. The commerce of Peru, now that it has become free, will be of great importance to France, which may supply that country with wines, linens, cloth; and, above all, silks, for which there is a considerable demand. We might also send oil, as Spain did, though the olive grows in the environs of Lima, and yields tolerable oil. The articles of exportation are cocoa, copper, Peruvian bark, Vigonia, and other wool, chinchilla skins,

skins, and also cochineal, at least when they think fit to attend to this branch of commerce. The seas of Peru, especially about the Gallapagos, abound in whales, and are accordingly much frequented by the English and American whalers. The latter, more than the English, employ themselves on several parts of the coast and the neighbouring isles, in the chase of Phocæ of various kinds, known by the names of sea lions, elephants, and wolves. The chase of these animals has been so active for the last thirty years in particular, that their numbers are considerably reduced, except in places that have been lately discovered. The discovery of a rock sometimes makes the fortune of the discoverer. The apparatus required for their chase is of little intrinsic value, and every body on-board has a share in the profits. There is on-board these vessels a spirit of order and economy, and, at the same time, a degree of activity, on which M. de Roquefeuil bestows great praise.

Our readers will perhaps enquire, what cause may bring to the equatorial seas these large amphibious animals, which, in our hemisphere, appear to prefer the cold waters of the polar seas. It might, perhaps, be sufficient to observe, that the temperature of the ocean, and especially of so vast an ocean as that which washes the western coast of America, is not sensibly affected by the action of the solar heat; but, besides this, there is a strong current, which carries the waters of the polar seas along the coasts of Chili and Peru, towards the Gallapagos islands, where it is at length lost in the general current of the equatorial seas from east to west. M. de Roquefeuil, governed by the commercial object of his voyage, was not able to examine the Gallapagos islands, of the importance of which he doubtless is fully sensible. It was necessary to proceed without delay to the coast of California.

It is generally believed, that the west and north-west winds that prevail on the coast of Mexico during our summer, which in those seas bears, though improperly, the name of winter, are not perceived at a greater distance from the coast than 70, 100, or, at the most, 150, leagues; but M. Roquefeuil met with them above 200 leagues from the coast of Guatemala. Impeded by these winds, and by currents setting to the south, it was not till the 4th of August that he descried the

coast of California, and anchored in the bay of Yerva-Buena, which depends on the fine port of San Francisco, of which, according to our author, Vancouver has given a more correct plan than that of La Peyrouse.

He learnt from the governor of this Spanish presidio, that, having ascended fifty leagues from its mouth, the river San Sacramento, which comes from the north-east, and falls into this port, as well as that of San Joaquin, which comes from the south-east, he had found every-where about seven or eight fathoms of water. The former of these rivers always overflows in the rainy season, and forms vast marshes, which are inhabited by natives who are Ichthyophagi. Several parts of the banks are very fertile; the vine grows spontaneously, and the maize requires very little attention. Industry is still in its infancy in California; the only tolerable articles of furniture seen at San Francisco are made by a Kodiack, who was taken prisoner in the fishing-expeditions which some subjects of Russia made to this port in 1809, 10, and 11, with their baidas, before the Spaniards had built some boats to repulse them. The town of the mission consists of a hundred miserable huts. These natives are in general indolent, and of very limited understanding: but the interior of California seems to contain tracts very well adapted for European colonies, and the situation of the coast makes the sovereignty of it coveted by more than one power.

Before M. de R. arrived at San Francisco, which he reached on the seventeenth of October, he passed at a small distance from a Russian establishment, called in Spanish Bodega, situated in $38^{\circ} 30'$, at the mouth of a small river, called by the Russians Slavinska Ross. It is an usurpation of territory which Spain, or, in its place, Mexico, would be highly interested in repelling. They will doubtlessly embrace some favourable opportunity, when England is at war with Russia, which is almost inevitable, if the Russians persist in excluding English vessels from that part of the coast which is to the west of Queen Charlotte's islands.

M. Roquefeuil made two pretty long visits to the port of San Francisco, where he collected the following information respecting California.

The Spaniards have four presidios, and

and nineteen missions, in California. In 1817 and 1818, the population did not amount to more than 20,330 persons, of whom 1,300 were of Spanish origin, and the rest native Indians. The first class consisted of soldiers, either in active service or retired, and their families. The governor, an officer, and the missionaries, were the only persons born in Spain. The name of *gente de razon* is applied in Spanish America to all who are not of Indian origin; and even, says the author, to the black slaves. This Spanish part of the population increases rapidly in the whole province: the Spanish race had not lost more than fifty-one individuals, and there had been 141 births. It is quite the contrary with the original race, the numbers of which is only kept up in the missions by some old persons, who, being too weak to provide for their own subsistence, abandon the independent tribes, to seek under the protection of the missionaries an asylum against want. The principal causes for the diminution of this race seem to be, first, voluntary abortions; secondly, the inattention of mothers to their children; thirdly, the irregular diet; fourthly, the want of assistance to the sick. The officers and missionaries agree, that the indigenous race is almost entirely extinct in Old California, where, for this reason, the number of missions is reduced from five to two; and that in New California, which is more fertile, and which was at all times more populous, there is not a single mission where the births are not exceeded by the deaths. In 1817, there were among the indigenous race, 1,634 deaths, and only 762 births. In the same year the agricultural produce of the mission was as follows:—

	Fanegas.
Wheat	52,001
Maize	22,354
Various vegetables	18,895

Total.....93,250

Corn yields seventeen fold. The vine is cultivated in the southern missions; the wine of Santa Barbara, the best in California, is red, luscious, and a little heady, and resembles Cape wine of the middle quality. The fruit and vegetables of Europe flourish in the gardens of the missions.

The number of cattle, though considerable, has diminished, since the troubles in Mexico do not permit them to receive from that country an herb for

the destruction of wolves. The author calls this herb *yerva de la puebla*, and says it is a subtle poison. What he says of its properties would be worth examining, because it might be useful in France.

M. de Roquefeuil estimates that Upper California, in its present state, might furnish two thousand tons of grain and vegetables, and from seven to eight hundred tons of dry or salt meat for exportation. To this may be added salt of good quality, which is found in abundance on various parts of the coast. The enormous consumption of ox-hides, which are used for various purposes, leaves but few to dispose of. It need not be added, that all these productions are susceptible of an immense increase. Otter and seal skins may also be obtained at California. These animals are even more numerous than in the more northern coasts of America; but the furs of California are neither so fine nor so well dressed.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I OBSERVE you have noticed the new discovery in fermentation; but your intelligent readers will be gratified by receiving farther information.

It is well known that the common practice has been to *ferment in open vessels*; and, though it was a circumstance well known among chemists that a certain portion of spirit and flavour escaped in the form of vapour during the process, yet no one had an idea that the condensatory system could be applied,—as it appeared impossible to effect the fermentation in air-tight vessels. The idea, however, occurred to Madame Gervais, a proprietor of considerable vineyards near Montpellier, who has founded a system on the principle, that what is termed the vinous fermentation, is a mild, calm, and natural distillation. Having first laid down this ground-work, she proceeded to obtain an apparatus that would operate in such manner as to return into the vessel the spirit and flavour that was evolved from the fermenting gyle, and let out the non-condensable gases, which might, by the increasing heat, acquire too great an expansive force, and burst the working-tun. Her apparatus consisted of a vessel resembling the head of the ancient still, and constructed of such

such form as to be capable of being placed securely in the back or vat in which the process of fermentation is to be carried on; the back or vat must be closed air-tight, with a hole in the top, communicating with that part of the apparatus called the cone or condensor. This cone is surrounded by a cylinder or reservoir, which is to be filled with cold water, so that the alcoholic vapour or steam, evolved during the process, may be condensed as it comes in contact with the cold interior surface of the cone; and, being thereby converted into liquid, trickles down the inside of the condensor, and through a long pipe is returned into the fermenting liquor.

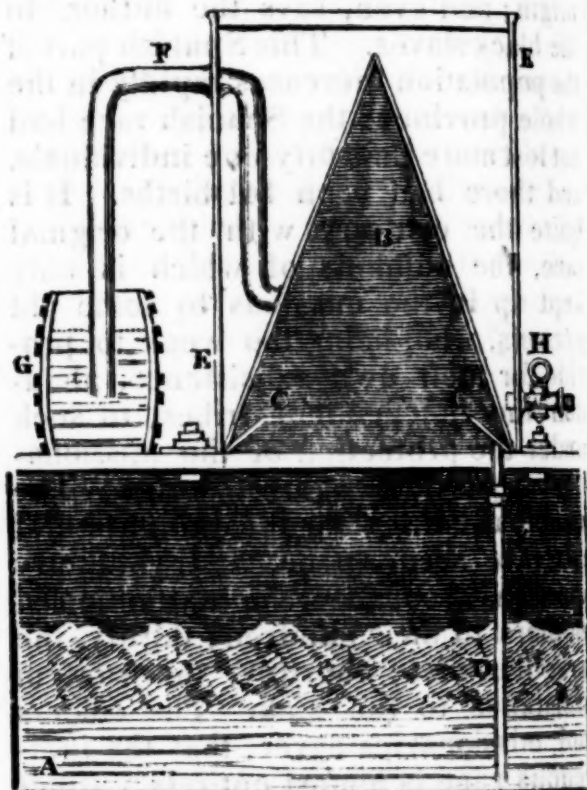
By the application of this apparatus, a considerable portion of alcohol, which has been hitherto suffered to escape in the form of vapour, along with the non-condensable gases, is condensed and returned into the liquor; and the non-condensable gases are carried off by a pipe, which, proceeding from the interior lower part of the cone, and running up the inside of the cylinder in the cold water, passes out through the side, and the end is immersed some depth below the surface of water contained in a separate vessel, permitting the gases to escape, but still under a certain degree of pressure, the object of which is to confine the alcoholic steam and gas within the cone, and allow them a sufficient time to cool and condense.

This discovery is of the greatest importance, since it enables us, without the least detriment or inconvenience to the process, to exclude the oxygen of the atmospheric air, which, by constantly supplying the *gyle* in brewing with the principle that causes and promotes acidity, casts on it from the first that roughness and disagreeable flavour which spoil most of our common beverages.

The apparatus being applied to ferment the *must* of grapes, has been found to procure an increase of quantity, amounting in some instances to ten or twelve per cent. and which necessarily varies according to situation, season, or former management; but in no instance has it been found less than from five or six per cent. When applied to the fermentation of beer, this saving has constantly been between four and a half and five per cent. a quantity certainly inferior to that obtained from wine, but which will not appear unimportant when we consider

this saving is a spirit congenial to the nature of the beer, and an essential oil necessary to its preservation, mildness, and flavour.

Messrs. Deurbroucq and Nichols having taken out a patent for the apparatus, Messrs. Gray and Dacre of Westham, have adopted it in their brewery, and become their agents in England for its sale. The following is a representation of it, and description of its parts:—



AA.—A closed vat, in which the process of fermentation is carried on.

B.—Condensing cone, communicating immediately with the interior of the fermenting vat.

CC.—Small channel extending round the interior base of the cone, being adapted to receive the condensed alcohol and essential oils, from whence they are conducted down the small pipe (D) into the vat.

EE.—Reservoir for containing cold water surrounding the cone.

F.—Exit-pipe, communicating with the interior of the cone, its extremity being immersed some inches below the surface of the water in the small tub (G), from whence the non-condensable gasses are permitted to escape into the atmosphere.

H.—Cock to draw off the water from the reservoir (EE).

Messrs. Deurbroucq and Nichols's improved system of fermentation is conducted in close vessels, of any form and size, but made perfectly air-tight; the preparation of the wort for this system in no way differs from the already well-established mode, but merely in the management when in the working-tun, by brewers, distillers, wine-makers, &c.

PUBLICULO.

For

For the Monthly Magazine.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

NO. XXXII.

Quarterly Review, No. 56, January 1823.

SHOULD the *Quarterly Review* be read in after-times, some astonishment will be excited by its glaring anachronisms. The Number before us is entitled *January 1823*, although it contains reviews of several books that were not published until some months after that date. We are told, indeed, on the wrapper, that this Number is *published in July*; but the wrapper is perishable, and the title-pages of the work belie this assertion. What purpose the proprietors or the editors have in view for thus protracting the period of publication, we cannot divine; for surely there can be no want of contributors capable of writing such long and heavy essays as those which it generally obtrudes upon its purchasers. We shall see, in the course of our analysis, if there be any apparent circumstance that warrants the delay.

The first article in this Number is a review of M. Lacretelle's *Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante de France*, a work in two octavo volumes, published last year in Paris. In the outset of this review, M. Lacretelle is absolutely loaded with praise, the reason for which may be guessed from the following extract:—"The present, however, is not his first essay upon the French revolution. A narrative of that dreadful event had been commenced by Rabaud St. Etienne, a partizan of the republic, but averse to regicide; and it was continued by M. Lacretelle in the same tone of mind. But the volumes now before us breathe a different spirit; and we heartily congratulate their author upon the severe animadversions which this change has drawn upon him from the French liberalists. The deviations of M. Lacretelle from sound principles have been in a great measure corrected by years; and his former helpmates are nettled at his abjuration of wickedness and folly." It is thus agreed, on both sides, that this historian has been, during one period of his life, *very foolish and very wicked*. The only point in dispute is, therefore, whether his career of *folly and wickedness* was run in his early or in his latter days. The reviewer adds, "We could

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

quote numerous instances of a similar reform among the eminent men of our own country;" and then he mentions Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and a living author,—*all of whom are Irish*. As men advance in life, he says, "the general tendency of their political opinions pass from ultra-democracy in youth to more settled forms of monarchy in maturer age." The reviewer is right, and we could remind him of other examples:—

Eager, when young, on life's great race we start,
 Yet warm with all that animates the heart;
 Till, tir'd with age, we linger on the way,
 And all our virtues, one by one, decay:
 Prudence succeeds where hope was wont to blaze,
 And Nature's lost amid the length of days.

Apostate, however, as he is, this Frenchman, it would seem, has not yet attained to that height of ultraroyalism which is pleasing to the reviewer, who, in consequence, favours us with forty-four pages of a history of the Constituent Assembly, the production of his own pen; in which Marie-Antoinette is painted as a goddess, and Lafayette as a demon.

The review of Burton's *Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome* is very well drawn up, and forms an useful appendix to that entertaining work. The remarks describe many curious objects, particularly churches, which Mr. Burton had omitted, and several mistakes and inadvertencies into which he has fallen,—without any of that impertinence and insolence so generally resorted to by reviewers. Whatever superstitions may exist among ourselves, we can seldom venerate those of other nations. There are few who can sympathise with Warburton when he blames Socrates for having endeavoured to destroy "the established gods of Athens." The relics of the saints, which are still sacred in Rome, excite the smiles both of Mr. Burton and of his critic. The identical "chair of St. Peter, which he occupied as universal pastor, till he suffered death for Christ's sake," is still preserved, and many arguments are adduced by Bonanni to prove that it is genuine. Calvin doubted, because it was made of wood, so perishable a material. "But, if this were a true ground for doubt, (says the honest Bonanni,) the true cross and the cradle of our Saviour are made of wood, as are several statues of the saints; and nobody doubts about them."

P. The

The review of Arago's *Narrative of a Voyage round the World in 1817, 18, 19, and 20, undertaken by order of the French government*, is the third article, and occupies sixteen pages, containing a number of short extracts, all of which, by means of the appended remarks, are made to appear extremely ridiculous. Not having seen M. Arago's work, we have no means of knowing how far these extracts have been garbled or caricatured to answer the intended purpose; but, if any sinister purpose were intended, some of the extracts show a sufficient extent of *liberal principles* to account for that intention.

We have next an *Essay on the Poor Laws*, headed by some printed reports of the House of Commons, and by a speech from Dr. Chalmers, delivered about a year ago, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. On this subject, the *practical* opinions of the reviewer are consonant with our own. However the poor-laws may have originated, and whatever evils they may be supposed to have produced, it would be unwise (we say impossible,) to abrogate them, except by slow degrees. Dr. Chalmers calls them "a moral nuisance, a bané, a burden, an excrescence on the body-politic, a sore leprosy, which has spread itself over the ten thousand parishes of England;" but this language is akin to his religious rhodomontades, and has nothing to do with reason. Examine it as we will, the poor-rates will be found to have their origin in the poverty of the multitude, and the fear of their rulers. When, by some concatenation of circumstances, (for tyranny itself seldom originates in design,) the labour of the poor is not paid sufficiently to enable them to exist; some means must be resorted to that may give them an additional income *without labour*; otherwise we should have to dread either an organized insurrection, or prowling bands of robbers and murderers. The poor-laws, therefore, do not spring from kindness, but from necessity. They are necessary to the existence of society, if we would not return to the law of nature; for, abstractedly considered, "No man has a better right to the fruits of the earth than he who sows and reaps them." Some of our readers may perhaps be startled at this language; but it does not differ one iota in principle from the opinion

of the reviewer. "We contend (says he,) that the poor laws are recommended by practical utility; and we would again repeat, that the claims of the indigent for relief are sacred,—sacred in the highest sense of that solemn word; for the blessings which the bounty of God vouchsafes to the more favoured is not a mere gratuitous dispensation. Religion,—or, what some reformers will consider better authority, the instinctive feeling of mankind in all ages and countries,—proves that the relief of the poor is one of the first duties of the rich."

The *Travels of Theodore Ducas in various Countries of Europe at the Revival of Letters and Art*, by Charles Mills, is an imitation of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, and is very fairly reviewed. We wish to "blame where we must, and be candid where we can;" and, therefore, dismiss this short review without animadversion.

The sixth article is the *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 20, 21, and 22*, by John Franklin, which is deservedly praised; and, being "published by authority of the Right Honourable the Earl Bathurst," affords a convenient opportunity for eulogizing his majesty's government. Many of our readers will have probably seen this *Narrative*, and the general tone of the review is merely that of extract and praise. One part only is deserving of notice on account of its cant and vulgar abuse, which would be totally disgraceful to any respectable work. Franklin's party were forced to separate; and, on that occasion, Dr. Richardson and his companions were reduced to the most extreme weakness, both of body and mind, from the want of food: "Never (says the reviewer,) were the blessings of religion more strongly felt than in the case of these excellent men, when to all human appearance their case was utterly hopeless; yet nothing like despondency, not a murmur ever escaped from their lips." Then comes an extract:—"Through the extreme kindness and forethought of a lady, the party, previous to leaving London, had been furnished with a small collection of religious books, of which we still retained two or three of the most portable, and they proved of incalculable benefit to us. We read portions of them to each other as we lay in bed, in addition to the morning and

and evening service, and found that they inspired us on each perusal with so strong a sense of a beneficent God, that our situation, even in these wilds, appeared no longer destitute," &c. Now this would be a very fair paragraph for the Religious Tract Society; but the reviewer, forgetting the benevolent portion of Christianity, turns it into a vehicle of personal malignity:—"Read this, (says he,) ye Hunts, and ye Hones; and, if you be not as insensible to the feelings of shame and remorse, as to those consolations which the Christian religion is capable of affording, think of Richardson, Hood, and Hepburn."

The seventh article is the *Odes of Pindar, translated from the Greek*, by Abraham Moore, of which a first part is only yet given to the public. Pindar is one of the most esteemed and the least known of all the writers of antiquity. Even by the learned, he has been praised almost solely upon the testimony of Horace; and it has not hitherto been practicable to render him popular by translation into any of the modern languages. The first Olympic Ode is the *pons asinorum* of all his translators. The version of Mr. Moore is preferred to that of West; and, without deciding between them, we copy the introductory stanzas of each, leaving the reader to judge which (if any) is most deserving of praise.

Water the first of elements we hold,
And, as the flaming fire at night
Glow with its own conspicuous light,
Above proud treasure shines transcendent gold.
But if, my soul, 'tis thy desire
For the Great Games to strike thy lyre,
Look not within the range of day
A star more genial to descry
Than yon warm sun, whose glittering ray
Dims all the spheres that gild the sky;
Nor loftier theme to raise thy strain
Than fam'd Olympia's crowded plain, &c.

Moore.

Chief of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the highest praise;
Richest offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
From afar conspicuous gleam
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
Decks the treasures of the proud;
So among the lists of Fame
Pisa's honour'd games excel,
Then to Pisa's glorious name
Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.
Who along the desert air
Seeks the faded starry train,
When the Sun's meridian car
Round illumines th' ethereal plain?
Who a nobler theme can chuse
Than Olympia's sacred games?
What more apt to fire the Muse
When her various songs she frames?

West.

The *New Navigation Laws* are the subject of the next article; in which

the reviewer, as far as his veneration for the ministry will allow him to express his sentiments, is decidedly hostile to the sweeping changes of the new political economists; and many of his remarks appear to us to be rational and well founded. "To speak plainly, (says he,) we perceive too much of *abstraction* in the legislation of the day. The *theorists* are beginning once more to find favour against the *experimentalists*: of old these followers of abstract principles were wont to overwhelm opposition by the *ipse dixit* of Aristotle; now-a-days they attempt the same rational end by the use of the word *freedom*,—free laws, free religion, free press, free trade: so say they,—and so say we; but we differ as to the just meaning of the word *free*: they think nothing *free* as long as there are any restraints on human passions or human actions. We think that there is a difference between freedom and licence; and that, considering the infirmity of our nature, restraints are absolutely necessary in all cases in which the passions or cupidity of mankind are likely to come into play." So far, this is well; but the remainder of the paragraph descends, as usual, into personality, which we wish not to quote.

The ninth and tenth articles are devoted to the praise of Madame Campan's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*, and to the *Narratives of the Duchess of Angoulême and of Louis XVIII.* Of the accuracy and genuineness of these several Narratives, not a single doubt is expressed; and he who has ever perused a single number of the Quarterly Review will be at no loss to conceive the style in which the criticisms are written. Royalty itself is sufficient evidence of possessing all the virtues, and to be a republican is to be a villain. Madame Campan, who belonged successively to all the parties, is to be implicitly believed in every thing. "It is probable (says the writer), from much internal and some external evidence, that these memoranda were written by Madame Campan, (whose former situation had made her perfect in these matters,) at the desire of Bonaparte, as the guide and model of the etiquette of the court which he was about to revive." The reader will bear in mind, that this Madame Campan was *waiting-woman* to Marie Antoinette, who is characterised by the reviewer as "among

"among the highest examples of conjugal faith, maternal duty, and Christian heroism."

We have next a discussion on the *Cause of the Greeks*, which is headed, for form's sake, by the titles of two French works—*Annuaire Historique Universel*, 1822, and *Histoire des Evénemens de la Grèce*, par M. Raffenel. We have seen the first of these, and it certainly deserves a more appropriate notice than an essay in defence of his majesty's ministers,—the only matter in this review. The *Annuaire Historique* contains the best account of the origin and progress of the Greek revolution that has yet appeared; and it is written in a style of perspicuity and elegance which would do honour to any historian of any age. That our ministers ought to interfere in favour of the Greeks, we are not prepared to assert; that they would if they could, is known only to themselves. Their defence, therefore, is to us of no interest; and our only objection to the article is, that it has not the most distant title to be called a review. It contains a number of extracts from other works; but not a line from the books that have been chosen for the text.

The *Histoire de la Théophilantropie, depuis sa Naissance jusqu'à son Extinction*, par M. Grégoire, is the next subject brought under review. M. Grégoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, is well known in the annals of the French revolution, and this *Histoire de la Théophilantropie* is a portion of his "History of Religious Sects." The Theophilanthropists were a set of well-meaning half-instructed French philosophers, who endeavoured to raise Deism to the rank of a sect, and to form a church of *believers* out of a congregated mass of *infidels* and *sceptics*. Such a scheme was, long ago, tried in this metropolis, when David Williams preached some excellent moral sermons to empty pews, in a chapel in Margaret-street; and it was again attempted in Paris during the reign of the Directory. Both projects failed. The materials could not be cemented, and were, therefore, unfitted for the building of a temple. The history of this short-lived society is worthless, when thus taken alone, although, when conjoined with M. Grégoire's account of religious sects, it adds another example to the history of human follies; but this was no part

of the consideration of the reviewer: he seizes on the work as a convenient excuse for venting forty-four pages of ignorance and vulgarity upon the *progress of infidelity*; and of vilifying the characters of individuals, many of whose names will live long after he and his review shall cease to be remembered. The harangue is in the worst style of composition,—that of a fanatical sermon interspersed with prayers. This, however, is merely a matter of taste; but we will give a single extract, and then leave it to the reader, whatever his political or religious opinions may be, to say whether any thing more uncalled-for and more disgraceful was ever inserted in a publication that pretended to be respectable. The writer is giving an account of a Parisian *fête in honour of toleration*:—"The only two heads worthy to have presided at it were not there; the one, to the great surprise of its owner, having been taken from the neck of Anacharsis Clootz; and the other, which still retained its natural connexion with the shoulders of Jeremy Bentham, being at that time employed in planning Panoptical Prisons upon the principle of a spider's web." The writer then adds, in a note,—“Long may it continue to adorn those shoulders! For were the egregious Jeremy to be deprived of it (as the orator of the human race was before him,) by an unlucky effect of his own doctrines, let us not be suspected of flattery when we say that—

The best of workmen, and the best of wood,
Could scarce supply him with a head so good."

The last article, and we are glad that we are come to it, is on the *Affairs of Spain*. Of this we shall only say, that it advocates the cause of Spanish despotism; and, like the preceding, is full of abuse against individuals. He, therefore, who loves slavery and slander will be gratified by the perusal.

For the Monthly Magazine.

TRANSLATION of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S
FRENCH LOVE-LETTERS to ANN
BOLEYN.

IT may not be amiss to premise to those readers, for whose satisfaction the editor requested these translations, that they have been altogether very freely rendered, while the sense of many a sentence has of necessity been added to, and some passages only

only guessed at in doubt: for the French of these letters is neither the French of the age in which they were written, nor indeed of any other period; it must be designated, *par excellence*, Henry the Eighth's French. Nor was this the only difficulty: there is scarcely a grammatical sentence,—one of complete sense in itself,—nor a properly-spelt line, throughout the series. They are not only (as the royal writer himself admits,) very rude, but, in verity, most barbarous specimens of the intelligence of a most barbarous man. How he could have been the learned author of the Defence of the Faith, it were difficult to establish upon the merits of these pages.

The only internal evidence afforded by these letters themselves, of the precise date at which they were written, lies in Henry's mention of Waltham, and the sweating sickness,—a distemper of which other curious properties have been told, besides its compliment of feminine abhorrence; for it is said, that it was confined to Englishmen, and extended, by sympathy of relationship, to members of the same family, however one of the sufferers happened to be separated, during its prevalence, from the other in a distant part. Thus, at the very time one brother took to his bed in England, the other fell ill in Paris; and, if the cousin in the Isle of Ely died, the corresponding kin was sure not to recover in Jamaica. But we know that Henry was at Waltham in September 1529; he fell in love with Anne the year before; and was there supposed to have been determined, by Cranmer's bold advice, to use the power he possessed, and do his own pleasure. The rude dismissal of Campechio, the Pope's legate,—and Wolsey's degradation, and subsequent impeachment,—followed the interviews of the visit.

It was said the lovers were privately married at Calais in 1531, during Henry's pompous visit to Francis the First; but the ceremony was not proclaimed in this country until 1533.

LETTER I.

My mistress and love,—My heart and I transmit themselves into your hands; beseeching you to keep and recommend them to your good graces, that absence may not lessen your affection for them: to increase their

pains were, indeed, a pity, as absence is pain enough. The more I love, I have thought, to make ourselves present to you a point of philosophy; which is, that the longer the days, the more distant the sun, and yet the warmer: so is it with our love; absence distances us, and nevertheless preserves the warmth of our wishes. With a hope that yours are equally as warm as mine, I assure ye the distress of separation is too great; and, when I think of the added burthens to it which I must of necessity bear, the thought were intolerable, but for the strong reliance which I place in your indissoluble affection for me. To remind you of it at any time, as I cannot personally present myself to ye, I send ye what next most pertinent I at present can; which is my picture set in bracelets, with all known device. Wishing myself in their place, when it shall please ye, this is from the hand of

LETTER II.

To my Mistress.—The time has seemed so long since I heard of you, and your health, that the great affection I bear you persuades me to send the bearer to ye, the better to assure myself of that health, and your wishes. Since my departure, I have been apprised that the opinions in which I left you have altogether changed, and that you do not choose to come to court, neither with madam your mother, nor otherwise; a representation which, if true, I cannot enough wonder at, as I am satisfied I never have been faulty towards ye. It does seem to me to be a very poor return for the great love I bear ye, to distance me from the society and person of the woman in the world I most esteem. If you loved me with the kind will I hope for, I am sure our separation would concern ye; although it may not altogether so much affect the mistress as her humble servant. Think then, my mistress, and think well, how grievous is your absence to me, and I will hope it happens not of your inclination. If, in truth, I had to understand, that voluntarily you desired it, I know not what I should do with myself, if not publicly to proclaim my sorrows, and so by degrees lessen their extreme folly. In want of time, I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching ye to give faith to the bearer
for

for all he will say to ye in my behalf. Written by the hand of, in all your servant,

LETTER III.

The doubt I have been in of your health, troubled and so greatly alarmed me, that I could not rest quietly without some certain knowledge of it. As hitherto you have suffered no attack, I trust, and indeed will go so far as to take an assurance, you will escape altogether. While at Waltham, two ushers, two valets, and your brother Master Jesoner, fell ill; but are now recovered: for, since our return to Hanson-house, we have not (Heaven be praised!) to this moment felt any infection. I therefore think, if you wish to leave Surrey, as we did, you may pass through without danger. Another consideration may comfort ye: it is reported here, for truth, that few or no women have been taken ill, particularly none of our court; and that still fewer have died. I beseech ye, then, my love, to fear not, nor suffer my absence to distress ye: wherever I am, I am yours; and we must fain obey such calls of fortune, notwithstanding our inclinations. The man who would struggle against such an emergency, might find himself still farther removed from you. Comfort yourself, therefore, and be of good spirit; and guard yourself, with all possible care, from danger. I hope soon to make ye sing me "the Return." At this moment want of time leaves me no more to say, than that I wish you were in my arms, there to part with a few of your little unreasonable thoughts. Written by the hand of him who is, and ever will be, immutable,

LETTER IV.

In considering the contents of your letters, I have been thrown into the greatest agony, not knowing how to interpret them,—whether to my advantage or disadvantage; not a passage is there to instruct me. Be pleased then, I beseech ye, in kindness to certify to me your intentions in the matter of our love. I am constrained,—necessitated,—to engage your answer on this subject; having been now more than a year attainted by the dart of love, and as yet unassured either of the failure of my hopes, or that I have obtained an interest in the affections of your heart. For this reason, I have awhile back been careful not to call ye my mistress;

for, in case I am only regarded by you with ordinary affection, the name for you is inappropriate; inasmuch as it denotes a peculiarity far from ordinary. But, if it please ye to give me the service of a truly loyal mistress and love, and to yield yourself, body and heart, up to one, who esteems ye, and is himself your truly loyal servant; I promise ye (unless *P.'s rigor forbids it,) that not merely the name shall be yours: I will make ye my only mistress, to the rejection of many other great ones, who, upon your consent, shall be out of my thoughts and out of my affections; I promise to serve only you. I beseech ye to answer this rude letter, and let me know what and how much I may rely on; and, in case it does not please ye to write me your answer, assign some place at which I may receive it from your lips, and I shall repair thither with pleasure. Not more to trouble ye, this is written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours.

LETTER V.

For your pretty present,—which, altogether, nothing can exceed,—I thank ye very cordially; and not so much for the fine diamond and ship, in which the lone damsel sits troubled, as principally for the lovely assurance you make me, and the very humble submission your benignity has in this matter adopted. I weigh well the very great difficulty I shall have to find occasion to merit all this, even with the aid of your kindness and favour; by them I have fondly sought, and still will fondly seek, through all possible indulgence, to fix myself in the course my hopes have long since made almost immutable, as they whispered out, *aut illic aut nullabi*, or there or nowhere. Such are the demonstrations of your love,—the sweet words of your letter are so heartfully couched, as to bind me ever truly to love, honour, and serve, ye. Be you pleased still firm and constant to preserve your intentions.—[*Here the original to the Translator was utterly unintelligible.*—I pray ye, also, if in any respect I have hitherto offended ye, that you indulge me with that absolution for it which yourself you beg for; and I assure ye, that henceforward my heart

* An abbreviation; allusive, probably, to her father,—perhaps to the Pope.

heart shall be dedicated to you only; greatly, too, do I desire that my body also could from this moment. God, were it his pleasure, could effect the wish; and I supplicate him, once a-day, to do so: I hope my prayer will at length be heard, and beg the period may not be distant; but I must deem it long till we meet. Written by the hand of the secretary, who in heart, body, and desire, is, * *

LETTER VIII.

Although it belong not a gentleman to receive his love in a servant's station, yet, ever in the pursuit of your wishes, I willingly indulge ye in this respect, provided you find the place you have chosen less displeasing than the one I assigned. With my thanks that it is your pleasure still to retain remembrance of me, * *

LETTER X.

Although it has not pleased my mistress to remember the promise she made me, when I was lately with her, which was to receive of me, and, in return for my last letter, to give kind news of herself; still, as it seems to me to be the part of a true servant,—particularly as otherwise he may chance to get none,—to send and enquire the health of his mistress: I beg to acquit myself of the office of such true servant, and send ye this letter, beseeching ye to advertise me of your prosperity, which I pray may continue as long as I would have my own. To induce oftener a thought of me, I send ye by the bearer a buck killed by these hands late yestereven. Think,—'tis my hope,—when you eat it, of the hunter. In want of room, I end my letter; written by the hand of the servant who often wishes ye in your brother's stead. * *

LETTER XI.

So long has the coming time seemed to me delayed, that I rejoice at its approach as much as if it were arrived; but its accomplishment can never, even slowly, take place, while two persons are separate; than their meeting, no earthly consideration is more desired by me; for what rejoicing in this world can be so great as in the society of her who is my dearest love. I believe you think as fondly of your choice, and the thought gives me great pleasure: judge, then, what I shall be. Your absence has given greater pains to my heart than angel or scripture can express; and nothing but your presence can supply a remedy for them. I beg of ye to tell your father

from me, that I make it a prayer with him to advance the appointed time by two days; so that he may be at court before the old term, or, at least, on the day fixed; otherwise I shall think either that the lover's round will not take place at all; or, at least, not according to my expectations. Hoping soon to tell ye with my lips the many other pangs I have borne while away from ye, I conclude in lack of time. Written by the hand of the secretary who at this moment wishes himself in secret with ye, and who is, and ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant, * *

LETTER XII.

News came suddenly to me in the night,—the most distressing that could arrive. For three causes touching it must I lament: the first is, to learn the sickness of my mistress, whom I love more than all the world, and whose health I desire as much as my own; willingly would I bear half what you suffer, to make ye well. The second is, the fear I have to be still longer oppressed by this painful absence, which hitherto has given me all possible trouble to judge and settle what best I should do: I pray God to rid me of this so importunate rebel. My third is, that the doctor on whom I most rely is absent at this hour, when he could do me greatest pleasure; for through him and his help I might hope to obtain one of my principal joys in this world,—that is to say, my mistress's health. Nevertheless, in default of him, I send ye my second doctor, praying God in all, that he may soon restore ye to health, when I shall love him more than I love now. Beseeching ye to be advised by him in the matter of your illness, I hope he will soon enable me to see ye again; which will be more cordial to me than all the precious stones of the world. Written by the secretary who is, and ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant, * *

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

ONE of your correspondents, H. R. in your last publication, after regretting the universal application of the power of steam to every species of machinery, and stating that, in consequence, female labour in many trades is absolutely dispensed with, very gallantly proposes that the fair sex should be employed in the manufacture of "Turkey carpets," an article,

cle, he observes, we at present are indebted to India, Persia, and Turkey, for; and, to prove our capability of following his advice, assures us he speaks from several years' experience of its practicability. H. R.'s intentions are good, I doubt not; but of his experience I am compelled to doubt, because the experiment has been tried in imitations of the Turkey carpet for many years past. Thousands have been expended in bringing our attempts to the present state: Axminster carpets are the result, and the only imitation we can produce. The hairy wool the Turkey carpets are made of, we cannot procure; nor can we produce the dull but never-fading colours they are so eminent for. And again, after the Axminster carpets are made, on the most economical plan, a Turkey carpet of the same size can be purchased (duty paid,) twenty per cent. less than we can make the other for.

India carpets,—a totally distinct article from Turkey,—are not saleable; much less a bad imitation of a bad article. Persia carpets, I presume, he never saw, or he has a plan matured for the breeding and feeding of countless thousands of silk-worms, who are the spinners we must employ. All England could not manufacture a Persia carpet in twenty years: they are composed of a rough bad silk; and in Persia a carpet of eight yards square would employ ten persons for twelve months. Breaking stones for the highway in England, would be a sinecure to such employment.

Should H. R. produce his plan, and remove the trifling objections I have raised, and, in reality, prove what he asserts, his name will be immortalised among the weavers of this town, and generations yet unborn will bless his name: the lovely *belles*, whose cause he so fearlessly starts in, will crown him with never-dying laurels, and, as in duty bound, for his welfare will ever pray.

CHARLES W.

Kidderminster; Aug. 4.

For the Monthly Magazine.
NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

NO. XXVI.

Don Juan: Cantos 6, 7, and 8.

IT seems to have become almost an axiom in the literary world, that nothing is so painful to the sensibilities of an author as the palpable neglect of his productions. From this species of mortification, no poet has ever,

perhaps, been more fully exempt than Lord Byron. None of his publications have failed in at least exciting a sufficient portion of general interest and attention; and even those among them which the scrutinizing eye of criticism might deem somewhat unworthy of his powers, have never compelled him, like many of his poetical brethren, to seek refuge, from the apathy and want of discernment of contemporaries, in the consoling anticipation of posthumous honours and triumphs. But, if we are to infer from the axiom already alluded to, that extensive notoriety must be pleasing in the same proportion that neglect is distressing to an author, then none of his lordship's productions can afford him so ample a field for self-congratulation as the "*Don Juan*." Revilers and partisans have alike contributed to the popularity of this singular work; and the result is, that scarcely any poem of the present day has been more generally read, or its continuation more eagerly and impatiently awaited. Its poetical merits have been extolled to the skies by its admirers; and the priest and Levite, though they have joined to anathematize it, have not, when they came in its way, "passed by on the other side." How far their conduct has been judicious in this respect, we cannot now enquire; we may, as we proceed, have some remarks to make upon the nature of the opposition this poem has experienced, but our business, in the first place, is with the new cantos at present before us.

Those who have read the preceding part of the poem will of course recollect the embarrassing situation in which the hero finds himself placed by the unexpected arrival of the emperor, at the very moment when, overcome by the mute but resistless eloquence of female tears, he is about relenting in favour of the enamoured sultana. The sixth canto, after a little preliminary morality, gives us the sequel of Juan's adventures in the *seraglio*. The agent by whose means he had been introduced, not daring to betray the sex of the new comer, is obliged to consign him, together with the less equivocal beauties of the harem, to the care of their female superintendant, "the mother of the maids," and trust to the hero's discretion for keeping a secret, which, if disclosed, would inevitably prove fatal to all parties concerned in it. The young

young Spaniard is, in consequence of this, compelled to partake the nocturnal accommodation of one of the "lovely Odalisques." This arrangement gives rise to some suspicious and awkward circumstances, the full details of which Baba deems it prudent to suppress, in his answers to the sultana's enquiries on the following morning. The fact, however, that Juan did not seek a lonely pillow, he cannot disguise; and his mistress's imagination immediately suggests the worst. Her jealous distress,—which is described in a manner most richly poetical, is succeeded by indignant and vindictive feelings: she orders the erring pair to be brought into her presence, and directs Baba to have a boat ready under the palace-wall, to execute her orders respecting them. The eunuch justly regards this intimation of her intentions as not very obscure, and earnestly deprecates the punishment destined for the culprits; but to no purpose. The irritated sultaness continues inexorable: Baba reluctantly retires to fulfil her mandate, and thus the sixth canto terminates. The seventh opens with an ironical invocation of love and glory, and some passing allusions, "pregnant with meanings," to the consistent censors of the poem. The poet then brings us before Ismail, at the period of its being besieged by the Russians, in the time of Catharine the infamous. The localities and defences of the fortress are described, perhaps with too minute a fidelity, and a whimsical enumeration of several *break-jaw* Prussian names is introduced, as we are told, to increase the euphony. Mention is then made of the various blunders committed by the besiegers previous to Suwarrow being sent to command them. It is an historical fact, that this singular man would himself engage in drilling his soldiers; and he is represented in the poem as thus occupied when a party of prisoners are brought in by some Cossacks. The captives consist of Juan, Johnson (the Englishman who had been purchased along with the Spaniard by the emissary of the seraglio), and two females, with their attendant. Johnson is recognised by his old commander Suwarrow, and assigned a post in the army; and, at his suggestion, the same honour is bestowed upon his companion Juan: the females

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

of the party are ordered to the baggage. No light is thrown, in any part of the present cantos, on the manner in which our hero effected his escape from his apparently impending doom; but we learn from Johnson, that the two Turkish ladies in their company have been the means of freeing him and his companion. The eighth canto, with the exception of some opening stanzas on war, admirably characteristic of their author, is almost entirely filled with the taking of Ismail by storm. It would be absurd to attempt in prose even a feeble outline of the varied horrors which marked that celebrated scene of ruthless and indiscriminate carnage: the noble writer has depicted them with all that vivid and appalling fidelity which on such a theme might be expected from his powerful muse; and, if any thing can add to the shuddering sensation we experience in reading these terrific details, it is the consideration, that poetry in this instance, instead of dealing in fiction, must necessarily relate a tale that falls far short of the truth. An interesting adventure is introduced of Juan's saving a female infant from the midst of the slaughter,—a circumstance which, we are informed in the preface, was actually the case with the late Duke of Richelieu, when a volunteer in the Russian service. After the completion of the assault, the honour of carrying the dispatch announcing its success to the Russian government, is assigned to Juan, who accordingly sets off for Petersburg, accompanied by his young *protégée*.

The present continuation proceeds no farther; and it will immediately occur to the minds of most readers, that but little progress is made in the history and adventures of the hero in these three additional cantos. The fact is, however, that nothing has appeared from the beginning to be farther from the author's intention than to render his *Don Juan* any thing like a regular narrative. On the contrary, its general appearance tends strongly to remind us at times of the learned philosopher's treatise, *De rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis*. And here we cannot avoid remarking what an admirable method those persons must possess of reconciling contradictions, who in the same breath censure the poem for its want of *plan*, and impeach the

the writer of a deliberate *design* against the religion and government of the country. His lordship has himself, in the fourth canto, given what appears to us a very candid exposition of his motives—

Some have accus'd me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem ev'ry line:
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be very fine;
But the fact is, that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,—
A novel word in my vocabulary.

Indeed the whole poem has completely the appearance of being produced in those intervals in which an active and powerful mind, habitually engaged in literary occupation, relaxes from its more serious labours, and amuses itself with comparative trifling. Hence the narration is interrupted by continual digressions, and the general character of the language is that of irony and sarcastic humour; an apparent levity, which however often serves but as a veil to deep reflection. Nor can the talent of the master-hand be always concealed; it involuntarily betrays itself in the touches of the pathetic and sublime which frequently present themselves in the course of the poem; in the thoughts, "too big for utterance, and too deep for tears," which are interspersed in various parts of it. The three cantos just published, if we except some parts of the assault of Ismail, contain a considerably less proportion of the higher class of poetry, than was to be found in those which preceded them. We can discover nothing equal to the going down of the vessel in which Juan sailed, the mournful end of Haidée, the ode of the Greek laureate, or the exquisite, though somewhat highly-coloured, description of the interview between Juan and Julia. But in the keen and pervading satire, the bitter and biting irony, which constitute the peculiar forte of Lord Byron, we perceive no falling off in the present cantos. Nor are they deficient in that vein of playful humour, and that felicitous transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," so conspicuous in their predecessors. The execution, on the whole, we think quite equal to that displayed in the earlier parts of the poem, though the generality of readers will, we suspect, be of opinion, that there is a falling off in the way of amusement. We proceed to give a few extracts from the present conti-

uation, though the length to which this article has already extended must necessarily render them very limited.

The following distinction between real and assumed love in a female is equally original and beautiful:—

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eye-lids than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind,)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
A sincere woman's breast,—for over *warm*,
Or over *cold*, annihilates the charm.

There is an admirably characteristic description of Potemkin, the notorious paramour of the profligate Czarina, who dispatched Suwarrow to the command of the besieging army before Ismail, with instructions to take the fortress at any price,—an order that was indeed literally complied with. A portrait is also given of that eccentric and celebrated general, which rivals the preceding one. We have only room for the latter:—

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering,—
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Hero, buffoon, half demon, and half dirt,—
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering;
Now Mars, now Momus, and, when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

The nightly preparations for attack, previous to storming the fortress, are thus powerfully told—

Hark! through the silence of the cold dull night,
The hum of armies, gathering rank on rank!
Lo, dusky masses steal in dubious sight,
Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
Of the arm'd river, while, with straggling light,
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in curious wreaths.—How soon the
smoke
Of hell shall pale them in a deeper cloak!

The last canto abounds with sublime passages; but we select the following stanza in preference, on account of the terrific grandeur of its conclusion:—

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
And in the Danube's waters shone the same,
A mirror'd hell! The volleying roar, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's
flashes
Spare, or smite rarely,—Man's make millions
ashes!

We regret that we cannot insert the beautiful picture of Galleyaz' distress and agitation, as well as the interesting incidents of the desperate resistance of the gallant Tartar and his five sons, and the rescuing of the infant by Juan; but we must unwillingly content ourselves with the preceding specimens, which however amply prove the undiminished power of the poet;

poet; and we need scarcely make a superfluous apology for this paucity of extracts from a production which no person of poetical feeling will neglect to peruse. That these cantos will be assailed by the canting tribe with as much virulence as those which preceded them, no doubt can be entertained; for nothing can be more obnoxious to a certain class, than the fact of one of the highest rank in the aristocracy of the country espousing the doctrines of *liberalism*, and advocating the cause of the oppressed many against the oppressing few. The attacks on Lord Byron's personal character will also, most probably, be renewed with increased vigour; but unfortunately, besides the recollection that his lordship's private faults were never adverted to till his political opinions became offensive, we cannot but remark that indulgence in such cases varies strangely among some very pious and respectable persons, who have occasionally been found among the warm partizans of men more than *suspected* of ill-treatment of their wives, and other similar peccadilloes. The manner in which the Ithuriel touch of the noble author's satire lays bare the visage that hypocrisy had so gracefully covered, must incur the high displeasure of the many who have experienced the benefit of adopting that convenient mask; and his fearless exposure of "wickedness in high places," though the highest authority may be pleaded, not only in defence, but in approbation, of such exposure, cannot but be decidedly objectionable in the eyes of the "friends of social order," and the members of that excellent Society, which, by the cautious restriction of all its efforts for "the Suppression of Vice" to the poorer classes, evidently aims at securing a monopoly of that enviable commodity to the rich. But there is a consolation in knowing, that these pseudo-religionists are daily decreasing in number, and that their impotent assaults upon the illustrious writer in question will not have the effect of sinking him in public estimation either as a poet or a man.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I WAS reading the other day Dod-
sley's interesting description of
the Leasowes, the seat of the late
amiable poet Shenstone; and having

made enquiry in what state it now remains, without receiving any satisfactory information, I hope some one of your numerous correspondents will do me the favour of giving some account of it, through the medium of your publication: in so doing, a gratification will be afforded, not to me only, but to all admirers of that poet.

T. R.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine published on the 1st of May, you have given, in addition to the many views of other buildings which occasion reminiscences of departed genius that have appeared, sketches of the Receiving-houses of the "Spectator" and "Tatler:" the latter of these, then the Trumpet tavern, but now the Duke-of-York alchouse, being situated very near my own residence, and in the parish in which I reside and was born (St. Clement Danes), led me to think of the wonderful change made in the lapse of a century, or thereabouts, in any given neighbourhood.

St. Clement Danes is now a respectable, and even important, parish of Westminster; but, as regards the present race of inhabitants, they are, as far as rank, and perhaps property, is concerned, certainly inferior to their predecessors; for even the Act of Parliament for paving, lighting, &c. of the parish, provides, by one of its clauses, that no person shall be a trustee under it who is not a resident householder, and who "shall also be, in his own right or in the right of his wife, in the actual possession or receipt of rents and profits of lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either freehold or copyhold, of the clear yearly value of three hundred pounds, or possessed of a personal estate to the amount or value of ten thousand pounds; or shall be *heir-apparent to a peer*." This Act was passed in the twenty-third year of the reign of George the Third; and the two first trustees mentioned in it are "the Right Honourable Charles Howard, commonly called Earl of Surrey; the Right Honourable Thomas Pelham Clinton, commonly called Earl of Lincoln," followed by thirteen esquires. Where are we to look now, in St. Clement Danes, for "the heir-apparent to a peer?" Those days are departed, and the immense spread of London

London to the west has carried all such away from us; and we must therefore be content with the two or three M.P.'s who yet condescend to be domiciliated in our parish.

Yet we have some classical and curious recollections, which it is my object in this letter to throw together. To say nothing about the ensign of the parish, a golden anchor, said to have been dug up somewhere near the spot where the present church stands, and supposed to have been left by the Danes in one of their predatory excursions; for I presume those gentlemen had not such an overplus of the precious metal as to make anchors of it; and presuming, too, that if they had, they knew the better properties of their own northern iron for the purpose;—I shall begin with the house, a sketch of which you have given (the Duke-of-York): it is now one of the low pot-houses, not at all *tavernified*; the whole of the upper part of it is let out in lodgings. Shire-lane, (or, as it is now called, Serle's-place,) in which this house is situated, was, at the time of the publication of the *Tatler*, and very long after, a genteel residence; but had become so wretchedly changed for the worse, that the ancient name was altered for the very purpose of trying to restore it to good fame.

Going westward from this, we come presently to Spode and Copeland's china and earthenware *depôt* in Portugal-street, which is at any time worth a morning's ramble to look over; and I am quite sure that its liberal proprietors will feel happy in allowing any country lady or gentleman to do so, whether they become purchasers or not. This building is now the triumph of imitative art, as it once was of histrionic—it was the celebrated Lincoln's Inn-fields theatre, where the plays of "Rare Ben, and the immortal Shakspeare," had employed the talents of many able performers, who only live now in the page of biographical record: here the Richards, the Macbeths, the Othellos,—the kings, queens, and conquerors of the earth,—fretted and fumed their hour upon the stage, but now are heard no more. Close by, in a burial-ground on the other side of the street, repose the bones of the once facetious Jo. Miller; and there, too, is his epitaph, by Stephen Duck, which I, some time back, sent to the *Monthly Magazine*; and which was

from thence copied into nearly all the newspapers.

A little farther on we reach Clare-market; certainly, one would think, not a very classical neighbourhood, at least in the present day. It is principally celebrated in the parish for having been once the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who, when the before-mentioned Act of Parliament was passed, took care to have it exempt from the operation of it, as a great man ought to do; but this is found inconvenient to the parishioners, now that it has passed into the hands of a man who thinks that "*saving knowledge is the perfection of knowledge*;" for it was left so dark last winter, that a poor fellow broke his thigh by falling over a butcher's block. But there is one reminiscence connected with this market rather of a classical nature, and, at all events, worth recording,—which was the frequenting of a house called the Bull-head tavern by persons of the first rank, and by the wits and celebrated performers of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Amongst these was that celebrated, facetious, irritable, but clever, Doctor Radcliffe: I have an old book of memoirs of him lying by me at this moment, "Printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street, 1717," from which I gather the above fact; though the two instances in which the tavern is named, both record pieces of ill-fortune communicated to the doctor while he was so-lacing himself there. The first is the intelligence of the loss of a vessel in the year 1692, returning from the East Indies, in which the doctor had a venture of 7000*l.* and Thomas Betterton, the great tragedian, and then English Roscius, 2000*l.* and which is designated in the book as "a loss that broke Mr. Betterton's back, but did not (though very considerable,) much affect the doctor; for, when the news of this disaster was brought him to the Bull-head tavern, in Clare-market, where he was drinking with several persons of the first rank, and they condoled with him on account of his loss, without baulking his glass, he, with a smiling countenance, desired them to go forward with the healths that were then in vogue, saying, That he had no more to do, than to go up 250 pair of stairs, to make himself whole

whole again." The other was an account of the death of a nobleman much beloved by the doctor,—the Duke of Beaufort; which he took so much to heart, that (I quote again) he said, "in the hearing of several persons, at the Bull-head tavern, in Clare-market, (whither he never came after,) that, now he had lost the only person whom he took pleasure in conversing with, it was high time for him to retire from the world, to make his will, and set his house in order; for he had notices within, that told him his abode in this world could not be twelve months longer;" and he did die in less than twelve months after. There is at the present moment, in Vere-street, close to Clare-market, the sign of the Bull's-head; but I have no means of ascertaining whether it is the house alluded to or not.

Adjoining to Vere-street is Bear-yard, being at this time a filthy place, almost beyond belief; occupied, as it is, by tallow-melters, cow-keepers, slaughtermen, tripe-boilers, and stablings: yet here was once the play-house where the first actress appeared upon the stage.

Descending from Clare-market, by Clement's-lane,—now one of the lowest neighbourhoods in London, though inhabited, about and long after the period I have been speaking of, by men of consequence, and many of the houses then having gardens behind them,—you come to St. Clement's Church, built by Sir Christopher Wren. At this church there are chimes, which very inelegantly play the 104th Psalm; but there is a classical recollection about these chimes, as Shakspeare has incidentally mentioned them in one of his plays, though I cannot recollect which.*

Close below the church, historical

* Although I am confident I have met with this allusion in Shakspeare, yet it cannot be to the present chimes which it applies; for, upon enquiry, I find they have been constructed since Shakspeare's time: indeed, I believe that Wren only built the body of the church, which was in 1682, and the present steeple,—the principal part, to be sure; but the great entrance, beneath the steeple, is understood to be much older: it is therefore probable that there were chimes used in the more ancient church of this parish to which Shakspeare's allusion may refer.

remembrances are awakened by four streets leading to the Thames, which mark the site of the residences and gardens of some noble families: the first is Essex-street, whereabouts once stood the house of Elizabeth's celebrated favourite; and farther on are Arundel, Norfolk, and Surrey, streets, the names of course indicating that there the Norfolk family used to live. Their gardens used to stretch down to the river; and those banks, which are now defiled and blackened by the gloomy-looking coal-barges, and the swarthy labourers in them, were in those days gay with elegant pleasure-boats, bearing in them the brave and the beautiful of England. A similar recollection is awakened at the lower end of the parish, where Beaufort-buildings is situated, which was anciently the residence of the duke of that name.

But, to return to the neighbourhood of the church, we have a celebrated reminiscence in the once well-known place for oratorical display—the Robin Hood. The house in which this room is still situated is now in the possession of an industrious carpenter; and the place where some of the greatest men of their day first launched out into the sea of debate, and tried and confirmed their powers, is now let out by the carpenter to a Mr. Chivers, I believe, who teaches grown gentlemen and ladies to dance there; or gives an occasional ball for the city apprentices and the temple clerks to show off with their fair partners in a quadrille. What a falling off! This room was formerly approached by a narrow court, leading out of Butcher-row, a street no longer in existence, called Robin Hood court; but is now shut-in by the large new houses built in Picket-street.

The Olympic Theatre in Wych-street, where M. Alexandre is now ventriloquizing, is built upon the spot where formerly stood one of those great taverns, then so common, called, I think, the Queen-of-Bohemia; in part of which old premises, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, a discovery was made of a considerable quantity of the remains of human bodies, bones, dissections, &c. which some unknown surgeons had deserted, upon finding they were discovered. I remember (though a boy at the time,) it produced a tremendous sensation in the neighbourhood; and the crowds that

went, for the first day or two, were so great, as to create a fear that the old building would fall.

Just behind the Olympic Theatre, and issuing into Drury-lane, is Craven-buildings, occasioning precisely similar remembrances with those produced by Norfolk-street, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE author or authors of "*Waverley*," &c. &c. still continues, as you perceive, to uphold his characteristic attribute of fertility. The press was scarcely cold from the rapid production of the four volumes of "*Peveril of the Peak*," when its labours were again demanded for three more, under the title of "*Quentin Durward*." I know not how the case may stand with you and your readers, but, for my part, I had begun to be a little tired of this voluminous author, maugre the stimulating mystery with which it is affected to invest his identity, and the empirical cognomen of "*the Great Unknown*." Whether in verse or prose, I have always found him less entertaining on this than on the other side of the Tweed; and, in proportion as he advanced southward, he seemed to lose the keen and vivifying spirit inhaled from his northern mountains. His hardy Scots (so thought I, as I read his "*Nigel*,") dwindle in the atmosphere of our southern metropolis, as the myrtles of Devon might if transplanted to the bleak wilds of the Highlands. Even in the midway region of Derbyshire, either his imagination flagged from a lack of his *native* stimulus, or he lacked acquaintance with the romantic beauties of the country by which the patrimonial castle of his hero is surrounded.

"*Peveril of the Peak*?" It might as well have been *Frogbelly of the Fens*, for any use that is made either in characteristic scenery, or characteristic incident, to which that scenery is so inviting. Did Sir Walter Scott, —I beg his pardon, he says *he is not he*, or, at least, his mask says so for him, —did the author of "*Waverley*," then, not even know that from *Peveril Castle* there is *still* a subterranean communication with the awful wonders over which it nods?—with "*the Peak-caverns of infernal Loe*!" Or

could his imagination have suggested no use to which so inviting a circumstance might have been applied? Be this as it will, I suspect that not a reader acquainted with the *Peak of Derbyshire*, has travelled through the four volumes, to which it furnishes a title, without feeling some degree of mortifying disappointment, at not catching one single glance of its delightful and romantic scenery in all that length of way. Nor was this my only source of dissatisfaction: I felt that the subject of *Cavaliers and Roundheads* was already exhausted, that the wine had been already drained from the eup, and that little but the lees were presented to us in this diluted draught.

Nor did the sort of apologetic portrait of that indolent and selfish profligate, Charles the Second, or even the splendid incoherencies of his equally profligate favourite, Buckingham, atone for the comparative want of interest in the generality of the other characters; while the merry-andrew exploits of *Finella*, and the pantomime impossibilities exhibited by itinerant courtiers at country ale-houses, outraged all credulity; and the tedious prosings of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, to me, at least, were utterly unreadable.

If we were, therefore, to have more acquaintance with this "*Great Unknown*," I was glad to find that he had shifted his ground, and chosen a scene of action, and a period of history, that promised something like novelty. The hero, *Quentin Durward*, is indeed a Scot; and, to say the truth, although a Scot, he is, upon the whole, a very interesting sort of character,—not at all unfit for a high-born dame of chivalry to fall in love with; which is not always the case with the heroes of this author. They are, in truth, not unfrequently the most common-place personages of the whole drama. But, if *Quentin* have the good luck to be at once the hero of the tale and of the reader, he is not such of the author. That honour he reserves for the notorious *Louis the Eleventh of France*; upon the glossorial delineation and sustainment of whose detestable character he lavishes all his art; while poor *Quentin* and his adventures are sometimes almost lost sight of,—for more than half of the third volume in particular.

The

The outline of the story is briefly thus:—Quentin Durward, a youth between nineteen and twenty, as gallant and as keen a spirit “as ever breathed mountain air,” and the sole survivor of a race “harried” to extermination in a feud with the Ogilvies, finding himself in a state of orphan destitution, and too proud of “fifteen descents in his family” to think of following “any other trade than arms,” goes upon his almost pennyless travels with a determination to let out his sword, in the true hero-like style, to whatever belligerent potentate he can make the best bargain with.

Full of spirit, and empty of food, “at the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near the royal castle of Plessis,” he is encountered, and somewhat treacherously exposed to a dangerous ducking, by “two substantial burghesses,” as he first supposes; or, as his second thought suggests, “a money-broker or a corn-merchant, and his butcher or grazier;” but who prove, in reality, to be no other than the notorious King Louis and his chief hangman. With the former of these, however, who calls himself Maitre Pierre, (and who finds the young wanderer not to be the Bohemian gipsy, whom he had certain politic reasons for consigning either to stream or gallows, as might be most convenient,) Durward soon becomes better acquainted; and by him is treated, at an inn in the neighbourhood of the castle, with a magnificent and substantial breakfast,—to which the hungry Scot does ample justice. At this inn he becomes somewhat smitten with the bright eye and dark tresses of “a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old,” who comes into the breakfast-room to offer her attendance on the supposed burghess, and whom he supposes to be the daughter or the upper servant of the innkeeper. With such a person, of course the blood of fifteen descents from the Durwards of Glen-houlakin does not permit him absolutely to fall in love; although he afterwards catches a glimpse of her white arm across a lute, and hears her sing a love-ditty in no very barmaid-like style. But, after some eccentric adventures, and a very narrow escape from being hanged on one of the execution-oaks that surround the royal

castle of King Louis, and becoming enrolled among the Scotch archers who form the body-guard of that cold-blooded and detestable tyrant; and discovering, during his attendance in the royal apartments, that the supposed barmaid is no other than the fugitive and beautiful Countess Isabelle of Croy, whom the king had artfully induced to seek from him that protection he never meant to afford,—the scruples of fifteen descents are instantly dissipated, and the pennyless adventurous Scot hesitates not to plunge over head and ears into the most romantic passion for so lovely, and, as it might be supposed, so unattainable, a prize. The prosecution of this amour, through a variety of adventures, (some of them very highly interesting, and by his conduct in which, it must be admitted, the heroic Scot shows himself worthy of the heart and hand he aspires to,) constitutes the real action of these volumes. The story, however, is mixed up, according to the custom of the would-be mysterious author, with a large portion of historical incident, authentic and suppositious, illustrative of the characters and manners, and the state of society, in the age and country to which the action is assigned.

This part of the work is certainly not without its value, though it overlays, as it were, (especially in the last volume,) the interest of the main action, and produces a very awkward sort of jumbling in the very bungling conclusion. The pictures it places before us of the degradation and misery entailed upon mankind by certain *legitimate* forms of institution, are pregnant with instruction,—such as would not be expected from the courtly champion of Toryism, and the patron of the northern “Beacon.” But this is not the only instance in which “the Unknown” has manifested to the discerning eye either the jesuitry of his principles, or the purblind obscurity of his inductive faculties; or, in other words, that he either means something very different from what he professes, or cannot perceive the necessary inductions from his own premises. “Ivanhoe,” (notwithstanding the caricature misrepresentations of our Saxon ancestors,) is an historical vindication of whole-length radicalism, as “Quentin Durward” is the bitterest of satires upon the monarchic

narchic principle.* The character of Louis the Eleventh is drawn with a masterly hand, — softened, indeed, considerably below the truth of history, and with a sort of attempt to render him somewhat respectable; but still with all his royal propensities for low company and high prerogative; insatiable love of self, and perfect indifference to the sacrifice and the sufferings of mankind; with his barber and his hangman for privy councillors, and high nobility for his cupbearers and trenchermen; liberal only to the mercenaries who protect his person, and rapacious or parsimonious to all beside; as a son, almost a parricide; as a husband, a contemptuous brute in principle; a tyrant alike to his family, his nobles, and his people; an adept in those profound politics of which treachery and murder are the ready instruments, and crafty dissimulation is the never-failing cloak; and, to crown all, the abject slave of that superstitious devotion with which perjury, and the violation of every moral and social obligation, are by no means incompatible, and of that childish credulity which can be bug-bear and led by the nose by the quackery of fortune-tellers and readers of the stars. The contrasted character of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, is not sustained with equal spirit and ability; but several of the comparatively subordinate personages are touched with a master's hand.

It will be concluded, however, that this, like the former productions of this author, besides its human personages, is not without its supernatural; that is to say, without some being, acting an essential part in the drama, who, though professedly human, is such as humanity never knew. Some one of the progeny of "Lord Cranstoun's goblin page," though begotten on mortal mothers, is to be

* Whiggism and Toryism are mere cant phrases. The only genuine distinctions of political principle in this country are those of Saxon allodialism and Norman feudalism, that is, the system in which every thing arises from the broad basis of the free population, and that in which every thing descends in dependant subserviency from the throne. In one, the government are the responsible servants of the nation; in the other, the people are the vassal property of the government.

found in every production of his pen. I confess that I have no great objection to these imaginative semi-supernatural beings. This author has the art of making them, occasionally, very entertaining; and certainly his stories, in general, would move on rather awkwardly without them. The Egyptian or Bohemian, Maugrabin Hayraddin, appointed by Louis to guide, or rather to betray, the Countess Isabelle, in her retreat or fugitation from Plessis to Liege, and who is made an essential agent in bringing about the bungling catastrophe of the present romance, is not the most *outré* or the least amusing of these preternaturals, although the atheistical philosophy with which the author endows him, is sometimes expressed in language which makes us "wonder how the devil it got there." In short, I read the first and second volumes of "Quentin Durward" with considerable interest, and had almost made up my mind to give it a decided preference at least over all the recent productions of the supposed Unknown; and although, during the first two hundred pages of the third volume, we almost entirely lose sight both of the hero and the heroine,—and we see, indeed, but little of them during the remainder,—yet as the historical episode (hitherto well mixed up and implicated with the tale,) is amusing as well as important; and the affair of the rash visit of Louis to his hostile vassal and rival, Charles the Bold, with the subsequent danger to his royal person, is wrought with considerable skill and interest, I was still disposed to extend my critical indulgence to the disproportioned length of the digression. But when I came to the awkward and common-place contrivance by which the catastrophe was to be brought about,—when the countess, who had fled from the proposed nuptials attempted to be imposed upon her by her *Suzerain* liege lord of Burgundy, and now, in the public presence, and before the assembled peers, as resolutely refused the Duke of Orleans, the presumptive heir of France, is, in a fit of resolute and brutal rage, "held out," to use her own words, "as a prize to the best sword-player," or, in other words, to whoever shall bring the head of William de la Mark, the wild-boar of Ardeus,—I confess I lost my patience. Charles does, indeed, qualify

qualify a little the degradation of this condition: "Your ancestress (said the duke,) was won at a tourney,—you shall be fought for in real *melee*. Only thus far, for Count Reinold's sake, the successful shall be a gentleman, of unimpeached birth, and unstained bearings; but be he such, and the poorest who ever drew the tongue of a buckle through the strap of a sword-belt, he shall have at least the proffer of your hand. I swear by St. George, by my ducal crown, and by the order that I wear! Ha! messires, (he added, turning to the nobles present,) this at least is, I think, conformable to the rules of chivalry?"

And is it thus, said I, that by the threadbare expedient of the old chivalrous romance, but stripped of all the splendour and poetical consistency of those imaginative legends, the difficulties and entanglements of the fable are to be cut through, rather than unravelled? Is it thus that the drunken fury of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, (or the anti-chivalrous bully whom the author has decked out in his titles,) is made to spell out, at hap-hazard, the disqualifying qualifications, and to predict the fortunate achievement of the penniless Scottish archer, with his blood of fifteen descents? Quentin Durward, then, is to cut off the head of the bandit murderer of the Bishop of Liege, and to receive the hand of the lovely countess he had so gallantly protected and preserved, as his undesigned reward. Even in this, however, we are somewhat disappointed. The catastrophe is still more bunglingly brought about. The author has not even the judgment or the invention to do justice to his own hero. He shows him worthy of the undivided honour; but he knows not how to confer it upon him. Quentin indeed, through the means of the executed Bohemian atheist (Maugrabin), and, by the connivance of his gentle countess, obtains the exclusive knowledge of certain devices by which the disguised Boar of Ardens may be singled out and encountered in the most confusedly-described conflict which ensues at Liege, and engages with him; but he is not permitted to achieve the ultimate exploit. This is reserved for the Ajax-Ass, his uncle Lodovic, who, being "somewhat the worse for wear, and loving the wine-house better than a lady's summer parlour, and,

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

in short, having some barrack tastes and likings, which would make greatness in his own person rather an incumbrance to him, resigns the pretensions acquired to his maternal nephew."

No words can, in short compass, convey an adequate idea of the bungling and incredible manner in which this lame and impotent conclusion is brought about. And, as the publication for which this is designed cannot be expected to find space for the quotation of the whole in the words of the author, I must refer the reader to the original, if he hath patience enough for the perusal. The conclusion, indeed, is strongly marked with the characteristic hand of the *real* author. All his productions, in verse or in prose, (the "Lady of the Lake" alone excepted,) are marred, to a certain degree, by a halting and awkward tameness in the *denouement*; and all of them, without exception, in some way or other, contrive to sink the hero, or the character who ought to be such, into a sort of secondary estimation; and even Quentin Durward, who, during so large a portion of the present work, had maintained, in many respects, his just pre-eminence, must, somehow or other, be shorn of his *eclat* in the last adventure. Even he must be a hero who ultimately achieves nothing; but owes the reward and happiness he has been in quest of to the blundering achievement of another. I could add another trait which identifies the origin of the poetical and prose romances,—the approximation of so many of them to the times and the incidents of chivalrous romance, and the total failure, in such their approximations, of the display of the true chivalrous spirit, or the splendour of chivalrous manners and adventure. It is the *dross*, and not the *ore*, of chivalry, that is presented on all such occasions; as will be found most especially, for example, in the comparison of "Marmion" and "Quentin Durward."

But it will be said, that I have forgotten the positive denial of this *identity* in the introduction to the work under review. No, I have not forgotten it. On the contrary, I have written an *examené* of that very passage, in which, if I mistake not, I have gone far towards proving, from that very passage, the very fact which it pro-

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fesses

fesses to deny. But, as I am aware that I have already extended this article beyond the length usually afforded by the Monthly Magazine to subjects of this description, I adjourn it to another occasion; and will communicate it in the next Number, if the present critique should be deemed acceptable from

*An Honorary Member of the
Squad of Reviewers.*

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

MORE than a year has elapsed since a letter from Philo-Saxonicus appeared in your Magazine. I was much interested in his communication, as it not only pointed out the real advantage of studying the concise and nervous language of our hardy and independent ancestors, but assured us that several works were preparing, by which the acquisition of the Anglo-Saxon would be much facilitated. Only two of these have yet appeared: "the Elements of the Saxon Grammar," by the Rev. Mr. Bosworth, and a collated edition of the Saxon Chronicle, by the Rev. Mr. Ingram. Of the latter work, I have at present nothing to say, only that, in my opinion, it is the work of a scholar, and does not deserve those supercilious remarks that have been made upon it in a contemporary periodical.* Upon the latter, however, I would make a few observations; and, though I cannot, in all points, agree with the learned author of the Saxon Elements, I am persuaded he will not be displeased with me, as in his preface he has stated, in the most candid manner, that "he invites liberal criticism, being assured that by the collision of opposite opinions, new light, if not truth, is often elicited; and, should this be the case, he will have cause to rejoice, whether it be produced by himself, or by a more successful enquirer." After this candid declaration who can be severe?

The indefatigable author modestly considers his work as a key to the temple of knowledge and independence, erected by the Saxons; but, for varied and extensive information, may it not be deemed a shrine of knowledge herself? The text contains a comprehensive Saxon Grammar; and the copious notes, illustrating the structure of the

* The Gentleman's Magazine for July 1823.

Saxon, and the formation of the English, language, display indubitable traces of laborious research, and a critical knowledge of the subject. Indeed it appears quite impossible to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the English tongue without a knowledge of the Saxon. The compositive power and philosophical structure of the Anglo-Saxon may be seen in the few following examples:—

Ac, an oak, corn, corn; acorn, the corn of the oak, an acorn.

Ceap, cattle, business, man, man; ceapman, chapman, a dealer.

Boc, a book, cƿæƿt, craft; boecƿæƿt, bookcraft, learning.

Mid, the midst, ðæl, a part; midðæl, the mid-part or middle.

Birceop, a bishop, rīc, a kingdom; birceopric, a bishop's dominion, or bishoprick.

Cild, a child, hæde, sex, order, office; cildhæde, childhood.

Cniht, a knight, hæde, sex, order, office; cnihthæde, knighthood.

Pƿeorc, a priest, rycne, a shire, share; pƿeorcricne, a parish.

Sang, a song, eƿ, eƿe, from ƿeƿ, a man; rangene, a song-man or a singer, as we now say farm, farmer.

Ðæl, a part, an, ian, Ʒan, to give or add; ðælan, to give a part, to deal or divide. All Anglo-Saxon verbs have the infinitive mood ending in an, which is the termination that is constantly added to a noun, to express the action of the verb.

Cap, care, leaƿ, lost; capleaƿ, carelost, careless.

From these examples, we see that those terminations which are continually used in English, without any explanation, can alone be satisfactorily explained by examining the Saxon fountain from which they flow.

Many important grammatical remarks are deduced from the analogy of other languages. The following observations, on the formation of the plural number, are very satisfactory:—"It is probable that the plural of all nouns was originally formed by annexing to the singular a word which signified *multitude*, &c. This is the case in Hebrew; for ים (īm) signifies a multitude, and is derived from עם (ēm), הֶמָּה (ēmē), or הֶמֶן (ēmūn): thus גִּמְלֵ-הֶמֶן or גִּמְלֵ-הֶם (gēmēl-ēmūn or -ēm), a camel multitude, became גִּמְלִים (gēmēlūn), camels. We know, also, that the Bengalese (a branch of the Sanscrit,) forms the plural of nouns by

by the addition of 'lok,' *people*; thus *projaa*, a *peasant*, becomes *projaa-lok*, a *peasant-people*, or *projaa-lok, peasants*."

It is also clearly proved, that the Anglo-Saxon and its direct descendant, the modern English, has not a *passive voice*, nor has it any more than two tenses; for instance, in the sentence *I will go*, the principal verb is *I will*, which is the present tense; *I would have*, the principal verb is *I would* or *willed*. The words *go* and *have* are verbs in the infinitive mood. If any should doubt this, as these words have no sign prefixed, let them examine these sentences in the original Saxon, and they will be convinced of the truth of this assertion:—*Ic pýlle faran*, and *Ic polde hæbban*; here *faran* and *hæbban* are known to be in the infinitive mood by their infinitive termination *an*.

While I would, in general, acknowledge the truth of the preceding remarks, I am sorry that the author should injure the cause of Saxon literature by several unjustifiable and sweeping conclusions; for instance, when he affirms that "the present language of Englishmen is not that heterogeneous compound which some imagine, compiled from the jarring and corrupted elements of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian; but completely Anglo-Saxon." Is not this going too far? The author surely must know, that the expressive words used in the arts and sciences are of Greek extraction: such as *BOTANY*, from *βοτανή*, a *herb*; *GEOMETRY*, from *γη*, the *earth*, and *μετρον*, a *measure*; *ASTRONOMY*, from *αστρον*, a *star*, and *νομος*, a *law* or *rule*, &c. The Romans were in possession of this country for more than 400 years before the Saxons, surely then they must have left some traces of their language. Nay, it is so evident, that I need not give examples, unless it be mentioned that the terms *arts* and *sciences* are derived from the Latin *ars*, *artis*, *art*, *trade*; and *scientia*, *knowledge*. No proof need be given that we have received shoals of words from the French, and some vocables from all the other nations of Europe.

Another assertion of this indefatigable Saxonist, on the same subject, appears equally unfounded with the preceding. He affirms—"If we examine the most elegant specimens of our written language, we shall find the average of Saxon words to be not

less than *eight out of ten*." This is confuted by his own example from Locke, where the words of Saxon origin are in Roman, and the other in Italic, letters:—"It is a *received doctrine*, that men have *native ideas* and *original characters* stamped upon their minds at birth." Here are nineteen words, out of which twelve only are Saxon. He also asserts, "Substantives constitute the primitive words in all languages." Now, as things received their names from their actions, (Gen. ii. 19.) those words, therefore, which denoted the actions, that is verbs, must be primitives (See Burgess's Essay, page 89). So in Hebrew we find the verb *בָּא* (*bā*), *to go*, from which is derived *מִבָּא* (*mēbā*), an *entrance*, &c. from the verb *בָּלַל*, *to mix*, is derived *תְּבֵלָה* (*tēbēl*), a *mixture*, *confusion*.

By attempting to prove too much, I think I have shown that this gentleman has injured the cause he intended to serve.

PHILOGRAIWS.

Aug. 9, 1823.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

IN my communication on the *Musici Ventusorum*, at page 508, No. 383, for July, the paragraph commencing with line 18 from bottom of the page, should read thus—"Longitudinally over the cylinder are stretched, at about an inch apart, *ten* or *twelve* cat-gut strings," &c.



The above sketch represents what is termed the *quadrant wind-screen* of the float-wheels which are shown in Fig. 3. It consists of the quadrature of a circle, represented by the shaded part (a) in the annexed figure, of such dimensions as will admit the wheel to run freely within it, and is attached to each end of the box of the instrument, for the regulation of the current of air on the floats of the respective wheels. This quadrant may be made of any thin material, and the breadth of its circumference (a) regulated by the breadth of the floats which are to circulate within it. Its use is to defend the upper portion of the said floats from

from the action of the wind (its circumference being on the side of the instrument next the *air-compressor*, for instance, towards *c* in fig. 1), and to direct it against those at *b* in the annexed sketch, by which means a due rotation of the cylinder is always kept up in the *same* direction, which would not happen without a regulator of this description.

Sandwich; W. H. WEEKES.
July 10, 1823.

For the Monthly Magazine.
THE GERMAN STUDENT.

NO. XXIX.

WIELAND (*concluded*).

AFTER the publication of "Oberon," Wieland turned his attention from poetry, and undertook a "Translation of Lucian," which is alike admired for its learning and its elegance; notes are added, beautifully illustrative of the manners of the times, and of the historic allusions contained in the text; and a good biography of the Greek author is prefixed. Mr. Tooke translated into English these comments of Wieland on a writer who is destined in every age to awaken some efficacious opposition to the incessant industry of superstition.

During the occupation of translating Lucian, the natural tendency of Wieland's mind to re-produce original imitations of those works of art, with the contemplation of which he was engaged, became variously apparent. "Peregrinus Proteus," a novel twice translated into our language, by Mr. Elkington and Mr. Tooke, was now composed; and it was soon followed by "Dialogues in Elysium," and "Dialogues of the Gods." These last agitate many questions originating in the French revolution. The most splendidly fanciful and philosophically profound is the sixth, which dwells on the abolition of Paganism, so as to prepare the reader for the downfall of other dynasties of imaginary gods. We shall transcribe it.

[*Jupiter and Juno, with the other inhabitants of Olympus, are seated at table, in an open hall of the Celestial Palace: Ganymede and Antinous offer nectar to the gods, and Hebe to the goddesses; the Muses perform exquisite symphonies, while the Graces and Hours execute pantomimic dances, and Jocus occasionally provokes the happy gods to loud laughter. In the midst of their highest joy, Mercury flies hastily in.*]

Jupiter.—Thou art late, my son; why so pale? What news from below?

Venus to Bacchus.—Something goes cross. How haggard he looks.

Mercury.—My intelligence is ill-suited to increase the pleasure that prevails here.

Jupiter.—At least thy countenance is, Mercury.

Juno.—What so unfortunate can have happened as to trouble even the enjoyment of the gods?

Quirinus.—Has an earthquake overthrown the capitol?

Mercury.—That were a trifle.

Ceres.—Has an eruption of Etna desolated my darling Sicily?

Bacchus.—Or an untimely frost shrivelled the Campanian grapes?

Mercury.—Mere nothings these.

Jupiter.—Out, then, with thy tale of woe.

Mercury.—It is only that—(he stops short.)

Jupiter.—Make us not impatient, *Hermes*. It is only—what?

Mercury.—That at Rome, on a motion made by the emperor himself, in full senate, thou hast, by a majority of voices, been formally abolished.

[*The gods all rise, in great consternation, from table.*]

Jupiter (who alone remains seated, smiling).—Only that? I have long expected it.

All the gods at once.—Jupiter abolished! Is it possible?

Juno.—Thou talk'st a little wildly, *Mercury*. Feel his pulse, *Esculapins*.

The gods.—Jupiter abolished!

Mercury.—As I was saying,—by a majority of voices formally and solemnly declared to be a mere effigy, a man of straw,—nay still less, for an effigy is something, but Jupiter is voted to be a non-entity, deprived of his temples and priests, and of the dignity of protector in chief of the Roman empire.

Hercules.—This is mad work, *Mercury*; but, as sure as I am *Hercules*, (*swinging his club*,) they shall not have done this thing for nought.

Jupiter.—Patience, *Hercules*. So then *Jupiter Optimus Maximus Capitolinus Feretrius Stator*, &c. has played his part out.

Mercury.—Thy statue is overthrown, and they are violently busy in demolishing thy temple. The same tragedy will be repeated in all the provinces of the Roman empire. From every corner legions of bearded savages will break loose, with fire-brands and pick-axes: levelling in their fanatic fury the venerable monuments of the ancient religion of the people.

Serapis.—Woe is me for my magnificent temple at Alexandria, and my splendid colossal statue. If the desert of Thebais pours

pours forth against it but half its holy forest-devils, all is over.

Momus.—Never mind it, Serapis; who will presume to touch thy image, when it is notorious at Alexandria, that at the least profanation which a sacrilegious hand might attempt, heaven and earth would crumble to pieces, and all nature sink back into chaos?

Quirinus.—We cannot always depend on these things, my good Serapis. It might happen to thee as to the golden statue of the goddess Anaitis at Zela, of which it was believed that the first who should lay hold of it would at once be smitten paralytic to the ground.

Serapis.—And what happened to this image?

Quirinus.—When the triumvir Antonius had beaten Pharnaces near Zela, the town and the temple of Anaitis were plundered, and no one knew what became of the goddess of massy gold. After some years, it chanced that Augustus supped at Bononia with one of Anthony's veteran soldiers. The emperor was heartily welcomed; and the conversation at table turning upon the battle of Zela, and the pillage of Anaitis' temple, he enquired of his host, as an eye-witness, whether it were true that the first who laid violent hands on her was suddenly struck dead. "You see the rash man before you, (said the veteran,) and have feasted on one of the legs of the goddess. I had the good luck to catch hold of her first. Anaitis is a very easy sort of personage, and I acknowledge, with gratitude, that to her I owe the competency I possess."

Serapis.—This is cold comfort, Quirinus. If the world goes on as Mercury reports, I cannot promise a better fate to my colossus at Alexandria. It is quite provoking that Jupiter can look on so calmly at such misdeeds.

Jupiter.—It were well, Serapis, if thou didst the same. For a god from Pontus, thou hast enjoyed long enough the honour of being adored from the east to the west, and canst hardly expect it to fare better with thy temples than with mine; or that thy colossal statue should last longer than the divine masterpiece of Phidias. Be content to let another inherit thy strewings of palm leaves. If we must all go, thou canst not think of remaining upright alone.

Momus.—Ho! ho! Jupiter; where, then, are thy boasted thunderbolts, that thou bearest so patiently thine overthrow?

Jupiter.—Witling, if I were not what I am, I would reply with one of them to this silly question of thine.

Quirinus to Mercury.—Thou must tell me all this over again, Hermes, if I am to believe it. My flamen abolished, my temple shut, my festival no longer observed! And are the enervate, servile,

unfeeling, Romans sunken to this degree of ingratitude toward their founder?

Mercury.—It were deceiving thee to give any other information.

Victoria.—Then need I not ask what is become of my altar and my image in the Julian court. It is so long since the Romans have unlearned to conquer, that I think it natural for them to bear impatiently the presence of my statue. At every glance which they cast on it, they must feel as if it reproached them with their shameful degeneracy. With Romans, whose very name is become among the barbarians a word of reproach, Victoria has no more to do.

Vesta.—If that be the case, I am sure they will not keep alive the sacred fire in my temple. Just heavens! what will become of my poor virgins?

Mercury.—O, not a hair of their heads will be touch'd, venerable Vesta: they will be suffered very quietly to starve.

Quirinus.—How times alter! Once it was a great misfortune for the whole Roman people, if the sacred fire on the altar of Vesta went out.

Momus.—And now a great deal more noise would ensue, if the profane fire of a Roman tavern were to go out, than if the vestals let out their's twice a-week.

Quirinus.—But who is to be the patron of the state in my room?

Mercury.—St. Peter, with the double key, has obtained this office.

Quirinus.—St. Peter with the double key! and who is he?

Mercury.—I myself do not rightly know: ask prophet Apollo.

Apollo.—He is a man, Quirinus, who by his successors will govern half the world for 300 years; although he was only a poor fisherman.

Quirinus.—How! is the world to be governed by fishermen?

Apollo.—By a certain class of them, the *fishers of men*, who, in a very ingenious net called the Decretals, will by degrees catch all the nations and princes of Europe. Their commands will pass for divine oracles, and a piece of sheep-skin, sealed with St. Peter's fisher's ring, will have the power to make and unmake kings.

Quirinus.—This St. Peter with his double key must be a master-wizard.

Apollo.—Very far from it. The most surprising things in the world always take place, as thou shouldst long ago have known, in the most simple and natural manner imaginable. The avalanche, which overwhelms a whole village, was at first but a little snow-ball; and a stream that floats a fleet is originally a trickling rill. Why should not the followers of this Galilean fisherman have been able, in a course of centuries, to make themselves masters of Rome, and finally of half the world, by means of a new religion, of which they became

came the high-priests, assisted by the new moral and political system which they contrived to graft on it. Were you not merely herdsman to the King of Alba, who was himself but a pigmy potentate, before you became chieftain of all the banditti in Latium, and patched together that eyrie of plunder, which at length became the metropolis and queen of the world. St. Peter in his life-time, indeed, made no great figure; but the day will come when emperors shall hold the stirrup for his successors, and queens shall kiss their feet kneeling.

Quirinus.—What may not he live to see who is immortal!

Apollo.—Time, indeed, is requisite, and not a little sleight to bring the art of fishing men to this pass; but the fish which they catch are not all of them among the wisest.

Quirinus.—Nevertheless we are, and are to remain, abolished.

Several gods.—Rather no immortality than survive such events.

Jupiter.—My dear sons, uncles, nephews, and cousins, jointly and severally, I see that you receive this little revolution,—whose approach I have long been calmly observing,—more tragically than it deserves. Sit down once more in your places, and let us talk of these things over a glass of nectar, without distemper and without prejudice. Every thing in nature has its period: all is changeable; and so are also the opinions of mankind. They alter with circumstances; and, were we to reflect what a difference fifty years make between the grandson and his forefather, it would really not astonish us that the world, in one or two millenniums, should gradually seem to acquire a new face. For, at bottom, it is but seeming: it remains, though under other masks and names, the same comedy still. The weak people below have displayed their superstition upon us; and, if any among you are flattered by it, you are wrong. Why should we grudge to hear that mankind are growing wiser. By heaven, it is not too soon. As yet, however, this may not be expected. They indeed always flatter themselves that the last folly they find out will be the last they shall commit. Hope of better times is the eternal chimera by which they have ever been deceived, and ever will be; because they will not discover, that not the times, but their own incurable folly, is the cause of their ill-being. It is once for all their lot to enjoy nothing purely; but when they get tired of one folly, as children of a tattered doll, they change it away for another, with which they often fare worse than with their first. This time, indeed, there is some appearance of their gaining by the exchange; but I know them too well not to foresee, that in this wise they cannot be

bettered. For, if Wisdom herself were to descend, and visibly to dwell among men, they would not cease to trick her out with feathers and tinsel, with gaudes and bells, until they made her like unto Folly. Believe me, ye gods, the triumphal song which they are at this moment raising for the glorious victory they have won over our defenceless images, is a croak ominous of evil to posterity. They think to better their condition, and are flying from the shower to the sleet. They are tired of us, and will have nothing to do with us: so much the worse for them; we need them not. If their priests proclaim that we are impure and evil spirits, and that an ever-burning sulphur-pool is our mansion, what matters it to me or you? How can it signify to us what the half-reasoning children of earth think concerning us, what relation they suppose to exist between us, and whether they besmoke us with a disgusting mixture of sacrifice and frankincense, or with the brimstone of hell. Neither mounts up to our abode. They misapprehend us, you will say, since they withdraw from our service; did they comprehend us better when they served us? What these poor folks call their religion, is *their* affair, not *ours*. Only they have to gain or to lose by conducting themselves reasonably or unreasonably. And their posterity, when they feel the effects of the unwise decrees of their Valentinians, their Gratians, their Theodosiuses, will have cause enough to regret the rash innovations, which heap on their giddy heads a flood of new and intolerable evils; of which the world, so long as it was attached to the ancient faith, or superstition, had no idea. It were otherwise if, by the new institutions, they were to be benefited. Which of us could or would take that amiss at their hands? Quite the contrary: they resemble a man who, to expel a trifling disorder, with which he might have grown as old as Tithon, brings on himself ten others. They raise, for instance, a great outcry against *our* priests, because they entertained the people,—who are and must be credulous everywhere,—with illusions, from which, however, the state, as well as themselves, derived advantages. Will *their* priests conduct themselves better? At this very moment they are laying the foundation of a superstition which will be useful to none but themselves; which, instead of giving stability to the political constitution, will confuse and undermine all civic duties; a superstition which, like lead in the head, will suppress and exclude every sound idea of natural and moral things, and, under pretence of a chimerical perfection, will in every man kill humanity at the bud. When we have said the worst of the superstition that has hitherto prevailed, it must be acknowledged that it is far more humane,

humane, more innocent, and more beneficent, than the new one which supplants it. Our priests were a more harmless race than those to whom they are now to give way. Those enjoyed their authority and their revenues in peace, bore with every one, and attacked no man's faith. These are ambitious and intolerant, pursue one another with active fury for unmeaning phrases, decide by majorities what is to be spoken of things unspeakable, and treat all those who think and talk otherwise as foes of God and man. That the priests of the gods had come into collision with the civil magistrate, or otherwise troubled the public repose, had scarcely happened for a series of ages before these vehement iconoclasts broke loose. But the new priesthood, since its party has become the favourite, has never ceased to throw the world into convulsion. As yet their pontifexes work under ground; but in a short time they will snatch at the sceptres of kings, call themselves vicegerents of their divinity, and under this title claim an unprecedented authority both in heaven and on earth. Our priests, indeed, were naturally enough no very anxious promoters, neither were they declared enemies, of philosophy; from which, under the protection of the law, they feared nothing: much less did they aspire to bring under their jurisdiction the thoughts and opinions of mankind, and to prevent the free circulation of them in society. Theirs, on the contrary, who as long as they were the weaker party managed to have Reason on their side, and to place her foremost in every contest, now that she would be hostile to their farther progress, are going to dismiss her, and will not rest until they have made every thing dark about them, withdrawn from the people all means of information, and branded the free use of natural judgment as the first of crimes. Formerly, when they themselves still lived on alms, the sleek face and courtly manners of our priests was an abomination: but now, that they glide along with swollen sails, the moderate income of our temples, which they have seized, is much too little to gratify the wants of their pride and vanity. Already have their pontifexes at Rome, through the liberality of some superannuated rich matrons, on whose enthusiastic sensibility they well know how to play, obtained donations and legacies, which put it in their power to outdo the first personages of the empire in splendor and expense. Yet all these sources, though ever swelling by the influx of new streams, will not satisfy the insatiable. They will invent a thousand methods to tax the simplicity of rude and deluded men, and even convert the *sins of the world* into gold mines; and, in order to render these more productive, they will

imagine a monstrous number of new sins, of which the Theophrastuses and Epictetuses had no suspicion. But why do I say all this? What boots it *us* what these people do or leave undone, and how well or ill they may employ their new authority over the sick imaginations of men crippled in mind and body by slavery and debauchery? Even the seducers are themselves deceived; even they know not what they do. It becomes us, who see all this, to treat them with gentleness and pity, like sick and disordered persons; and, without any view to their gratitude or ingratitude in future, to do them all the service for which their own ignorance will allow opportunity. Unhappy men, whom but yourselves are ye injuring, thus by choice to forego that beneficent influence under which Athens became the school of wisdom and of art, and Rome the legislatrix and queen of the earth? by which both arrived at a pitch of culture whereto even the better descendants of the barbarians, who are about to divide among them the lands and the riches of these Greeks and Romans, will never again be able to attain? For what must become of men, from whom the Muses and the Graces, Philosophy, and the embellishing arts of life, and all the pleasures of refinement, are withdrawing with the gods, their inventors and patrons? I see at one glance all the evil which will burst in to replace the good, all the deformity and monstrosity which these destroyers of the beautiful will heap together on the ruins of the works of genius, wisdom, and art; and I feel disgusted at the sight. Away with it! for, as sure as I am Jupiter Olympian, it shall not for ever remain so; although centuries must roll by before mankind will have reached the lowest abyss of declension, and centuries again before, by our assistance, they shall have worked themselves out of the mire. The time shall come when they will seek us anew, again call on our assistance, and acknowledge that they are nothing without us. The time shall come when, with unwearied toil, they will lift out of the dust every broken or disfigured remnant of the works which beneath our influence quitted the hands of our favourites; or dig for them amid rubbish and ruin; and vainly exhaust themselves in affected enthusiasm with striving to imitate those miracles of true inspiration, and of the real presence of divine power.

Apollo.—Yes, Jupiter, most assuredly the time will come, and I see it before me in all the splendor of reality. They shall again exalt our statues, gaze on them with the shudder of feeling, and with devout admiration make them the models of their own idols, which in barbarian hands were become scare-crows; and, O what a triumph!

triumph! their very pontifexes will be proud of building to us, under other names, the most magnificent temples.

Jupiter (with a goblet of nectar in his hand).—Here's a hail to futurity!—(*To Minerva*) To that period, my daughter, when thou shalt have transformed all Europe into a new Athens, filled with lycæums and academies; and when even from the Caledonian wilderness the voice of philosophy shall more freely and loudly resound than of yore from the halls of Athens and Alexandria.

Minerva (shaking her head).—I am glad, Jupiter, to see thee so courageous under the existing aspect of things; but thou must pardon me if I as little believe in a new Athens as in a new Olympia.

Quirinus to Mercury.—I cannot forget this St. Peter with his double key, who is to be my successor. What is this key, an emblematical or a real one, a natural or a magical key? Whence has he it? What is he to unlock with it?

Mercury.—All that I know about it, Quirinus, is, that with this key he can, when he pleases, unlock the gates of Heaven, or of Tartarus.

Quirinus.—Tartarus he is very welcome to unlock; but Heaven too:—that is of more consequence.

Mercury.—In fact, they have made every preparation for peopling heaven with so monstrous an assortment of new divinities of their stamp, that for us old ones there will soon be no room left.

Jupiter.—Leave that to my care, Hermes. Our temples and estates on earth they can easily take from us; but in Olympus we have been established too long to suffer expulsion. And, as a proof of our complete impartiality, we will concede to these new Romans a right of apotheosis on the same conditions as to the ancient. As I hear that most of their candidates, who lay claim to this increase of rank, are not persons of the best company, with St. Peter's leave, we shall always undertake a short investigation of the merits of those whom we are desired to admit. If his other qualities and merits can claim a place among us, no objection shall be made to the golden circle about his head; and Momus himself shall not be allowed to taunt him with the miracles attributed to his bones, or to his wardrobe.

Juno.—With the men you must do as you please, Jupiter; but, as to the ladies, I must beg to be excused.

Venus.—It is said there are very elegant women among them.

Jupiter.—Of that, when the case happens, we will talk farther. A fresh goblet, Antinous.

Many argumentative dissertations on the French revolution were written by Wieland between 1790 and 1795,

and published in the "*Mercur*," a periodical miscellany of which, until that date, he was the editor. The "*Agatho Demon*," a romance which attempts a probable history of Philostratus's "*Apollonius of Tyana*," was composed about the year 1796; and reveals the creed of the writer more than any of his works. His theology is nearly that of the Philonic pantheists: he describes himself, under the name of his prophet, as "perpetually conscious of the presence of the universal genius of nature, or soul of the whole, of the living provident Father of all;" and he introduces a Christian philosopher, who attempts to solve the evangelical phenomena without the hypothesis of supernatural interposition, treating the resurrection from crucifixion as a natural recovery. The "*Letters of Aristippus*" were next undertaken; and to these succeeded "*Menander and Glycerion*," and, lastly, "*Krates and Hipparchia*." Of this singular novel, a translation has just issued from the Norwich press: the heroine disguises herself in boy's clothes, and, accompanied by a female friend similarly clad, attends the lectures of Krates, with whom she falls violently in love. She declares her passion, and, after many difficulties, is united to the object of her intellectual affection. Bayle, in the article *Hipparchia*, imputes to this lady a want of common decency; but Wieland skillfully defends her against this charge, accounts for the scandalous epigrams in circulation by the jealousy of a disappointed lover, and displays throughout the story an amiable zeal for the reputation of philosophy, a learned familiarity with Greek manners, and a profound knowledge of the human heart.

Goesche, a bookseller of Leipzig, contracted with Wieland, in 1795, for an edition of his collective works; such was their popularity in Germany, that, although they consisted of nearly forty volumes, a quarto edition with plates, an octavo edition, and a duodecimo, were issued at once; and every rank of society was thus accommodated with the choice of a copy proportioned to its habits of literary luxury.

* The dissertation inserted in our 55th volume, p. 112, derives in a great degree from Wieland's point of view.

With the proceeds of this edition, Wieland acquired a farm at Osmanstadt, not far from Weimar, to which he retired. Some particulars of his residence and burial there were given in our 36th volume, page 40. His interview with Napoleon at Weimar, in 1808, was detailed in our 42d volume, page 422. These form the more prominent anecdotes of his latter days. His last work was entitled "Euthanasia." He died of a paralytic stroke on the 13th of January, 1813; and was pompously buried, at the expense of his brethren of the Masonic lodge of Weimar.

Of that higher class of writers, whose popularity, incompressible within the scanty limits of one country, language, or age, is likely to assert a diffusive and permanent influence over the opinions of a refined portion of the whole European public, Wieland is one of the most remarkable and voluminous. Second only to Voltaire in the copiousness and variety of his effusions, he is admirable as a composer, both in verse and prose. He has excelled in epic and didactic poetry, and has appeared in the dramatic arena without disgrace. His varied disquisitions are admired for elegant erudition and philosophic penetration; his dialogues, for poetry of form and urbanity of manner; his novels, for the insight they display and communicate of the most hidden recesses of the human heart. A liberal morality overspreads his pages, which every where teach the love of the true, the fair, and the good.

Few writers have so uniformly walked within the precincts of the beautiful. He never swells into bombast, he seldom mounts to sublimity, and, if he sometimes tires by the gay profusion of his repeated descriptions, he never sinks into a vulgar inspidity. His wit, rather dextrous than forcible, might satisfy the delicacy of a Chesterfield. Scenes of pathos he seems to avoid, either as unattainable by his powers, or as painful to his equanimity. Like the painter Albani, he delights to detain the imagination beneath groves gay with a thousand flowers, peopled with happy lovers sacrificing to Cupid, or haunted by choirs of nymphs, whose thin drapery is the sport of the zephyrs, and whose charms are the pursuit of fawns, or the prize of river-gods.

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

Possessed of the whole mass of ancient and modern literature, Wieland has distilled from it the favourite ornaments of his compositions, which are throughout more remarkable for selection than invention; he ever delights in assisting the reader to trace his eternal allusions to their source; in pointing out the narrator whose fable he embellishes, the stylist whose epithet he transplants, or the philosopher whose inference he impresses. His career began with the dawn, and extended to the sun-set, of German literature: he had, as he himself expresses it, the heart-exalting satisfaction of being the contemporary of all the German poets and writers, in whose works breathes the genius of immortality, and the rival of none: most of them were his friends, not one of them was his foe.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

A CORRESPONDENT in your last month's Magazine remarks, upon the review of Dr. Murray's "History of the European Languages," given in your CRITICAL PROEMIUM, that the doctor's statement, respecting the interpreter to the Chinese embassy, was *incorrect*. His statement, however, is true; and the misapprehension of your correspondent must have arisen from the absence of quotation points, within which the assertion ought perhaps to have been placed. Dr. Murray died in 1813; and, of course, could not have alluded to the embassy of Lord Amherst, (to which Dr. Morrison was attached,) but to that of Lord Macartney. D. B.

Aug. 5, 1823.

For the Monthly Magazine.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE against the TURKS. *Extraordinary Journal, called "the Bloody Journal," kept by William Davidson, on-board the St. Dianah Russian Privateer, in the Years 1788 and 9; with some Particulars of the said William Davidson.*

PREFATORY MEMORANDUM.

IN the year 1791, a seaman, by name William Davidson, who belonged to one of the boats of the Niger frigate, being intoxicated, and insolent to the midshipman who was on duty in the boat, was put into confinement; and on the following day, his offence being of a nature which called for particular

notice,

notice, was brought on deck, and ordered to receive a dozen lashes. The punishment was not inflicted with more than ordinary severity, but the feelings of the man under it seemed very poignant: he made the strongest efforts to extricate himself from his situation, and was frequently thrown into convulsions. Such suffering being never witnessed by the bystanders, on the fourth or fifth lash the punishment was stopped; when, being almost in a state of insensibility, he was released, and returned to his duty.

Some months afterwards he was guilty of a similar offence, but in an aggravated degree: he struck the midshipman, and was, consequently, put again into irons. In consequence of the severity of his sufferings on the former occasion, it was determined to keep him a good while in confinement; and let that punishment, together with his contrition,—which it was expected he would of course manifest—plead an excuse against further corporal punishment. With this intention he was ordered on deck; but, conceiving the nature of his offence did not admit of excuse, he made an effort to cut his throat, and then attempted to rush overboard; in both which he was prevented. It being thought equally impossible, under such circumstances, either to pardon or punish the man, he was re-ordered to his confinement; from which he was, after suitable exhortation, released.

There was afterwards a confused story in the ship, which caused a good deal of conversation among the people, of some extraordinary situations in which this man had been; and it was said he had in his chest a book which recorded some wicked scenes. His conduct having marked a something particular in this man, his chest was ordered to be searched; which being done, the following journal was found. He was at that time upwards of thirty years of age; had received some education; was a north country man; of a dark complexion, gloomy, and saturnine. When he was questioned concerning the Journal, he always said it was a faithful record of the events he had witnessed.

On being asked how he could be guilty of such multiplied cruelties, and yet himself shrink from a punishment trifling compared with those he had inflicted, he said the thought of

punishment was dreadful beyond description to his mind, and that death in any shape was preferable to it. It being enquired of him if he felt any remorse for the barbarities he had committed, he turned aside, and said he wished to God he had never seen that vessel: he protested that neither himself nor any of his countrymen had a thought of getting into the situation they found themselves in, until it was too late to be extricated; that at first they viewed with horror those scenes of blood, and could not be brought to partake in the execution of them: but their dread and repugnance wore off by degrees; and he confirmed that extraordinary remark in the Journal, that “in the end our countrymen not only performed their parts, but became volunteers in the barbarities.”

Davidson deserted from the Niger at Portsmouth in 1794; and, it was reported, he was afterwards pressed on-board the Royal George, and drowned by accident.

Journal of a Voyage kept by William Davidson, seaman on-board a Russian Privateer in the Year 1789.

Dec. 3, 1788.—We sailed from Leghorn, in a prosperous gale, on-board the St. Dinian Russian privateer, bound to Messina, in Sicily, as a merchant-vessel. From thence she was to get a clearance, and to go cruising.

Dec. 7.—We had not been long out, before the wind came to the eastward, and, blowing very hard, we were obliged to bear away for Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba. Soon got in, and moored. At that place, we were getting the guns and shot from under the ballast, and fixing them on the carriages, when, on their taking notice from the shore that we were fitting out as a vessel of war, they sent an order on-board for us to sail immediately: if not, that they would stop the ship; as it is not allowed for a ship of war to fit-out in any port belonging to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Dec. 22.—Sailed for Messina with a fair wind, and clear weather.

Dec. 25.—The wind coming a-head, and blowing hard, obliged to bear away for Leghorn.

Dec. 27.—Got into Leghorn, and moored ship. Lay there thirteen days; in which time we got all our guns fixed, and every thing ready for sea.

Jan.

Jan. 17, 1789.—We set sail for Messina with a fair wind, and clear weather.

Jan. 24.—Arrived safe at our intended port, where all the English would have left the ship if they could; but the captain would not allow them to go until he could get to Malta,—thinking he could get hands there.

Feb. 2.—Sailed for the island of Malta.

Feb. 9.—Got in.

Feb. 11.—Got *pratique*.

Feb. 12.—Hauled the ship up, and moored her. We mended all our sails, and made new nettings; and got small arms on-board, in number thirty, cutlasses fifty, blunderbusses twenty-four, pistols eighty; but the grand master would not allow us to take men, which made the English very discontented, as they could not get their discharge. There came on-board us three slaves on the 14th: they were assassins, that had made their escape; but our captain protected them, as they had entered with us.

Feb. 16.—Sailed for the island of Zante, and we were obliged to go with them, as it was said we were there to man our ship. This frightened us, as the inhabitants of that place are nothing but thieves, and mostly pirates. All this time we had a fair wind, and clear weather, until we got as far as Solen. Then the wind came against us, and, blowing hard, we were obliged to bear away for Cephalonia, where we got safe in, and moored. We had not been in many days before we got sixty of these pirates on-board. The carpenters cut two port-holes between decks, in which we put two twelve-pounders, and then got every thing ready for sea.

Sailed on the 7th of March for the island of Prevesa, and on the 11th got in, and moored ship. On the 13th, we had not been in long, before we heard there were some pirates in the mountains. To them our captain wrote several letters, inviting them to come on-board; and so they did. There came down thirty-four of them, well armed; and we took in every one of them, which made the Englishmen and Italians very discontented,—as they were all pirates.

March 16.—A boat came, and told us there were four vessels in Cephalonia with Turkish cargoes on-board, but Greek sailors; on which we unmoored ship.

March 17.—Steered for that place.

March 18.—Spoke a Ragusa brig, with Turkish passengers in from Candia, bound to Zea; who had a great quantity of dollars and silk, which we took from them. The Turks we let go, as they were taken under neutral colours.

March 19.—We shared the dollars, which came to forty-three per man. As for the silk, the captain kept it all for himself.

March 22.—We saw a vessel going down along shore. We hauled up the long-boat, put three swivels and thirty-five armed men in it, and sent her after the vessel. It was calm, and we soon came up with her. We fired two guns, which she returned, and both sides fired for the space of forty minutes. Our lieutenant being wounded, and five men killed, our boat was obliged to return on-board.

April 1.—We saw a sail a-head, and gave chase, and soon came up with her. She was laden with wine and brandy; which we took out, and sunk the ship, first killing nine Turks that were on-board; but the Greeks entered with us.

April 2.—We sailed for Silere; and that same day got in, and moored ship. Some vessels made an attempt to get away; but we armed the long-boat, and sent her out in the night, to lay in wait for them as they went out; but, taking notice of this, they never moved. In the mean time, the long-boat fell in with a vessel under Jerusalem colours, but Turkish property, consisting of nine bales of silk, and honey and soap. The rest we sunk in the vessel,—people and all together; fifteen Turks in number. That same night we took another: but she had nothing but ballast; so we let her go.

April 6.—We got all our sails and lumber on-shore, and all the ballast out of the hold.

On the 8th and 9th we were working very hard, and had but little wine on-board, when the captain ordered the second lieutenant to go out in the little boat; and gave him orders to take the first vessel he met with, let her be what she would, if she had wine on-board: which he did, for he brought in a vessel that had seven pipes of Cyprus wine; which we took out, and let the vessel go. She was a Greek settie from Samos.

April 11.—We righted ship, and took

took all the ballast in. We hauled out from the shore, bent all our sails, and got the ship ready for sea.

April 13.—Unmoored, and got all the vessels' boats in the harbour to tow us out; but, before we went out, the merchants belonging to these vessels gave our captain 15,000 hard dollars, for not troubling them any longer: on which our captain told them, he would give them three days to get away, and no longer. We had a fair wind at four o'clock, and came to an anchor on the Turkish shore; where we sent the long-boat and yawl, armed for stock, of which they killed five bullocks, and thirty-four sheep, besides leaving a number which the boats could not bring off.

April 14.—We saw a pirate, which came on-board us, and told our captain, that if he lay here he would capture plenty of small vessels belonging to Cyprus; but they carried only fire-wood, and our captain said it was not worth his time to go after them. This pirate had in the harbour a Ragusan and three Venetians, which he had taken two days before, and was removing the best of every thing out of them, to sink them. As for the crews, they had killed them when they were taken. Instead of our detaining this pirate, we gave him powder, shot, and arms; and let him go, because he was one of our captain's old acquaintance. We saw two ships coming towards us, when we got all hands to quarters, and every thing ready for engaging; as we took them to be Turkish men-of-war: but, as they came within gun-shot, they hoisted Russian colours; which we were glad to see. They were two privateers bound to Zante.

April 15.—We sailed for the island of Zante; and, the next day, got in, and moored. The captain went on shore, thinking to get *pratique*; but could not, as we had been on the Turkish shore.

April 22.—We got all our provisions and water on-board.

April 23.—Employed setting the rigging fore and aft; and got every thing ready for sea.

April 24.—There was a Ragusa ship lying in Zante, that had Turkish passengers on-board for Smyrna, and had 2,500 dollars belonging to these Turks. Our captain was resolved to follow her.

April 25.—She sailed about ten o'clock in the morning, and was about

six leagues off when we got under weigh, and gave her chase: but she escaped.

April 26.—This morning stood-in for the Turkish shore, where we saw a vessel at anchor, and, seeing us coming in, she got under weigh as fast as she could. We soon followed, and, coming within gun-shot, fired twenty-three guns at her before she hove-to. We plundered her of every thing she had on-board; and one of our men killed their captain and two men, for asking him to return a small chest of turbans and sashes.

April 28.—Saw several vessels, yet did not go after them; but went into an harbour in the island of Cerigo, where we came to anchor.

April 29.—A vessel came in under Jerusalem colours: was a good prize for us if at sea; but, as we were under a Venetian fort, we could not take her. This same day the captain went on-shore, to see if he could get any hands.

April 30.—Came in that same vessel which engaged our long-boat on the 22d of March, and our captain resolved to be revenged; so at night we armed the boats, and sent them out to lay wait for her, if she should come out. About eleven o'clock at night she got under weigh, and was going out, when our boats fell in with her, and killed all hands on-board, except two boys, whom we put on shore at Thinoa.

May 2.—There came on-board twenty-three sailors, which made our compliment 215. In the afternoon our captain came on-board, and ordered all hands aft, and read his commission, which was, that we were going against the Turks; and, as they were a cruel enemy, that we must stand true to our colours, and neither give nor take quarter, but burn and destroy all that came in our way; and the more we should take, the more we should have for ourselves, besides doing so much good for the Russian empress. All hands gave him three cheers, and said there was no fear. At night we sailed for the Archipelago.

May 3.—We hailed a Venetian ship, bound for Smyrna; overhauled her, and took her.

May 4.—Saw a ship; gave chase; and at five o'clock got alongside her. She proved to be a Turkish cruizer of fourteen guns; and, after engaging her half an hour, she struck: on which

which we put the prisoners to death, (173 in number,) took the best of every thing out of the ship, and sunk her.

May 5.—Saw a small vessel from the mast-head, and, it being calm, we armed the long-boat, and sent her after her. She took her, and brought her alongside: she proved to be a Turk, loaded with wine and brandy. We put the prisoners to death, took what wine and brandy we wanted out of her, and set her on fire. In the mean time, there was another coming round the island; which our long-boat boarded without any defence. She proved to be a good prize, loaded with cotton, silk, and honey. In the afternoon it came on to blow and rain. At ten o'clock we lost sight of our prize.

May 6.—This morning we stood in for a small island belonging to the Greeks. All hands went on-shore, and plundered them of every thing they had on the island.

May 8.—We heard that our people in our late prize were prisoners in the island of Medras, to which the vessel belonged: this so enraged our captain, that he swore he would have them out, or put every man, woman, and child, to death in the island.

May 9.—We sailed for Medras, but the next morning we saw a sail, to which we gave chase, and soon got alongside: she proved to be a privateer belonging to Tunis. She engaged us an hour before she struck. We took all the prisoners on-board (in number 125); and one of them told our captain they would have struck sooner, only they expected us to board them, and they would then have blown the ship up; on which our captain ordered them all back. We then took some of their small arms, and made this man we kept on-board go and set the ship on fire,—people and all together. It was a dreadful sight. We forgave the man, and put him ashore on one of the Greek islands.

May 12.—At ten o'clock at night the wind came in our favour.

May 13.—We got into Medras, and fired several guns into the town, which knocked down some of the houses, and killed several of the people. The governor came off to know why we behaved in this manner, when our captain made answer, that if he did not deliver his people up, and the vessel he took, he would put every one in

the place to death. The governor made answer, that he had never seen or heard from her since she sailed from thence. The governor now went on-shore, and sent us in provisions, and 500 sequins. That night we sailed again, and the next morning spoke a French brig, who told us our prize was gone down to Cerigo. We then steered for that place, and the next day took a small vessel with Cyprus wine; from which we took what we wanted, and sunk the vessel. The Turks we put to death on-board our own ship,—fifteen in number.

May 15.—We got into Cerigo, and found our prize there, and another which she had taken; but we could not make a prize of her, as she belonged to some Greek merchants. We took all the silk and cotton, and most of the honey, out of our prize, and, getting ten six-pounders from the shore, put them on-board our prize, with sixty hands, as a tender to go with us.

May 19.—We sailed for the Arches; that same day we saw seven sail, to which we gave chase, and soon came up with them. These proved to be prizes to a Russian privateer, bound to Trieste, under her own convoy, and all richly laden.

May 21.—Anchored in Theans, where they were glad to see us come in, as a Turkish galley, on the other side of the island, was going to plunder them in the night. At one o'clock we sent the tender after her, and at three in the morning she took her, without the least defence. She had on-board eighty-five hands, which we took on-board us, and confined them in the hold until the next day; when they were called up, one by one, and had their heads cut off, in the same manner as we cut duck's heads off at home, and we then threw them over-board. This was the first time we were obliged to take it by turns to put them to death: the English, when called upon, at first refused it; but when the captain told them they were cowards, or people that were afraid of their enemies, and that he could not believe they were Englishmen, they went, and did the same as the rest; and, afterwards, were even worse than the others,—for they always were first when such work was going on; and, at last, got quite used to it. Sometimes we had three or four in a day to put to death for each man's share.

May 24.—Our tender brought in a good

good prize, loaded with honey, soap, and tobacco; which we sent to Malta.

May 25.—About four o'clock saw a sail in the offing, which we took to be a Turkish man-of-war: we slipped our cables, and went after her, and got every thing ready for engaging her. When we got within gun-shot of her, we fired a gun, and she did the same, and hoisted her colours: she was a French frigate, looking out for pirates. They sent their boat on-board, to know where we fitted-out, and what we were doing; but our captain would only tell them he was a Russian cruizer, and that his commission was as good as their's: when the French captain told us to mind what we were about, and stood out to sea; and we into harbour, for our anchors and cables.

May 26.—We sailed in the afternoon, and fell in with the French frigate again; but she said nothing to us.

May 30.—Boarded a French ship from Smyrna, bound to Algiers, with Turkish passengers on-board. We took their goods from them, and let them go.

May 31.—Came to an anchor at the island of Cashio, and plundered it of every thing we could; besides burning the town, and all the vessels in the place.

June 2.—Sailed for the island of Narris; which we plundered of silk, and burnt the Turkish governor's palace, and a new frigate on the stocks; besides killing twenty Turks, that had no time to make their escape.

June 4.—Spoke a Ragusa polacca, which told us there was a Turkish xebec in Scandaroon, bound to Smyrna, with money to pay the soldiers, besides coffee and rice; and that she would sail the first fair wind. We now hauled up for the north end of Cyprus, where we knew the xebec must pass.

June 7.—Saw her, and gave chase; and, at four in the afternoon, got alongside. She engaged us an hour and a half, and then struck. She had on-board twenty-four guns, and 250 men. We took all the prisoners on-board, and sent the prize to Malta. Our ship's company was now reduced to sixty-five.

June 8.—At two o'clock we put all the prisoners to death. We fell in with several merchant-vessels of all

nations, and took out of them as many as made our ship's company 115: so that we were ready for a fresh cruize.

June 12.—Spoke a Venetian ship, that came from Jaffa, bound to Constantinople. She told us there was a Turkish vessel there, bound for Rhodes, loaded with coffee and rice; with twelve guns, and sixty men on-board. At four o'clock in the afternoon we were alongside of her: she engaged us half an hour, and then struck. We took all the prisoners on-board, and sent the prize to Leghorn.

June 13.—We put all the prisoners to death. At six in the afternoon we saw a sail to leeward; to which we gave chase, and soon came up with her: she was a Greek ship, laden with wood for the Turks. We took the men out of her, and set her on fire; and then we steered for Syria. We had not sailed above three leagues before the man at the mast-head saw two vessels at anchor, and our tender went in and spoke them. They were Turks: one had three bales of silk, and nine bales of turbans; in the other was nothing but ballast.

June 14.—We took the silk and turbans out, put the people on shore, and set the vessels on fire. Next morning we saw three more at anchor, and went in after them. They were Turkish ships loading for Alexandria. We took all the prisoners on-board, and burnt their ships. At four o'clock we put them all to death.

June 15.—We steered for Castle R, and hoisted Venetian colours. Here was a large town, without any appearance of guns; and, as soon as we came within gun-shot, we fired in among the houses, hauled down the Venetian colours, and hoisted Russian. All hands went on-shore, and plundered them of every thing they had, besides burning one-half of the town, and killing all the Turks who could not get away. As for plunder, no one could tell the amount, as we took much gold and silver out of their churches; such as images and candlesticks.

June 16.—Went out, and spoke a French brig from Smyrna, bound to Marseilles, loaded with wool and hemp.

June 17.—In the morning spoke a Venetian polacca, that told us there were three Turkish ships in Alexandria, laden with coffee and rice for Constantinople; on which we bore away

away for Rhodes, as they must pass there.

June 18.—At day-light we saw five sail close in with the land, which we went in after, thinking they were good prizes; but, to our great misfortune, found them to be Turkish men-of-war, of fifty guns, of forty-four guns, and three of sixteen guns each. They gave us chase, and at seven the frigate came alongside. The captain wanted to engage, but the lieutenant would not until the others should be farther astern of us. In the mean time, the frigate kept continually firing at us. At half past ten we hauled down the French colours, and engaged her; and shot away her fore-topsail yard. She then tried to go down to the others; but, before she had got from under our guns, we had set her on fire. By this time the others got up with us, and we filled the train in the magazine, ready to blow the ship up, if any of them boarded. We made sure of being taken; but, as God would have it, we got so close to the fifty-gun ship's stern, that our larboard spritsail yard-arm touched her stern, and we fired as fast as we could, until we silenced the guns; and, taking to the small arms, we killed most of their men,—for they could not make any sail to get away. The frigate had now got her fore-topsail yard up, and came up to us, as she sailed better than we did: so we were obliged to engage her once more; but we soon disabled her, by carrying away her fore-topmast half down. We then had the small ones to keep off; but, as soon as they saw that the two large ships were disabled, they made sail from us, which we were very glad of, as it was half past eleven at night, and we had seventeen killed and nine wounded; and all our sails and rigging torn to pieces,—our force being only twenty-two guns. If there had been another of the same force with us, we should have taken the whole of them. Having got clear of them, we began to wish ourselves clear of the cruise, and ship.

June 19.—We steered for Sarpanta, to get repaired.

June 20.—The captain went on-shore, and got plenty of people to help us; and we were ready for sea by the 24th.

June 24.—At four o'clock in the morning sailed for the island of Cyprus, and in the afternoon fell in with a Turkish vessel, loaded with

honey, oil, and cotton; from which we took all the prisoners, and sent her to Leghorn.

June 25.—We put the prisoners to death; and in the afternoon took a large Turkish ship, loaded with cotton, hemp, and three jars of honey, besides ready money. We put thirteen hands on-board her, but took the prisoners out, and sent the prize to Leghorn.

June 26.—At ten o'clock we put the prisoners to death.

June 27.—The captain ordered that the prisoners in future should be put to death in the head, as there was such dirty decks with them always. In the afternoon we took a small vessel, laden with nuts; which we sunk, people and all together. We then steered for Jaffa to get water, for we had very little on-board.

June 28.—We got in, and sent the tender and long-boat, with sixty armed men, on shore, to fill water; but we had only twelve butts filled, when we saw above 2000 Turks and Moors coming down on horseback towards us; and we were obliged to haul the tender close in shore to cover our men. Before we got it all on-board, we had three men killed; but how many of the Turks we could not tell, as we could see a great number of their horses fall by the shot from our tender. As soon as we got the water stowed, and the ship clear, we made weigh, and steered for Alexandria.

June 29.—We saw five sail a-head to which we gave chase, and soon came up with them. We took two; the other three got on-shore. One of them was a good prize, loaded with cotton and silk, besides a great deal of money; the other was loaded with rice and coffee; but, as we could not spare any hands to send them to Leghorn or Malta, we took the best of every thing out of them, and sunk them,—people and all together. In the afternoon we spoke a Ragusa polacca, which told us there were seven sail of Algerine xebecs cruising in the Arches.

June 20.—We sailed for the Nile, as it was the best way to keep from the Algerines, and a good place to cruise in. At night we took a small vessel, laden with wine and soap; and, taking some of the wine out of her, sunk the vessel and people together.

July 1.—At the Nile we went in, and made three large ships and two small ones our prize, without the least defence;

defence; but, before we could board them, almost all the people jumped overboard, and swam on-shore. These vessels were loading with coffee and rice for Constantinople. We loaded the two largest with what was in the others, and sent them to Leghorn, which made us short of hands; as, all together, we now were but seventy-five.

July 2.—After manning the two prizes, we sailed for Cerigo, to get more hands: we burnt the ships we did not take. At four o'clock in the afternoon we took two good prizes, that came from Scandaroon, bound to Rhodes, with honey, hemp, and oil. We took what we wanted out of them, and sunk them, prisoners and all together.

July 3.—We took a large ship, loaded with sheep and cattle, Turkish property, but Greek sailors, who entered on-board us. We then took what we wanted out of the prize, and sunk her.

July 4.—We got into Cerigo, and that same day we got our water on-board, and thirty men next morning.

July 6.—At nine o'clock in the morning we sailed with a fair wind for Caramania; saw a large ship to leeward, to which we gave chase, and at six o'clock came up with her. She proved to be a Turkish ship from Alexandria to Constantinople, laden with coffee, rice, and hemp; she had twenty-one guns and 200 Turks on-board: she engaged us two hours and a half,—then struck; having twenty-three killed, and nineteen wounded. We had five killed, and thirteen wounded. We took the prisoners on-board us, and sent fourteen hands on-board the prize, and sent her to Malta.

July 7.—We put the prisoners to death at six o'clock in the morning.

July 9.—We took a small galley which the Turks had sent out as a spy after us: she had eighty men and small arms on-board. We put all the Turks to death, except one man, whom we put on-shore, on account of his telling us where the Turkish fleet lay. He told us there were three sail of the line, and five frigates, besides a great many Xebecs, at the island of Rhodes, waiting for the Russians to go up the Arches to get behind them.

July 10.—We bore up for Syracuse, in Sicily, to try if we could get any consort before we should cruise again.

July 13.—In the afternoon got into Syracuse, where there were three Russian privateers ready for sea,—one of eighteen, and two of twenty guns each.

July 14.—We got in our water and provisions, with every thing ready for sea.

July 15.—Early in the morning there came into harbour two privateers from Trieste, and at six o'clock there came three privateers from Leghorn, which made us nine sail. The least of us mounted sixteen guns, and the Commodore thirty-four; and now we thought ourselves able to attack even the Turkish fleet, although they had three sail of the line, and five frigates, besides a number of smaller vessels.

July 17.—We all sailed together for the island of Malta.

July 18.—We fell in with the two Maltese frigates, and they went up with us, in hopes of meeting with the Turkish fleet. We cruized off the island of Rhodes for five days, but they never offered to come out. In the mean time, one of the Malta frigates went into the harbour's mouth, and fired at them lying at anchor; but they would not come out.

July 25.—We went round the southwest part of the island, where we sent all our boats on shore, armed for stock, but they got only a few goats.

July 26.—We all parted company, seeing that the Turkish fleet would not come out to fight us; some for the Barbary shore, some for the coast of Syria, and our ship for the coast of the Morea.

July 28.—At six in the morning we saw a large ship close in under the land; after which we made sail, thinking she was a Turkish frigate. We got every thing ready for engaging her, and at ten o'clock we came alongside of her, but she proved to be a French frigate. He told us he was looking out for a pirate, that had done much mischief on that coast.

July 29.—We spoke a Venetian ship, that had been chased into Cerigo by the same pirate.

July 30.—We made the island of Cerigo, and cruized off there for three days, and saw no vessel of any kind; which our captain said was from fear of this pirate: there was no vessel on the coast.

August 3.—We saw a large ship close in the west side of the island, which we steered after; but, to our mis-

misfortune, found it to be the very pirate which the French frigate was looking after. She engaged us from ten o'clock in the morning until half past three in the afternoon, and then she hauled down her colours, after having fifty-four killed, and forty-three wounded: she mounted thirty-two guns, nine and six-pounders, with a complement of 378 men, but they were all of different nations, which created much confusion during the action. At six o'clock in the afternoon we took all the prisoners on-board, and confined them in the hold.

Aug. 4.—In the morning our captain called all the prisoners on deck, and examined them; when they confessed they had taken a great many vessels of all nations, killed all the people, and sunk the vessels, after taking every thing out of them worth taking: on which our captain told them they should all be put to the cruelest death that could be invented; and he was as good as his word.

Aug. 5.—We got whips on the main-stay, and made one leg fast to the whip, and the other to a ring-bolt in the deck; and so quartered them, and hove them overboard. As for the wounded, we put them to death after the ship had struck.

Aug. 6.—We washed the ship fore and aft (above and below), which it stood in much need of, after so much carnage on-board; what with our own men killed and wounded, and putting the prisoners to death.

Aug. 6.—We went into the island of Zante, where we sent all our wounded men to the hospital, and got every thing ready for sea again.

Aug. 7.—An order came from the Russian consul at Trieste for us to come up there, and join Commodore William Colonour's squadron.

Aug. 8.—In the afternoon we got under weigh, and steered for Trieste with a fair wind.

Aug. 11.—We spoke the Ambuscade English frigate, Capt. O'Hara, who came from Leghorn, and was bound to Smyrna.

Aug. 14.—After riding fifteen days quarantine, we got *pratique*, when the ship was ordered into the Mole, to

be repaired as quick as possible. In the mean time, the Englishmen that were on-board got their discharge, their wages, and their share of plunder besides, which came to 950 dollars a-man; and I was on-board only from the 1st of December, 1788, to the 6th of September, 1789.

Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, clerk of his majesty's sloop Sparrowhawk, Capt. Burgoyne, when lying at Malta in January 1816, copied this morsel of modern history from the original, in the Secretary's Office, where it had been left by Lord Hood.

Can we wonder at the butcheries at Scio, or at the massacres which the Turks perpetrate on the Greeks? The above monsters appear to have held a regular commission for their deeds of blood from the Russian government, and to have been duly recognized by its authorities!

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I AM in hopes of being allowed, through the medium of your excellent and widely-circulated Magazine, to suggest to the public, and to ship-builders in particular, a method of constructing vessels whereby in stormy weather shipwreck may often be avoided, and the destruction of life prevented.

The method which I am desirous of recommending, for the building of vessels of every description intended for sea, consists of their being made with two bottoms; one about nine inches within the other, and both made very strong. If a vessel so constructed be driven upon a rock, it is probable that the outer bottom will be broken through, without the inner one being injured: there will not then be any danger from leakage; and, if the vessel should be cleared from the rock, it would float as well as ever.

There can be little doubt, I think, if the Alert packet, which was lost a few months ago on its passage from Dublin to Holyhead, had been made in the way I propose, that every life on-board would have been preserved.

Inner Temple; Aug. 20. E. S.

T STEPHENSIANA.

STEPHENSIANA.

NO. XXI.

The late ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Esq. of Park House, Chelsea, devoted an active and well-spent life in the collection of Anecdotes of his contemporaries, and generally entered in a book the collections of the passing day ;—these collections we have purchased, and propose to present a selection from them to our readers. As Editor of the Annual Obituary, and many other biographical works, the Author may probably have incorporated some of these scraps; but the greater part are unpublished, and all stand alone as cabinet-pictures of men and manners, worthy of a place in a literary miscellany.

LETTERS of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1792.

MY Lord,—I should have had the honour of acknowledging sooner the receipt of your letter of the 28th of June last, had I not concluded to defer doing it till I could announce to you the transmission of my portrait, which has been just finished by Mr. Robinson, (of New York,) who has also undertaken to forward it. The manner of the execution does no discredit, I am told, to the artist, of whose skill favourable mention had been made to me. I was farther induced to entrust the execution to Mr. Robinson, from his having informed me, that he had drawn others for your lordship, and knew the size which would best suit your collection.

I accept with sensibility, and with satisfaction, the significant present of the box which accompanied your lordship's letter. In yielding the tribute due from every lover of mankind, to the patriotic and heroic virtues of which it is commemorative, I estimate, as I ought, the additional value which it derives from the hand that sent it, and my obligation for the sentiments that induced the transfer.

I will, however, ask, that you will exempt me from a compliance with the request relative to its eventual destination. In an attempt to execute your wish in this particular, I should feel embarrassment from a just comparison of relative pretensions, and should fear to risk injustice by so marked a preference.

With sentiments of the truest esteem and consideration,

I remain your lordship's
most obedient servant,

Earl Buchan. G. WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, June 20, 1792.

MY Lord,—I presume you will, long before this reaches you, have received my letter of the 1st of May, in answer to the honour of your lordship's favour of the 28th of June, by Mr. Robinson. In

that letter, I have stated, that the reason of my having so long delayed acknowledging the receipt of it, was a wish that the portrait, which you were pleased to request, should accompany the letter.

It was not till the 10th instant that I had the honour to receive your lordship's second favour of the 15th of September, which was enclosed in a letter from Dr. James Anderson, and accompanied with six volumes of the Bee. These were forwarded by a bookseller at New York, who mentions his having received directions from Dr. Anderson to transmit them to me.

I must therefore beg your lordship's acceptance of my warmest thanks for this additional testimony of your politeness. Considering myself as a subscriber to the Bee, I have written to Dr. Anderson to know in what manner I shall pay the money, that it may get regularly to his hands.

With sincere prayers for the health and happiness of your lordship, and gratefully impressed with the many marks of attention which I have received from you, I have the honour to be, with great esteem, your lordship's most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

Earl Buchan.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1793.

MY Lord,—You might, from appearances, suspect me of inattention to the honour of your correspondence; and, if you should, I can assure you it would give me pain. Or you might conceive, that I had rather make excuses than acknowledge, in time, the receipt of your favours, as this is the second instance of considerable lapse between the dates of them and my acknowledgments: this also would hurt me, for the truth is, that your favour of the 22d of last October, under cover of one from Dr. Anderson of the 3d of November, accompanying the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, volumes of the Bee, did not
come

come to my hands until the 18th of the present month.

Having by me the rough draught of the letter I had the honour of addressing to your lordship in May, I do, agreeably to your request, transmit a copy thereof. It is difficult for me, however, to account for the miscarriage or delay of the original, as it was committed to the care of Mr. Robertson at his own request, to be forwarded along with the portrait of me, which (for the reasons therein assigned) a preference had been given of him to take for your lordship, both of which I expected you had received long since.

The works of Dr. Anderson do him much credit; and, when they are more extensively known, will, I am persuaded, meet a very ready sale in this country. I have taken an occasion to mention his wish to a respectable member of the Philosophical Society of this city, who has promised to bring his name forward at the next meeting, entertaining no doubt of his being readily admitted, as his pretensions are known to stand upon solid ground.

The favourable wishes which your lordship has expressed for the prosperity of this young and rising country, cannot but be gratefully received by all its citizens, and every lover of it. One mean to the contribution of which, and its happiness, is very judiciously portrayed in the following words of your letter—"to be little heard of in the great world of politics." These words, I can assure your lordship, are expressive of my sentiments on this head; and, I believe, it is the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues, or the squabbles, of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do, if rightfully it can be done. To administer justice to, and receive it from, every power with whom they are connected, will, I hope, be always found the most prominent features in the administration of this country; and, I flatter myself, that nothing short of imperious necessity can occasion a breach with any of them. Under such a system, if we are allowed to pursue it, the agriculture and mechanical arts, the wealth and population, of these states, will increase with that degree of rapidity as to baffle all calculation, and must surpass any idea your lordship can, hitherto, have entertained on the

occasion. To evince that our views (whether realised or not) are expanded, I take the liberty of sending you the plan of a new city, situated about the centre of the union of these states, which is designed for the permanent seat of the government. And we are at this moment deeply engaged, and far advanced, in extending the inland navigation of the river (Potomac) on which it stands, and the branches thereof, through a tract of as rich country for hundreds of miles as any in the world. Nor is this a solitary instance of attempts of the kind, although it is the only one which is near completion, and in partial use. Several other very important ones are commenced; and little doubt is entertained that, in ten years, if left undisturbed, we shall open a communication by water with all the lakes northward and westward of us, with which we have territorial connections; and an inland navigation, in a few years more, from Rhode Island to Georgia inclusively, partly by cuts between the great bays and sounds, and partly between the islands and sand-banks, and the main from Albermarle Sound to the river St. Mary's. To these may also be added, the erection of bridges over considerable rivers, and the commencement of turnpike roads, as further indications of the improvements in hand.

The family of Fairfax's, in Virginia, of whom you speak, are also related to me by several intermarriages before it came into this country, (as I am informed,) and since; and what remains of the old stock are near neighbours to my estate of Mount Vernon. The late lord, (Thomas,) with whom I was perfectly acquainted, lived at the distance of sixty miles from me after he had removed from Belvoir, (the seat of his kinsman,) which adjoins my estate just mentioned; and is going to be inhabited by a young member of the family, as soon as the house, which some years ago was burnt, can be rebuilt.

With great esteem and respect, I have the honour to be your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

Earl Buchan.

G. WASHINGTON.

German Town, seven miles from Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1793.

My Lord,—Mr. Lear, the gentleman who will have the honour of putting this letter into your hands, I can venture, and therefore do take the liberty, to introduce as worthy of your lordship's civilities.

He has lived seven or eight years in my

my family as my private secretary, and possesses a large share of my esteem and friendship.

A commercial pursuit has occasioned him to resolve on a trip to Europe, and a desire to visit some of the principal manufactories in Scotland, will carry him first to that country.

A wish, whilst there, to pay his respects to your lordship, (with whom he knows I have been in correspondence,) must be my apology for recommending him to your notice, especially as it will afford me a fresh occasion to assure you of the great esteem and respect with which I have the honour to be,

Your lordship's most obedient
and very humble servant,
Earl Buchan. G. WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1796.

My Lord,—Having seen several persons from the vicinity of your estate of Dryburgh Abbey, with your lordship's certificates of their honest and orderly deportment, (one or two of whom I have employed, and found deserving the character,) I take the liberty of troubling your lordship with the perusal of the enclosed annunciation of a design which I have had in contemplation two or three years, but lately only have resolved to carry it into execution.

I accompany the information, my lord, with an unequivocal declaration, that it is not my intention to *invite* emigrants, even if there be no prohibiting act of your government opposed to it. My sole object is, if there are persons on the move, who may incline to associate and become tenants on such a plan as I offer, that being apprised of the measure they may decide how far their views would be accommodated by it.

The staple produce of the part of the country in which my Mount Vernon estate lies, being wheat, I mean to fix the rent in that article as most convenient and equitable for both landlord and tenant; and I set it at a bushel and half for every acre contained in the lease, which will be all arable, with the privileges detailed in the printed notification.

In failure of a crop of this article, the rent may be discharged in cash, at the price it bears in the market.

I have but little expectation, I own, of maturing this plan so as to carry it into full effect next year; nor would I wish to do it with the slovenly farmers of this country, if I had a well-founded hope of obtaining this class of men from any other (particularly from Great Bri-

tain,) where husbandry is well understood, and the language similar.

Having had occasion lately to write to Dr. Anderson (of Coldfield) on other matters, I have detailed my plan much more at large than I choose to trouble your lordship with; and have sent him a sketch of the farms, with their relative situations to each other, and divisions into fields, lanes, lots, &c. from whence an idea, more accurate than can be formed from the printed notification, might be had; but it is not my wish that any man, or set of men, should engage without first, by themselves or agents, competently qualified and instructed, viewing the premises, and judging for themselves.

I pray your lordship to present me in respectful terms, in which Mrs. Washington unites, to Lady Buchan; and that you will be persuaded of the respect and consideration with which I have the honour to be,

Your lordship's most obedient
and humble servant,
Earl Buchan. G. WASHINGTON.

LETTER of LORD FAIRFAX.

*Mount Eagle, near Alexandria,
in Virginia, January 18, 1800.*

My Lord,—Although I had the honour of writing to your lordship before my departure from London, to acknowledge the many unmerited favours I had received from you, yet I have thought, since my arrival here, that another letter would not be unacceptable, or too intruding on your leisure moments, even though it should repeat my acknowledgements, which is a theme I love to dwell on sometimes, when it respects those to whom I am greatly indebted, and surely that is my case with respect to your lordship and your connections. For I could not well receive greater proofs of friendship than I did from your brother; and, as to Lady Ann, I considered and lived with her as with a sister.

It has pleased God to prolong my life, and to bring me home to my family after many dangers, and some distress and sickness; but he has taken away our friend General Washington. This you will have heard of when this reaches your hands. Yes, he is gone; but he died as he lived, with fortitude, so that he was great to the last; for he said to Dr. Craik, before he expired, "I die hard," which is a great thing from him, because he was one of the last men to complain. One expression of that sort from him, to me shews more suffering than a hundred groans from almost any other man.

I landed

I landed in a very weak state of health; and, hardly able to travel home, I got up time enough to see him three or four times before his death. He came to see me, and dined once here, and I dined with him twice before he died; the last time only three days before. He rode out to some or one of his farms, got wet, and the day after was seized with a bad sore-throat, for it became dangerous in a very short time, and continued unconquerable. He was scarce twenty-four hours ill from the first sensible attack. I got a bad cold at his funeral, and have considered it as very providential that I was let blood very early, so as to be blooded three times when it came to the height; for I had not only a cough and cold in the head, but also an inflammation in the throat, somewhat like the general's; but, by means of timely bleeding, was recovered in a few days. How thankful many of us have reason to be for a kind Providence in the midst of dangers. He was well, and looked remarkably well, but a few days before, when I was almost considered as a dying man; for I have been twice reported to be dead, whereas he is dead and I am still alive, to praise the God of mercy if I could but have the true spirit to do it. May it please God to bless and preserve your lordship in health and prosperity. My compliments to Capt. Erskine, and, with all due respect, I remain,

Your lordship's most obedient
servant, and affectionate kinsman,
Earl Buchan. FAIRFAX.

TURBOT FISHERY.

This is carried on solely from Bocking, in Essex; the vessels employed, in 1809, consisted of about sixty, all having wells or reservoirs for salt-water. Much has been said of our rivalling the Dutch, of late, in this art; but truth obliges me to declare the contrary. Our expert and industrious neighbours have an advantage, in fishing not only on their own coast, but also in the salt-water inlets which indent it. These we are not entitled to occupy with our small craft, and our men for the most part are mere carriers only. The Dutch make use of smelts, which they salt, by way of bait. The English Dutchmen (for so this description of vessels is called) visit their coasts, in times of war as well as peace. As they collect their turbot, they place them in boxes, the names of which I have forgot, and do

not turn them adrift into the wells till some time after.

CHURCH-YARDS AT PARIS.

The French revolution has awakened sentiments over which custom had long gained a complete triumph. Among other strokes of municipal politics, a great change has been effected in the circumstance of sepulture. Bodies are no longer interred in the churches or church-yards: the two burial grounds are Mont-Martre and Clomart.

CHIMNEYS.

Time brings up many new and strange things, and there are revolutions in men's minds as well as in their circumstances. Our old historiographers examined subjects with original views; and, though not the most respectable of writers, expressed their ideas with clearness. Hollingshead wrote during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; his intention was manifestly good, in noticing the increase of luxury as prevailing in his days; but few, probably, will adopt an opinion which he gives, respecting an invention from which so many advantages accrue. Among other daily changes, he protests against "the multitude of chimnies lately erected, whereas, in the sound remembrance of some old men, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns in the realm."

KING PYM.

The famous John Pym, in his day, was recorded as a senator above the common order. In his manner there was a peculiar expression of solemnity, or of awful thought, if I may so call it, which could not pass unheeded. Connected with the emotions which such a character would excite, was the title of King Pym, which those who had been accustomed to witness gave him. Milton had probably felt the influence of it; and, in association with such remembrance, dictated—"And in his rising, seemed a pillar of state." In the debates on the Petition of Right, the word sovereign gave rise to many reflections, when Pym exclaimed: "I know how to add sovereign to the king's person, but not to his power." To the above may be added, what a sagacious lawyer said on the same occasion, they are not the words of declamation, but as true as the law itself: "Take we heed what we yield unto, Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign!—I know that prerogative is part of the law,

law, but sovereign power is no parliamentary word."—*Sir Edward Coke.*

FISHERY AT AND ABOUT GRAVESEND.

In the year 1714, only three fishing-smacks, of about forty tons each, and about twenty hands, were employed in the cod-fishery. The Dutch not being permitted to bring cod to Billingsgate, these vessels had increased to twenty sail, in 1735; and, in the course of a few years more, amounted to 120 sail, of from fifty to sixty tons each, employing 1200 men, with 500 apprentices. These were for the London markets alone, and might be valued at 100,000*l.* In 1789, the smacks had increased to 150, eighteen of which appertained, exclusively, to Gravesend; as the fresh water would kill their fish, none proceed higher. In 1809, the number of vessels exceeded 200 sail, with a proportionate increase of tonnage. Of these, thirty appertain to Gravesend, and fifty to Barking.

Cod and ling are found on the deep water of Dogger Bank; a smaller breed, and haddocks, are caught on the Well Bank, where the water is shallower.

In 1796, the smacks employed in the German Ocean discovered a new fish-

ing ground to the northward of Scotland; but in 1808 and 9, on account of the war with Denmark, they frequented every bay and inlet in North Britain.

Gravesend now is like what Philadelphia was formerly, not an individual gentleman residing in it, all engaged in trade. This became the subject of conversation when I was there; and the circumstance, if not applauded, seemed at least to meet with approbation. After all, it is the taxes, pensions, and gratifications, with which the revenue is saddled, that have swept away our small gentry.

Agues were much more frequent here formerly than at present; but, at the village of Chalk, within a mile of Tilbury Fort, directly opposite, they are but too prevalent. This is justly ascribed to the noxious effluvia of the surrounding marshes.

The manor of Gravesend was in the possession of Sir Stephen de Gravesende, in the reign of Edward I. and afterwards came to the ancient family of Brooke, Lord Cobham. The Earl of Darnley is now lord of the manor.

The fare formerly to London was one halfpenny; in 1809 it was 1*s.* 6*d.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET TO AUTUMN.

BENDING with age, his scatter'd locks
embrown'd,
In jovial laughter, 'mid his reaper train,
Mark mellow Autumn, from yon sunny
ground,
Beckoning the Loves and Graces to the
plain;
How his glad looks the smiling fields adorn,
Round Plenty's brow he twines the
purple vine,
Profusely fills mild Plenty's spacious horn,
And bids dejected Care no more repine.
Hail, gen'rous Autumn! Nature's guardian
kind,
Providing parent of her joyless hours,
When Winter,—ruthless hag,—who limps
behind,
Comes forth to desolate her fruitful
bowers,
By thee protected, shall she dwell in peace,
Lord of the laughing earth, and bounteous
rich increase. ENORT.
Cullum-street.

SERENADE TO LAURA.

TOUCH, Laura, touch thy lute again,
For in its chords such magic dwells,
As charms awhile my keenest pain,
And ev'ry gloomy thought dispels.

At midnight-hour, when I alone
Am wretched, and o'erwhelm'd in grief,
If on the breeze I hear its tone,
That tone affords my soul relief.
Yet, Laura, when its strains are blent
With that delicious voice of thine,
Thou seem'st an angel kindly sent
By heav'n to soothe such hearts as mine.
But, were that hand which strikes the lute
Once giv'n to mine in love sincere,
Then would this murmur'ing tongue be
mute,
Nor force its sorrows on thine ear.
And would thy voice but deign to own
This heart, which thine has slighted long,
Mine then would boast a livelier tone,
My heav'n commence in Laura's song.
Islington; Aug. 1823. J. G.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN;

BY J. R. PRIOR.

EVEN as the eve pour'd her somnific balm
On weary eye-lids and contented hearts;
Even as the young moon rose among the
stars,
Appearing in the horizon's gloominess,
I, through the vine-wove lattice, Mary saw
In meditation deep fixed on the fire, Too

Too low, like her, to blaze. How little
dreams

The sorrow-hearted maid, that eye, so dull
With grief, so soon will swim about in floods
Of joy! That step she hears arouse the dog
To duty, and her fears to thought, is come
To welcome her, and make her happy. But
Sweet Hope, expiring on Despair's cold
marble,

Lives with a look, a sound, or touch, and life,
Relit, thrills to its highest, dearest, tones
Of human heaven. 'Tis tedious absence
gives

The tongue complaint, and fearful fancy
shapes

The desert of the mind. Such, Mary, thou
Art breathing thro' the records of thy spirit.
Hark! the drawn latchet sounds: her voice
within,

With timorous cadence sues, "Who's
there?—'Tis he."

Wide flies the door: the self-same arms
enfold

And feel their hurrying pulse again. Our eyes
Meet light; our lips salute our breath, our
hearts

Pant like the winds at venture met, and down
And quick we sit in that old bee-hive chair
In which our nurse and matron cradled us.
O! blessed state of feeling; bliss more high,
Strong, warm, and pure, than feign'd words
of the tongue

Of flattery, melodised and sung for conquest
Without a throb sincere: not thus, to dwell
On shakeless love, and, when this love is
blest,

To hear and tell grief's seasons, sunn'd
with joy;

To cheer the cloudiest scenes with gentle
smiles,

And with the natural accents of the tongue
Chase with enjoyment's power forgetfulness
Away. Not of a storm that fell, but Mary's
Full bosom heav'd and sigh'd: a wreck
that sunk,

But she would cling as a faint sailor round
The mast when all is dear, and Death de-
mands

His own. Such sympathetic ecstasy
Convinc'd us we were born for mutual good
Long as the sand of Time should run in our
Behalf. Hence Hymen was consulted; he,
Like a pleas'd father laugh'd to be pre-
ferr'd,

Giving consent, flew to the altar, trimm'd
His torch; while Venus, like a silent nun
Veil'd in smooth marble o'er a lady's tomb,
Sat in her vestures, motionless, and blush'd:
For Cheerfulness was looking slily on,
And Modesty, though charm'd, with timid
eye.

Islington.

A SIMILE.

O WHAT is Anger like? its raging frame
Resembles Etna's "boiling breast of
flame;"

While sweet Content, like the pale moon
o'ercast

With clouds, looks meek, and triumphs
gay at last. ENORT.

Cullum-street.

VERSES FOR AN ARBOUR.

STRANGER or friend! whoe'er thou art,
Whate'er religious creed be thine;
Have truth and knowledge won thy heart?
Has virtue own'd thee at her shrine?

Has the mild glow of social love,
Thy little circle fondly cheer'd;
And thence expansive hast thou strove,
That man to man should be endear'd?

Has no delusion e'er avail'd,
To sound the war-whoop in thy breast;
Invariably hast thou bewail'd,
Of human bliss that deadly pest?

Come, then, enjoy this sylvan shade,
Its owner hails thy kindred mind;
No power malign shall dare invade,
For nought but Peace shall welcome
find. J. L.

THE GRAVE.

WHAT, pilgrim, wilt thou fear to sleep,
To quit this scene of weary strife;
Shall Death's dark image make thee weep
And cling to this unhappy life;
Come now recline thy aching head,
And mingle with the peaceful dead.

Thy couch shall be adorn'd with green,
When Spring shall lead the laughing
hours;

And sweetest birds shall there be seen,
And modest incense-breathing flow'rs:
There thou shalt sleep secure from pain,
And never grieve or weep again.

The wintry blasts, that rudely blow,
Shall do thy resting-place no harm,
But virgin wreaths of purest snow
Shall keep thy narrow dwelling warm;
No withering frown of dark despair,
No pinching blast shall chill thee there.

Come, meet th' inevitable doom
That frees thy soul from mortal woes;
The peaceful tenant of the tomb
Can taste of nought but sweet repose;
Then, all thy cares and troubles past,
Thy wearied frame shall sleep at last.

A HYMN TO THE SUN;

From a Volume of Dramas (in the Press,)
on the "Gradation of the Moral and
Intellectual Character."

GOD of the eve, whose golden ray
Gilds the vault of parting day,
Ere you drive your car away,
My Evening Hymn
Shall rise in grateful notes to heaven,
For all the good to mortals given
By Nature's King.

Peerless

Peerless charioteer of light,
At thy approach the gloomy night
Is chased away;
Hail to the approaching dawn,
Hail to the coming morn,
Of endless day.

Angels, lend your wings to fly
Beyond the confines of the sky,
To view in cloudless majesty
The God of heaven.

Hasten, hasten,—lend your wings,—
Why retard my aspiring soul;
Let me haste where nature sings
In harmony to God alone.
Lend your wings,—Oh! let me fly
To bliss and immortality.

SONNET,

TO THE SHADE OF BONAPARTE.

NAPOLÉON! from this far-distant strand,
Where thou liest mould'ring, sacrific'd
to please

Ignoble minds, from that foul noxious land
Where thou did'st drain life's cup of
bitterest lees;
Where thou didst feel ten thousand agonies,
Twines of affection,—memory could not
part;
Where thou didst linger in uncheck'd
disease,
Whilst a state's minion, watching, wrung
thy heart.
Napoleon! thy spirit walks on ev'ry breeze
That visits France; thou hast a son, too,
—when
His mind shall sink in Sleep's deep mys-
teries,
He shall behold thee, sire, as great as
when
Thou once didst drive leagu'd kings from
off the field,
And twin'd them, like small reeds, across
thy conqu'ring shield.

ENORT.

NEW PATENTS AND MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

To MR. ROXBY, for certain *Improvements on, or Additions to, the Quadrant.*

THIS invention and improvement consist, *First*, in substituting a rack and pinion in lieu of the tangent-screw, by which means an accurate observation may be taken with a quadrant having such an appendage in less time, and consequently with greater certainty, than by any other means hitherto known. *Second*, in constructing, combining, and applying, certain parts herein set forth and explained, called a finder or director, and also a part called a guide, by the use of which a more certain and effectual artificial horizon will be obtained than was ever before used.

The value of an artificial horizon at sea is best known to the navigator who has to conduct his vessel into the English Channel after a long and perilous voyage in the winter season, or to the navigator who has to cross the banks of Newfoundland at any season of the year; but more particularly to those who are bound to Halifax or the Gulf of St. Laurence. Upon those banks you frequently see the sun as bright as possible, while the ocean, not more than three hundred yards distant, is obscured by fog; the bold navigator, although he cannot obtain a correct observation, will frequently risk his life and his ship, and sometimes lose both, by attempting to make his destined port; but the cautious navigator will keep at sea rather than

run the risk of making the land; yet in spite of all his caution he is frequently driven upon a lee-shore, and shares the same fate with the bold navigator who has been unfortunate. An artificial horizon, upon a simple and correct principle, will, in all probability, enable the navigator to keep clear of these dangers, and will oftentimes free his mind from that intense anxiety, which is only known to those who have charge of so many lives and so much valuable property.

The patentee has also affixed to this quadrant a small compass, which can be taken away and affixed again in a minute; which, being placed close to the horizon glass, enables the observer to discover the variation of the compass with great precision, without the assistance either of books or tables. When the sun (or any other heavenly body) is upon the meridian, the observer can take an amplitude or an azimuth with it, and find the variation with as much precision as he could with any amplitude or azimuth compass, and with more ease and facility.

To THOMAS SOWERBY, of *Bishop-Wearmouth*, for a *Chain upon a new and improved Principle, suitable for Ships' Cables and other Purposes.*

THE common round-link chain consists of a number of links united together; the common oval-link chain consists of a number of oval links joined together; and the oval-link chain

is

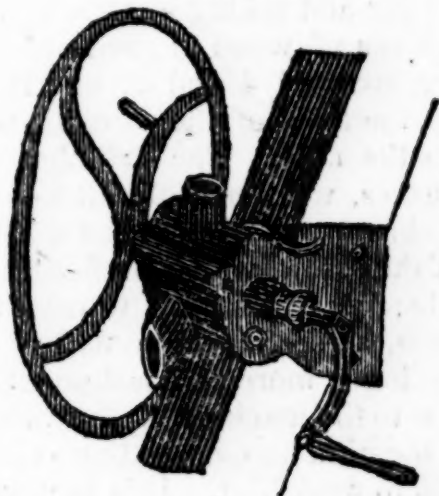
sometimes supported by a pointed stay, or by a broad-ended stay. The improved chain consists of links, the opposite sides of each of which are compressed or bent inwards, and the sides of the link are held firmly together by a cross-bar of malleable iron passing through a block of cast-iron, which cross-bar is welded to each side of the link; and, for the purpose of preventing the links from entangling, there are small projecting parts or protuberances on the inner quarters opposite to each other. The block must be about three times the thickness of the cross-bar; its length about two and a half times the length of the said cross-bar; its greatest breadth in the middle equal to the breadth of the cross-bar, and its breadth at the ends about equal to the diameter of the iron from which the link is made. The improvements consist, first, in making a chain of a given size of iron, more portable than the chains hitherto used for ship cables and moorings, which are made of the same size of iron. It may be brought through a smaller hawse-pipe, may be handled much more conveniently, and with much less danger of injury to the hands; secondly, the contiguous links are less liable to entangle, being prevented by the projecting parts acting against each other; thirdly, one link will rarely, if ever, act as a receding power transversely on the sides of the adjoining link, as is frequently the case with some of the above-described chains; fourthly, it is more capable of resisting lateral violence, as the cross-bar which is introduced becomes by the operation of welding of one piece with the link, thereby preventing the middle of the link from distending, whilst the block through which the cross-bar is inserted, together with the cross-bar, prevents the sides from collapsing; the only space which is left unoccupied by the block and cross-bar being required for the free playing of the adjoining links; and the improved chain will offer less resistance in getting up the anchor than any of the other chains above described.

MR. THOMAS PARKES, of Fenchurch-street, has invented steel mills for grinding malt, beans, pease, oats, barley, &c. &c. to be worked by hand, steam, or any other power.

The mill in the annexed drawing is to be firm to a post, keeping the spindle about three feet from the floor, and the wheel-end of the spindle about one inch

and a half lower than the other. It is set by the common setting-pin, to grind fine or coarse, as required; but there is a small bouk or ferrule on the spindle, which being fixed close up to the bouk of the mill, and fastened with the small

Wheat Mill.



screw, the setting pin may then be turned back two or three notches, so that the ball will run clear of the pin, when the false bouk will keep the mill up to its work, and, by running in the manner of a swivel, will cause it to go much easier. The bushes should be oiled with sweet oil. There is a slide under the hopper, to regulate the feed of the mill; and a small door on the side plate, to take out any nails or stones that may chance to get in.

Dressing Machine.



It is advisable not to dress the flour until a day or two after it has been ground, or at least not until it is perfectly cool, otherwise the wire-work of the cylinder may clog, as will naturally be the case, a little, on first using the machine. This must be remedied by occasionally brushing the outside of the cylinder B with the brush sent, taking care not to bear on so hard as to dent the wire-work. By raising up the iron catch, the cylinder will turn round so that all parts may be brushed. To regulate the feed there is a slide within the hopper, which may be raised or lowered, and is fastened by means of the thumb-screw at the back. Care must be

be taken not to over-feed it, otherwise part of the flour will pass with the bran.

Occasionally, perhaps once in two or three years, according as the machine may be more or less used, the brushes will want raising about the twentieth part of an inch, which may be done by unscrewing and taking out the half circular pieces of wood at each end of the cylinder, marked 4 and 5, and the top brass at the front of the machine which confines the axle. The cylinder, axle, and brushes, will then lift out together, and the brushes may be raised a little at each of the screws which confine them to the axle; be careful not to raise them too much, as the machine will in that case go hard; more or less descent may be given to the machine, by lowering or raising the hind legs, according as it may be found to work best. It is immaterial which way the windlass is turned; it will be found best to turn it sometimes one way and sometimes the other, the brushes by that means will wear regularly. Keep the spindles and cog-wheels moist with neatsfoot or sweet oil. By making holes through the bottom of the drawer about five inches wide, opposite to where the fine and coarse flour, sharps, &c. fall from the cylinder, sleeves (as the millers term them) may be attached at each hole, through which the different sorts may be conveyed into sacks through a floor, if not convenient to elevate the machine to the height of a sack. By this means the time and trouble requisite to empty the drawer, may be saved. The fine and coarse flour may be conveyed into separate sacks, or both sorts (regularly mixed) into one sack, if but one sort of flour is wanted.

In November, 1818, six of Mr. Parkes's steel mills were put up in the poor-house at Birmingham for the purpose of grinding wheat, also a dressing-machine to dress the flour. From September 16th, 1820, to March 21st, 1821, the operation of the grinding-mills continued to be favourable, the result of the stock-taking proving highly satisfactory; 939 bags of wheat (nine score each) were ground, producing 474 sacks of good flour; thus the accustomed calculation of two bags of wheat producing one sack of flour was exceeded, and the loss in weight was found to be considerably less than what is allowed in grinding with stones. The people employed at these mills are chiefly out-poor: they are paid every evening what they have earned in the course of the day; they

have 2s. per bag for grinding wheat, and three men at one mill will grind two bags in about six hours, which is 1s. 4d. to each man. The dressers have 10d. per sack for dressing the flour. The bran which comes from this first dressing is ground over again, and is again dressed, and the flour obtained from this second operation is mixed with the first, and makes very excellent bread; 1s. 3d. per cwt. is paid for grinding the bran, and 4d. for dressing it. The whole of the flour is consumed at the workhouse and asylum, and the bran and sharps (or pollards) are sold at a wholesale price.

A profit is now obtained after paying all expenses, viz. rent of premises, wages of the persons who superintend them, repairing the mills, &c. A wheat-mill would last a family of twelve or fourteen persons two or three years before it would want re-cutting, after which it would be as good as new; and, as it would bear re-cutting three or four times, it would endure eight or ten years. The machines, if kept in a dry situation, are still more durable.

LIST OF PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS.

Robert Winter, of Fen-court, esq. for an improved method of conducting the process of distillation.—April 22, 1823.

Robert John Tyers, of Piccadilly, fruiterer; for a machine or apparatus to be attached to boots, shoes, or other covering of the feet, for the purpose of travelling or pleasure.

William Palmer, of Lothbury, paper-hanger; for certain improvements in machinery, for the purpose of painting or staining paper for paper-hangings.

Francis Gybbon Spilsbury, of Walsall, for certain improvements in tanning.

Francis Deakin, of Birmingham, wire-drawer; for an improved method of manufacturing furniture, and for an improvement to the mounting of umbrellas and parasols.

James Rawlins, of Penton place, Pentonville, gentleman; for a bedstead, machine, or apparatus for the relief of invalids.

John Hall, the younger, of Dartford, engineer; for an improvement in the machinery to be employed for effecting or producing the pressure on linseed, rapeseed, or any other oleaginous seeds or substances from which oil can be expressed, for the purpose of expressing oil from the aforesaid seeds or substances.

Joseph Taylor, of Manchester; for certain improved machinery or apparatus to facilitate or improve the operation of spinning, doubling, and throwing, silk, cotton, wool, or flax, or mixtures of the said substances.

John Bourdieu, of Lime-street, esq. for a discovery

a discovery and preparation of a mucilage, or slackening matter, to be used in painting or colouring linen, woollen, and cotton, cloths, and silks, in cases in which gums, mucilages, and other thickening matters, are now employed. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad.

William Caslon, the younger, of Burton-crescent, proprietor of gas-works; for cer-

tain improvements in the construction of gasometers.

Edward Eyre, of Sheffield, fender-mann-facturer; for an improvement in the manufacture of fenders, of brass, iron, or steel.

Jacob Perkins, of Fleet-street, engineer; for improvements in the mode of heating, boiling, or evaporating, by steam, of fluids, in pans, boilers, or other vessels.

NEW MUSIC AND THE DAMA.

The celebrated Medley Overture to the Siege of Rochelle; in which are introduced the popular Airs of "Hearts of Oak," "Lira, Lira," &c. Composed, selected, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by W. P. R. Cope. 2s. 6d.

THIS publication (occupying seven pages) comprises no fewer than five different movements; and, for the greater diversity of these, some are in the major, and others in the minor, key. The piece is obviously intended more for the use of young practitioners, whose power of execution it is calculated to promote, than for the gratification of more advanced performers and critical amateurs, whose taste, nevertheless, it is far from being unqualified to suit. The passages of the original matter, speaking generally, are of a cast denoting that respectable degree of talent which we have so often acknowledged in Mr. Cope; and, the style in which he has given the adopted airs, is creditable to his judgment. As a practice for the instrument for which it is intended, this production forms a desirable addition to the juvenile student's collection; and, as an amusement, or divertissement, for more cultivated ears, will by no means prove unacceptable.

The Words and Music of a Select Portion of Psalms and Hymns, used in Portland Chapel. 2s.

These melodies, some of which are harmonized for two, some for three, and others for four, voices, are selected with a tolerable degree of judgment. They are all, indeed, less or more popular; and, independently of the particular use for which their assemblage was designed, they will not fail to form an acceptable acquisition to libraries of sacred music. Among those of them with which we are superiorly pleased, are the melodies of "O Thou to whom all creatures bow," by Haydn; "To bless thy chosen race," by Millgrove; "Ye boundless realms of joy," by Dr. Miller; "Glory to thee," by Tallis; and "Jesus

Christ is risen to-day," and "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," both here said to be by Carey, but the first of which emanated from the fertile mind of the late Dr. Worgan.

Number II. of Monro's Gleaner, or Select Flute Miscellany. 2s. 6d.

The present number of this little work consists, like the first, of airs, duetts, and trios; and, to the credit of Mr. Monro, the selector, they are judiciously chosen. Many of them are great and deserving favourites with the public, and the greater portion are not less eligible exercises for the young flautist than if they had been composed expressly for his practice and improvement. The movements are from various masters and various countries; and, while some are given as solos, others are arranged as duetts. On the whole, the *Gleaner* demands our approbation, and we accompany that approbation with our wishes for its encouragement and success.

Rousseau's Dream, an admired French Air; arranged, with Familiar Variations, for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by S. Poole. 2s.

This air, as pleasing as it is simple in its style and construction, was well suited to the purpose to which Mr. Poole's ingenuity has turned it. The four variations of which he has made it the foundation, are conceived with taste; and, in regard of execution, form that climax which is both natural and agreeable. In the adjustment of his passages, Mr. Poole appears to have every-where consulted the convenience of the juvenile hand, as well as the disposition of the young and undisciplined ear, which, like the infant palate, prefers that unspiced sugary sweetness, rejected by experience and maturer taste, as insipid and unsatisfactory. The whole is recommended by a smooth, easy, airiness of manner; and, to those ears which have not been rendered fastidious by age, or high-wrought cultivation, will,

we doubt not, afford considerable gratification.

Trio for Three Flutes Concertante; composed by C. N. Weiss. 4s.

The piece now before us is, *professedly*, so constructed, that it may be performed either as a trio or as a duett. We, however, are not very ready to admit that a composition, properly framed for the joint execution of three voices, or instruments, can have any thing like justice done it by the union of only two. If the whole fabric be so constructed that the third part is superfluous, the piece, though nominally a trio, is virtually no more than a duett; and, if the inclusion of the third part be necessary to the effect intended, its omission in performance will be illegitimate, and greatly disadvantageous to the composer's repute. After sedulously examining this little work, we cannot say, that, with all the merit it possesses, (and that merit is very considerable,) we should receive as much satisfaction as regret, from its performance with two flutes instead of three. Indeed, it is to the praise of this trio, that it cannot be bearably executed without its full complement of instruments. The parts here presented to us constitute a whole, too complete in itself to admit of a separation, without destroying its frame and character; and we are sorry that Mr. Weiss, for the mere sake of augmenting the demand for his publication, should have ventured even to suggest the mangling of his composition. As a *trio*, it claims our eulogium; and, as a *trio*, though not as a *duett*, we feel justified in recommending it to the notice of flute-practitioners.

Russian Air; arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Forgac's, by Ignace Moscheles. 2s. 6d.

If the melody on which these variations are founded were to be received as a sample of the musical genius of the country from which it emanates, it would reflect no great honour on that country. What, however, ingenuity could make of it, Mr. Moscheles has effected. His embellishments, and super-additions, have converted a trivial and indifferent tune into an agreeable and improving exercise for the piano-forte, and young practitioners will find their account in adopting it as a lesson. Mr. M. in the formation of his passages, has obviously consulted the convenience of the earlier classes of pupils; and we have no doubt of his publication, if duly applied to,

proving as useful as agreeable. We have only to add, that we wish composers, who condescend to build on the bases of others, would be more choice than we too often find them in the themes they adopt. They seem not to be aware, or not to reflect, that the more agreeable their subject-matter; the more attractive will be their fanciful additions; and, by consequence, more inducive to practice, and more productive of improvement.

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?" The popular Ballad sung by Madame Vestris, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in the New Operatic Comedy of "Sweet-Hearts and Wives." 1s. 6d.

The music of this little ballad, as here presented to us, is arranged for the piano-forte by its composer, Mr. Nathan. Of the melody we may justly say, that, with the exception of an affectation or two in the turn of the ideas, it is pleasingly conceived, and simply characteristic. The harmony, though in some instances quaint and unprepared, is, for the most part, of a cast to suit the nature of the air. This song, however, is not without some indubitable evidences of theoretical mastery, nor destitute of those proofs of skill, in the arrangement of the ideas, which indicate the real master as well as the man of talent.

"The Grace Cup," a favourite Table Song, sung by Mr. Braham, in the New Opera of "A Tale of other Times," as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. Composed by T. Cooke. 1s. 6d.

"The Grace Cup" is set with fancy and spirit. The passages, while easy and natural in their style, partake largely of that free and convivial manner so proper to the subject of the words, and do credit to the talent and judgment of the composer. Little display of science is any where apparent; and, in a composition of this kind, but little was necessary; and the bass, if not chosen with the utmost judgment, is, in general, tolerably eligible. Among the second-rate vocal composers of the present day, Mr. T. Cooke holds no very humble station; and he is not too advanced in years to give just ground for hoping, that some day he may reach a station in the higher rank of caterers for the stage, in the operatic department of composition.

"Poor Insect!" a Parody for one Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by J. Green. 1s. 6d.

This melody is intended as a parody on a favourite Scotch air; but the general

ral turn of the passages does not fully accord with the genius of the Caledonian music. The *seventh* and *fourth* of the key (notes, the omission of which constitutes the predominant characteristic of the Scotch melody,) are, indeed, in this production, of such frequent occurrence, as to exclude the idea of its having either originated north of the Tweed, or been intended as an imitation of the highland or lowland melodies. Attempts similar to this have been so frequently made, and so often with little success, that we wonder composers of but moderate pretensions should feel encouraged to repeat them. Than the old genuine Scotch airs, none are sweeter and more affecting; than the unfortunate imitation of their beauties, nothing more ingratiating.

"Sweet is the Murmur of the Gale," a Duett for Two Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte. 1s. 6d.

Though there is little of the management of art, and certainly not much of the sweetness of nature, in this composition, the general effect is agreeable. Contemplating the melody, independently of the junction of the under-part, or considering the latter without regard to the first, we cannot in candour say, that we are struck with any thing like prominent beauty, any more than we can profess to be delighted with the general style of the combination: and yet we are willing to allow that the whole is productive of a somewhat gratifying effect; and that, among similar compositions, there are a greater number with which we are less, than with which we are more, pleased.

"Good Night," a Song. The Music composed by Augustus Blake. 1s. 6d.

"Good Night" is a song characterized by the poetical style of its words, and the easy and pathetic flow of its melody. Some of the ideas are both original and affecting; and the general result of the composer's efforts is what it should be, and what he evidently intended. Besides being impressive in themselves, the passages have a just and natural bearing upon each other, and announce an address in connecting the thoughts, which in ballad-composition is no unimportant excellence.

The Champion Waltz, or Rondo for the Piano-Forte; composed by J. Monro. 2s.

The Champion Waltz is a pleasant little movement, and, converted, as it here is, into a rondo, forms an agreeable practice for the unfinished performer. In our opinion, this latter qualification

should uniformly be the predominant object in the composition of pieces of this short and familiar description. Scarcely even affecting to gratify the already-cultivated ear, they should at least be calculated to improve the unpractised finger; and, with the class of executionists for whom they are intended, be useful as well as attractive.

Select French Romances for the Piano-Forte, by S. F. Rimbault. 1s. 6d.

This is the sixth number of the periodical work, published under the title of *French Romances*, and consists of *Le Troubadour du Tage*, with variations. The melody itself, if not remarkably novel, is easy and graceful, and Mr. Rimbault has expatiated upon it with success. His super-added matter is progressively busy, and makes those increased calls upon the activity of the hand, which cannot but promote its executory powers.

THE DRAMA.

Though it may with as much truth be said that foul indeed must be the weather which keeps the public from the theatres, as that it must be a very ill wind that brings good to no-body; and that the summer of this year, so far as it has gone, has been exactly that which the managers of Vauxhall Gardens have had ample reason to lament, and those of the inclosed places of amusement no less cause to hail as auspicious; yet neither can we congratulate the town, nor praise the theatrical managers, on the variety of which the favourableness of the season has hitherto been productive. If at the *Lyceum*, the only conspicuous or striking novelty has been the re-appearance of Mr. Matthews, and even in him, nothing eccentrically interesting except his *O'Rourke* in the *Polly Packet*, and his *Monsieur Tonson*; so at the Haymarket nothing new has been produced since our last beyond the comic piece of *Twelve Precisely*. It certainly would be worth a summer-manager's consideration, that, in proportion as his season is transient, the less he can afford to perpetually repeat the same short list of pieces, with which the public is so well acquainted, and with the repetition of which it has long been satiated. Instead of being occupied with the worn-out articles of the *Barber of Seville*, *Blue Devils*, the *Beggar's Opera*, the *Padlock*, the *Review*, the *Young Quaker*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Simpson and Co.* and others equally hacknied; and, on the whole, so much better

better exhibited by the winter theatres, the summer boards should present us with productions of their own, with pieces characteristically, that is, seasonably, light; and which, on account of their particular and exclusive appropriation to the time and place of their appearance, would be shielded from a disadvantageous comparison. Excellent as, in many particulars, are the talents Mr. Morrice's judgment and liberality have brought together, he will not deny, that, on the whole, all the above-named pieces have been more perfectly repre-

sented elsewhere during the past winter; nor will he insist on the good policy of reminding the public of the superior excellence of other stages. We are convinced, that future attention to these remarks would not be unrewarded, because we feel assured, that nothing can be more advantageous to a summer-theatre, than its performance of its own novelties, of pieces which only itself exhibits, and to which its own exclusive representation imparts an extrinsic value.

PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC SOCIETIES.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES OF FRANCE.

View of Commerce and its Public Results in England and France.

[M. DUPIN, to whom the world and the British public are under such weighty obligations for his splendid developments of the naval powers and resources of this empire, has, with the mind of an enlightened philosopher, ventured to draw a picture of our natural prosperity in the bosom of the French academy; and instituted comparisons between the state of industry in both countries so flattering to the people of England, that we shall be justified in devoting to it an enlarged space. No production of the press has indeed for a long time claimed more interestingly the attention of the people of England than this important document.]

THOUGH Great Britain be elevated to the highest pitch of naval power, a wider field having been opened for its display than ever was enjoyed by any other nation, people that live remote from the sea have nothing to apprehend from her fleets; and, notwithstanding her indubitable exertions in arms, and the apparent grandeur of her military achievements, there is nothing in the greatness or manner of these exploits sufficient to produce any quantum of false alarms in other states. But, with respect to her commerce, almost every resource which the highest ambition could covet has been placed within her reach, and the avidity of the mercantile passion has only been increased by approaching and attaining the pinnacle of power. It is not in the nature of this ambition suddenly to become quiescent, or, indeed, ever to rest satisfied with present possession, however vast it may be. In action, it has certainly led to discoveries, enquiries, and truths, the most valuable,

and proved by experience to be of the first utility.

It would be of essential service to enquire, how the English have obtained this widely extended commerce, with the sovereignty of the seas, in preference to any other European power; what it is that enables them, with superior facility and dispatch, to furnish the means of colonization and conquest, if necessary, in countries so remote, to send troops into and secure their possessions in the east, and all parts of the world; and why it is that other nations would strive, in vain, to wrest from them the naval sceptre.

Accurately to analyse and describe the general principles and elements of British political power, M. Dupin has considered the different kinds of force, military and naval, the aggregate of means offensive and defensive; and how far these, in the different functions of office, trust, and manual operation, of persons or bodies, are most conducive to our national welfare. Nature has separated the British islands from the rest of mankind by the sea, as a rampart; and nautical art has particularly applied, to this singular constitution, obstacles so great as to preserve its stability, to repress and defeat the machinations and endeavours of other states and governments that would overturn it.

England possesses in all the continents a sort of advanced posts that become a focus of commercial enterprise, and are useful, in great military undertakings, for the purpose of confirming her own confidence, and of inspiring terror incidentally into her enemies.

In Europe, the British empire borders on Denmark, Germany, Holland, and France; and, by her outposts, it has connexion

nexion with Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Western Turkey. In Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, the English have the keys of the Mediterranean and Adriatic.

In America, they have all the Northern Regions to the Pole, and to the confines of the Russian possessions, and those of the United States. Under the Torrid Zone, they cross the Gulf of Mexico, and establish their sovereignty in the midst of an Archipelago between the two hemispheres of America, and where dependence on the mercantile industry of the mother-country becomes an object of indispensable necessity.

In Africa, by their forts on the Gold Coast, and establishments at Sierra Leone, they diminish the many and great instances of horrors that too often multiply in Negroland. They justly consider Negroes in captivity as in a preternatural and degraded state; and would have them to enjoy at home, in common with their brethren and their neighbours from Europe, such blessings as their country affords, and would permit them to enjoy kindred plentiful subsistence and the natal soil. In a part more advanced towards the Austral pole, in places where for centuries the Spaniards and Portuguese had only a port of refreshment, and the Hollanders a plantation, the English are establishing an empire, which will soon be aggrandized by subsequent colonization, and the addition of various contiguous dominions. This will become a new focus of commercial action, and perhaps of conquest, with respect to the adjacent islands, should any just mode and necessary cause of carrying on warfare be shown. At present, by its peculiar local situation, it becomes an object of the first magnitude, as it connects Africa with the Indies, and while it equally serves the purposes of a naval and military station, it forms a depository of mercantile resources. From this it appears that the focus of southern Africa will soon undergo a very important change.

In India and its Archipelago, Britain is in possession of some of the finest countries of the east; and indeed, on the Asiatic continent, her factors have dominion over sixty millions of subjects. Her arms have been usefully employed on the Persian Gulf, and in the Erythrean (or Red) Sea, in putting a stop to the unsparing ravages of marine bandits, a horde of robbers and buccaniers, who make no pretensions to civilization, who show no regard for the blood which they

shed, or the desolation which they cause. The conquests of the English merchants commenced where those of Alexander terminated, and where the god, Terminus, of the Romans, could never arrive. We have, at this day, the spectacle of a commercial company, embodied in a narrow street of the city of London, employed, after reducing them to subjection, in making and establishing constitutions, partly democratical, among the conquered, in forming administrations and systems of government suited to the habits and genius of the people for whom they are designed, a people previously subject to pillage and confiscation, and whose servitude had been perpetuated for ages.

Thus, from a single centre, by the vigour of its institutions, and from the advanced state of its arts, civil and military, an island which, in the Oceanic Archipelago, would scarcely be reckoned of the third order, exhibits the sublime and interesting object of commanding attention, from the movements of her industry, and the weight of her power, in all the extremities of the four parts of the world. A further train of reflection is supplied if we add the diversity of objects connected with civilization which follow from British influence, and which we find rising to view from British colonization: perhaps one fifth of the globe will, one day, receive the laws, speak the language, conform to the manners, and fully participate in the commerce, arts, and intelligence, of Great Britain.

Such an immense dispersion of colonies and people would, in several circumstances, be a disadvantage to other nations, but are well calculated to be valuable acquisitions to a country where so useful a spirit of commercial emulation is excited, where attention is ever kept alive, where efforts are ever stimulated to interest all such feelings as commerce can wisely take advantage of, in the most direct manner. England is separated from her exterior provinces by enormous distances; hence, she is not vulnerable with them; those provinces are separated, one from another, by as great intervals, so that, if one part of her territories may have been placed in dangerous or critical circumstances, another will not be in the same situation; one single adversary would find it difficult to attack and blockade them both.

As to nations that have no settlements on the frontiers of her possessions, the sphere of their action would be much more

more contracted than that of her all-commanding influence. On a field of battle equally remote from the two mother-countries, Britain possesses far superior means of transporting rapidly her arms and her defenders.

The ancient Romans drenched the fields and towns of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in blood. Brandishing a torch with one hand, and a sabre with the other, nothing could stop them in their career by land; but, when they had completed their military arrangements, had achieved their feats of wide extended ruin and desolation, when numberless devoted countries had experienced the triumphs of their arms and intrigues, how were their means of defence efficaciously adapted to the extent of their conquests? It required 800 years for the malignant genius of Rome to destroy the liberties of mankind; at length, their armies, scattered over an immense frontier, deprived of the means of mutual communication, unable to provide and facilitate resources, prompt for the purposes of transport and concentration, sunk in the conflict, after an unavailing resistance to barbarians altogether ignorant in the art of war. The British empire has within itself a principle of resistance in a commercial force, in the peculiar nature, dispositions, and manners, local situation and circumstances, of the people, which must ever be taken into consideration in estimating the value of forms of government comparatively.

Sages of every age and country, however they may think differently, study the power of nations in their political system, as a naturalist would study any remarkable phenomenon of the earth and atmosphere, or a geometrician mathematical truths, to know their principles and discover their consequences.

As far as our knowledge of history extends, its materials exist in a greater degree than usual in a nation where the greatest corporeal and mental vigour, the most extensive knowledge, the most liberal sentiments, with intrepid courage and skill in war, are the most eminently conjoined. Our own times have seen, in Great Britain, the compatibility of all these with a very great attention to commerce. Britain has afforded a very striking instance of the power of commerce, as a source of defence, extending her protection also to other parts of the world against aggression, supported by unparalleled power and directed by extraordinary ingenuity. Philip of Macedon found a much greater difficulty in

reducing one detached commercial city than in humiliating Greece and conquering Thrace.

Travellers ought to be guided by a philosophical spirit, if they would give to their recitals the authority of history. We must enregister history among the sciences of observation, if we would recall it to its noble origin, and render it what it was in the times of Herodotus and Xenophon, Polybius and Tacitus; the knowledge of things and places expanded and illustrated by the pregnant sense which uniformly pervades the minute attention of personal inspection.*

A question here arises, by what means, by what labours, on what primitive bases, or by what adopted innovations, has this heteroclitic species of the social fabric been successively raised, so as to be placed at present under the double protection of authority and reason? Would the like labours, would analogous means, where there is a difference of endowments, dispositions, talents, knowledge, inclination, and condition, throughout the different classes of their society, exalt other states to the same degree of power? This is a question of national policy which it imports all truly enlightened persons in other countries to know.

I will venture to assert that, as Frenchmen, it would be for the honour and interest of our country;—as friends of humanity, sentiments of justice and generosity should make us take an interest in the dignity, peace, independence, and happiness, of all nations, in whatever part of the globe nature may have placed the domicil of their *natale solum*.

Successes obtained in the government of the arts are similar to what are obtained in the government of men. Acquisitions may be gained by surprise, by fraud, by violence; but, to uphold and secure them, recourse must be had to opposite measures. Courage, intelligence, and activity, are indispensably requisite, but this is not all; it is by wisdom, experience, regular economy, extended views of improvement, and, above all, by probity, that a country will maintain its superiority in the productions of its industry and commerce. As far as my observation and experience

* *Advisenda loca, et mores hominum cognoscendos, peragere, historici est.* "A traveller, in the spirit of an historian, should pursue analogies, compare the respective laws and economy of states, observe and note their manners, habits, and local circumstances." *Plutarch.*

can dictate, it appears to me, that, should Britain fail in any manner in giving satisfaction by the employment of these prudent and equitable means, innumerable obstacles would be seen to impede the success of her navigation, to stint and cramp her present enlarged and important resources, in spite of her character, policy, and great power, naval and military.

Some advantage may be derived from further observing and penetrating into the genius of a state which, while in others it has remained torpid and inactive, or has been exerted in but few pursuits, has been here aspiring to eminence by several roads. Britain's sons are neither statesmen, nor soldiers, nor sailors, nor mechanics, exclusively. Her exertions are divided, but are not therefore the less successful. With the disadvantage of a small population, a greater proportion of her subjects are engaged in active employments than those of any other nation. With physical means so small, and with pursuits so various and complex, there is but little room for idlers. Her resources are the riches of all nations, which she knows how to appreciate and turn to her own account. The hopes of lucre only must give a tinge of meanness to the mind and manners, but in England the incitements to commerce operate assisted by nobler motives. One main spring of action is a portion of public spirit generated by the excellence of public order, and by the inviolable protection of the laws.

In individuals we observe an irresistible ardour, an insatiable excitement to outstrip every rival, and especially to beat down foreign competition, personal and national. A steady, methodical, and even frigid, activity; a well concerted audacity, which, in the speculator, attempts whatever a provident calculation (I had almost said divination) of chances, can offer for success, and to meet reverses. To these moral causes, may be added, rules of political and domestic œconomy, operating favourably for all interests, and as a stimulus and encouragement for industry and talents of every description.

With respect to material causes, we may rank, in the first place, that of ready communications by means of public ways, and the requisite establishments and depôts to facilitate the transport of articles, as well in the interior as in the vicinity of the coasts. In this very business of transportation, and in that of the exchanges effected by it,

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

there is no small art employed. The subject-matter of these exchanges are the productions that industry creates.

A pacific competition is incessantly carried on between the commerce of England and that of other nations. Of these, one shall rise to distinction, by premeditated schemes of prudence and economy, another by the *delicatesse* and good taste of its productions, another by its audacity and activity. But they are separately overmatched by not possessing and exercising the influence of these strong means in combination.

It is in the labours of the interior that the example of England should be, primarily, copied by France. In the beginning of the 17th century, England had but few practicable roads, and no canals; and, in the ports, art had added nothing to the bounties of nature; queen Elizabeth, however, had already established an India company, and in her time the globe had been circumnavigated by Drake, one of those illustrious voyagers who routed the Spanish Armada. This was the education of commerce; but what foresight could have predicted the honours and the advantages since resulting from and attributable to it?

Under the ministry of Lord Chatham, in the course of the seven-years' war, the first stimulus was given to a few experiments, by which commercial business was so advanced, as to give rise to a brilliant assemblage of judicious and beautiful works, public and private, the execution and character of which every foreigner must now look at with as much interest as admiration. Under that splendid ministry commerce and internal industry flourished more during a most momentous period of war than in any other preceding period of peace to which they could be traced.

An individual of no obscure character, the Duke of Bridgewater, enters heartily into the spirit of the general impulsion given to the stock of national activity, by forming the subject of an undertaking; then thought romantic, but since illustrated as of great celebrity, and so conspicuous as to be distinguished in the page of history. This was by excavating a canal by which the produce of his mines might be conveyed to Manchester. It forms a complete and attractive view of art triumphing over nature.

Soon after was projected a highly respectable performance in every point of view, a work eminently calculated to promote the purposes of navigation, by

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establishing a water-carriage communication between the Irish Sea, from Liverpool to the German Ocean. Taking these works for their bases, a superstructure of useful adjuncts has been built to complete their general accommodation, including the substance of different labours exceedingly expensive and difficult. The design of uniting the Thames and the Severn was comprehensive, and the execution judicious. The enlightened spirit of modern times has also drawn a line of communication between the Trent and the port of London, with multifarious branches, and in a scientific order of arrangement. It must be confessed, that in the short space of half a century the patience and industry of a few united individuals have undertaken and accomplished what seems a compact entire mass of reciprocal intercourse, discriminated into different kinds, and with an attention ably directed to every particular consideration of utility, in its various relations and in the most minute points. A conjunction has been effected between opposite seas, between the basins of opulent ports, between industrious towns, fertile countries, and inexhaustible mines, by a double system of canals for navigation, great and small, over an extent of a thousand leagues, on a portion of territory not equal to a fourth part of France.

To distribute water sufficient for the use of the inhabitants, as also the gas which produces a pure and brilliant light, so ornamental to cities, canals and conduits, ramified through an extent of 400 leagues, have been excavated under the streets of London.

The communications above ground are no less an object of prime solicitude. Improvements are daily making in the high roads, entirely new routes are concerted, the sum total of which, in point of length, would exceed 46,000 leagues in England alone.

While these labours are carrying on by land, ports, basins, docks, are in a progressive course of construction. For the security of anchorage and landing, moles, jetties, pharoses, have been raised, of late, over more than 600 leagues of coast. Owing to these labours, merchant vessels, to the number of 22,300, manned by 60,000 sailors, and of two millions of tons in capacity, hardly suffice to transport, from one coast to another, the superflux of interior circulation, including also the importation and exportation of foreign and national commodities.

Thus it is that England has been flourishing internally, while her enormous expenditure abroad had an ominous appearance, and augured, by divination, portentous signs of ruin. Confident of outstripping all her rivals in nautical exertion, she has relaxed, for three years successively, the restrictions of her navigation acts, leaving the maritime arena open to foreigners of every country.

What has the British administration done to form, with a kind of magic, these stupendous works? comparatively speaking, nothing. It is to the commercial spirit that we must refer all these operations and dispositions of human art. We need only to look at most of them to be convinced, that a native power of combination, in individuals, merchants, manufacturers, land-owners, by a consideration of their mutual wants, has conceived and planned undertakings, so as to secure their success, comprehensive and original in design, judicious and sound in arrangement, and masterly in execution.

Labours of this description have within themselves the means of most effectually improving the aggregate of personal estates in all the various relations of business. Nature has set limits to territorial possessions, but those of industry are interminable. Thus, in the short interval of 60 years, property, to the amount of 500 millions, has been established in the firmest manner, and raised upon the general foundations of roads and turnpikes; a milliard, or a thousand millions, on rivers and canals; and another milliard on havens and points of the sea-coast. Citizens that have made these new acquisitions are held and linked together, as members of the same great society, by ties of interest as strong as those which influence the proprietors of immoveable property.

In England, many of the great families have descended into the ranks of personal industry, and the immense property of some individuals, by loans on undertakings that require considerable advances and long sacrifices, has contributed to the fund of common utility. We might instance in a Duke of Portland, who has created an iron railway to a distance of ten miles, conveying the products of a mine, together with passengers, to an artificial harbour, with basins, moles, and buildings, on the sea-coast.

In the cities of Great Britain, at every step we are met by public monuments, raised by the munificence of a few opulent and generous individuals. A wealthy

wealthy merchant built the Royal Exchange of London. The great aqueduct of the New River was constructed at the charges of a private citizen. The families of Cavendish and Russel have erected, on their own lands, in the finest quarters of the metropolis, squares as extensive as that of Louis XV., streets as regular as that of Castiglione, and more spacious than the *Rue de la Paix*.

When a foreigner visits the hotels and

mansions of these patriots and rich plebeians, he is struck with the contrast of the expectations he had entertained, compared with the ingenuous negligence which he beholds in their houses and furniture, taking both in a collective view. The general picture may be justly considered and concluded as much the same with that of common English gentlemen who dwell nearly upon the same spot.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

Including Notices of Works in Hand, Domestic and Foreign.

THE property of the *Morning Chronicle* has been transferred within the month to Mr. Clement, for the unparalleled price of 40,000*l*. The amount sounds high; but it is the honestest and best-conducted paper in London; and, preserving its integrity, yields, as it deserves, from 7 to 8,000*l*. per annum. Twenty-fourth shares in the *Courier* fetch nearly 2,000*l*.; and the *Times* yields about 20,000*l*. per annum from advertisements only. The increase of readers has rendered all standard literary property of higher certain value, and must tend to improve literature by heightening the recompense of successful exertion. We have recently experienced this in our own concerns; having within the month obtained 20,000*l*. for a third of the interest in the books connected with the Interrogative System of Education. We therefore consider Mr. Clement as having made a prudent bargain, while his liberal views entitle him to special praise, from their tendency to exalt the value of literary property. Of the *Morning Chronicle* we can assert, of our own knowledge, that it is a paper sought for and found in all reading-rooms on the Continent, where its unvarying integrity and much-admired principles do more credit to the English nation than any other production of our press. At the same time, although it lost its parent in the late Mr. Perry, yet he had trained operative persons, by whom it was long conducted before his death, and by whom its reputation still continues to be upheld. The sale is second only to one of the London journals; and, as a paper read every where, by every body, and universally esteemed, we think most favourably of Mr. Clement's spirited purchase; and, from his liberal character, we

anticipate the improved fortune of this favourite journal.

Considerable interest has been excited in the metropolis, and in all great and noisy towns, by the evidence of Mr. M'ADAM, before a Committee of Parliament; in which he asserts the practicability of making streets on the principle of his fine roads. The distracting and overwhelming noise of streets paved with stones renders any proposal worth trying, and would entitle him to the highest social rewards who contrived any means of getting rid of so intolerable a nuisance. In several miles of street in London, during many hours every day, no person can converse audibly at the distance of two yards; and often the rolling of heavy carriages is as distracting as the fire of artillery during an engagement on-board of ship. Hitherto there seemed no remedy, and, if Mr. M'Adam has found one, he will rank among the greatest benefactors of society. The experiment is to be made in St. James's-square and on Westminster-bridge; and we hope it will soon be extended to Fleet-street, and Bridge-street, Blackfriars. The saving of wear and tear in carriages and horses, and the facility of enjoying equestrian exercise, would counterbalance all expense of watering in dry weather, and any increase of unlayed dust in windy weather.

CAPPER'S Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom, which has been delayed in being put to press by the non-completion of the population-returns for Ireland, will now be reprinted with all the speed consistent with accuracy. It will include the last population returns of the three kingdoms, drawn from sources not yet before the public, accompanied by every variety of authentic and useful information.

information relative to every district, town, and place, having a name, so as to justify the great public demand for a new edition. It may be expected to appear about January next, in large octavo, as before.

The continuation of Mr. BOOTH's excellent Analytical Dictionary of the English Language is in the press, and the several parts will be published successively, at short intervals. The printing of the Second Part was necessarily delayed for the purpose of calculating the number of copies that would be required.

The Governors of the Middlesex Hospital, having long seen with much concern the numerous applicants that are every week refused admission into the Hospital for want of room, unanimously resolved, on the 7th of August, to open another of the wards which have been hitherto unoccupied for want of funds. Countenanced by the munificent and almost unparalleled donation of 1000*l.* from Lord Robert Seymour for this express purpose, the governors have ventured with greater confidence to appeal to the liberality of the public, and solicit their contributions for forming a permanent fund for its maintenance: the annual expense of which will not be less than 500*l.* Books are therefore opened for donations; and, as this Hospital is one of the most efficient in the metropolis, there can be little doubt but the object will be speedily achieved.

Mr. H. V. SMITH is preparing for publication, a History of the English Stage, from the Reformation to the present time; containing a particular account of all the theatres that have been erected at different periods in the metropolis, and interspersed with various amusing anecdotes, &c.

Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS having completed the series of Elementary Books, in accordance with his Interrogative System of Education, and some other useful publications, upon which he has been commercially and mentally engaged for the last twenty-five years, has transferred the future sales to the public and the bookselling-trade to the respectable wholesale house of Messrs. WHITAKER; but he purposes to continue his long-established intercourse with the public through the Monthly Magazine, as long as his health and intellectual vigor permit.

Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect exemplified in Two

Dialogues, between Farmer Giles and his neighbour Bridget, is nearly ready for publication; to which is annexed a copious Glossary of the dialect of Craven, in the West Riding.

An Asiatic Society of London is just formed, upon a very extensive scale, and is to comprise subjects not merely connected with Asia, (though this is the chief design,) but with all our possessions eastward of the Cape of Good Hope.

The dishonest conduct of the speculations called Reviews has often demanded our animadversions; and in twenty-seven years we have so opened the eyes of the public in regard to anonymous criticism, as almost entirely to have destroyed its craft. To increase the effect, we commenced an article under the head of "PHILOSOPHY OF CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM," in which we re-reviewed the opinions of those reviews which had acquired an imposing influence on the public. Messieurs, the Critics, took alarm at this interference with their authority; and we have, in consequence, been often bespattered with their abuse. The parties who have evinced the greatest soreness, have been the conductors of the Edinburgh Review, who seem to ascribe their constantly diminishing sale, and influence, to our animadversions, instead of referring these effects to the progressive deterioration of their own work. We never approved of the arrogant tone of their compositions; but in their early volumes there was a degree of spirit and original thinking which forced attention. At first the work was produced by young men of genius, now better employed; but latterly, as is notorious, the chief part of the articles have been the production of writers in London, paid by the sheet. The principles, too, have been as equivocal as the merit of the compositions; and hence a work of professedly worse principles, but decided in its course, has risen in circulation; while the other, which sought to please every party, has lost the confidence of all. We have regretted the fact, but done even less than we might to accelerate the result; because, of two evils we preferred the least. We have nevertheless experienced several instances of rancorous hostility from these parties; and, some time since, we received an indiscreet letter from one of the partners of Mr. Constable, (then absent,)

absent,) couched in the following terms:—

Edinburgh; Jan. 5, 1822.

SIR,—We have your letter of the 22d inst. and beg to decline doing what you wish as to the agency of your books. Were we inclined to aid your views, we would not do so, on account of the unfounded, designing, and stupid, articles, that find their way into your Magazine, on the subject of the Edinburgh Review, —a work which has done more for literature, and the people in general, than any other work.

We are, sir, your most obedient,
A. CONSTABLE and Co.

—Soon after this curious epistle was written, a regular attack was commenced, in the language of low scurrility, in an auxiliary Magazine of the parties, in which the Monthly Magazine and its editor were treated as they used to be, some years since, in those Billingsgate works—the *Satirist* and the *Scourge*.* As these missiles fell short of their object, the Review itself is now made the direct vehicle; and in a London article, in the last Review, a malicious representation is introduced of the conduct and character of this Miscellany; in which a pretended comparison is set up between the Monthly Magazine and some works of mere *whip-syllabub*, which have been opposed to it, and which doubtless suit the taste of the writer, who happens not to be unknown to us. His frothy communications have been refused admission into our pages; and he is known to get his daily bread by writing in the two works which he has praised, and in the weekly newspaper which he asserts is the best in London. In a word, we shall be among the foremost to hail the period

* In reply to a remonstrance of ours on these follies, Mr. Constable, in a letter dated Dec. 27, 1822, observes, “The Monthly Magazine has always been a great favourite of mine; and even now, in spite of all contending opposition, still maintains its own rank in utility. However, I think you have sometimes attacked the Edinburgh Review in the Monthly Magazine, and I do not mean to approve of this in estimating the character of your work; yet, on the whole, I have always considered it excellent, as preserving a vast mass of useful information.”—Of the moral and intellectual qualities of Mr. Constable, we entertain the highest opinion, and think he has done more to raise the character of Scottish literature than any man that ever preceded him.

when the Edinburgh Review has become more settled and more firm in its principles, and when it improves in the energy and originality of its compositions; and we hope this concession on our parts will be received by its conductors and proprietors as an olive-branch of peace.

A new edition is in preparation of WATKINS'S Portable Cyclopædia. This edition will be greatly enlarged, and will be embellished with nearly 1000 engraved illustrations, so as to render it a perfect book of reference on every subject of a scientific character.

A second and very improved edition of Guzman d'Alfarache, or the Spanish Rogue, translated by J. H. BRADY, is ready for publication.

The length of streets now lighted with gas in London extends over 215 miles; the main pipes belonging to the four Gas Light Companies in London reaching to this almost incredible distance, from which ramify the smaller pipes conveying the light to shops, alleys, and private dwellings, and which may be calculated at a distance greater than the length of the mains. 1. The London Gas Light Company have their works in Peter-street, Westminster, Brick-lane, and Curtain-road; they supply 125 miles of main pipes, and consume annually 20,678 chaldrons of coals: this company lights 27,635 lamps. 2. The City Gas Light Company, in Dorset-street, supply fifty miles of main: they consume 8840 chaldron of coals annually, and light 7836 lamps. 3. The South London Company, at Bankside, supply near forty miles of mains, consume 3640 chaldrons of coals, and light 4038 public lamps. 4. The Imperial Gas Light Company, in Hackney-road, is recently established.

A Critical Analysis of the Rev. E. IRVING'S Orations and Arguments, &c. is preparing for publication, interspersed with remarks on the composition of a sermon, by Philonous.

The death of Mr. BENT has afforded an opening for the publication of a New Literary Advertiser, to be continued on the first Wednesday in every month. It is to be confined exclusively to books and works connected with literature: copious literary notices will be given, and the earliest intelligence procured, of works about to be published.

Suggestions on Christian Education, &c. accompanied by two biographical sketches,

sketches, and a Memoir of Amos Green, esq. of Bath and York, by his late widow, will soon appear.

The second Part of French Classics, edited by L. T. VENTOUILLAC, comprising Numa Pompilius, by Florian, with notes, and the life of the author, in two volumes, will be published in a few days.

The second edition of Mr. GOODWIN's New System of Shoeing Horses, is in preparation, in octavo; containing many new and important additions, with new plates, illustrative of the recent invention which is the subject of a patent, for shoeing horses with cast malleable iron, enabling the public to obtain shoes correctly made of any form.

Some accounts from India state, that an alphabet has been discovered or devised (it does not clearly appear which), by which the inscriptions found in the caves and on the ancient monuments of that country, may be clearly understood; and which, combined with a similar discovery of the Egyptian hieroglyphics now going on, will probably throw much light on the ancient history of both countries.

Mr. JOSEPH JOPLING, architect, has invented a Septenary System for Generating Curves. It is capable of producing, with the utmost facility, an indefinite variety of curves, comprehending those which have been the subject of mathematical research, and numerous others, which cannot fail to be of great utility.

A circumstance has transpired before the Commissioners of government respecting Ireland, which in this age of mental illumination can scarcely be believed, but which fully explains all the follies of Orangeism and Catholicism, and the backwardness of knowledge, in that unhappy country,—it is, that in eleven counties *there is not a single bookseller's shop!*

In a few days will appear, in two volumes, octavo, a new edition, much improved, of Miss BENDER's Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, with anecdotes of the court of Henry the Second, during her residence in France.

Shortly will be published, the Young Naturalist, a tale for young people, by A. C. MANT, author of "Ellen, or the Young Godmother," &c.

Lady MORGAN is preparing a Life of Salvator Rosa, the poet of designers.

A Society for literary and philosophical purposes has been established at Bristol, under the name of *the Inquirer*. We are glad to see philosophy united with its designs; as a fondness for *petit-maitre* or slip-slop literature seems at present to prevail too much over manly and solid pursuits. Discussions on the last new poem, or novel, seem to supersede real knowledge; though such works are but the garnish of a feast, or the trimmings of a lady's dress. The most empty-headed coxcomb in England can speak as eloquently about Walter Scott or Lord Byron as a man of the soundest erudition; these topics, therefore, confer no intellectual distinction, and ought to be tolerated only among the other *chit-chat* of the tea-table.

A new edition of BLAINE's Canine Pathology is nearly ready, with an addition of new matter, particularly a philosophical enquiry into the origin of the dog, his individual varieties, and examination of the popular subject of breeding animals; also a very copious account of rabies or madness.

In September will be published, Letters to Marianne, by WILLIAM COMBE, Esq. author of "Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque," &c. with a profile portrait.

A volume called Sweepings of my Study is announced at Edinburgh.

Some splendid remains of antiquity have been recently discovered in a field at Bramdean, in Hampshire. Six tessellated pavements have been already cleared; two of which are of the most intricate and beautiful workmanship. Previous to the discovery of the pavements, a large excavation in the solid chalk was cleared away, about thirteen feet in depth, entirely filled with mortar, rubbish, tiles, bones of great variety of animals, earthenware, &c. Tradition has long marked out Bramdean as the site of a palace of Alfred.

Doubts having been expressed in regard to Hunter's Memoirs of his Captivity among the Indians, we feel it just to state, that we have derived from independent sources proofs of his title to credence; and he has also circulated a notice, referring to the most accredited parties.

Mr. L. J. A. M'HENRY has nearly ready for publication, a new edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for self-instruction.

The original death-warrant of Charles

Charles L. with all the signatures of the regicides, in a perfect state, is in possession of the Rev. D. TURNER, of Norton-le-Moors, Staffordshire.

Not less than thirty small weekly miscellanies have been started within these few months, and some of them have attained an extraordinary extent of circulation, while they are the means of spreading much useful knowledge among the middling classes of society. They are sold at the low price of two-pence, and some even so low as a penny. Thirty years ago it was the fortune of the editor of this Magazine to commence this species of low-priced miscellany, under the title of *the Museum*; and, about the same period, a very amusing work appeared at Sherborne, under the name of *Weekly Entertainer*. Every house in the kingdom can afford its two-penny worth of literature per week. We hope to hear of such works in every county; and, if executed with taste, they cannot fail to succeed everywhere. Their success is a regular consequence of Sunday and Lancasterian schools.

Mr. C. M. WILlich has succeeded in obtaining a great reduction in the duty on German lithographic stones imported into this country, viz. from twenty shillings to three shillings per cwt.

Many years ago, when the mawkish loyalty of a Chancellor led him to refuse protection against piracy to a Poem of the late inimitable Dr. Wolcot, we foresaw that the precedent would be quoted on future occasions. Power, in that instance, availed itself of the unpopularity of Dr. W. among certain classes; and it is by stretching the law, in particular cases, that authority is enabled constantly to encroach on popular rights. We have always considered the power of the Court of Chancery, to protect property, as purely ministerial; and that it was bound merely to consider applications as between two parties, one of whom had a right, and the other no right. If the nature of the property is to be made a question, then a thousand quibbles may arise, which enable one who has no right, to contend with him who has. The intervention of an opinion of any chancellor, on such points, places all property in his discretion, and a man may thus be robbed even under the sanction of law. The onus of proof, founded on a strict legal title, lies with the applicant, as well as

the proof of invasion; and, beyond questions on those points, no discretion ought to be allowed to a chancellor. The moral or intrinsic worth of the thing in question belongs to a jury, before whom the defendant ought to be enabled to enforce a decision. These abstract views apply to all cases; and if, as in the instance of Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, the work has no moral or intrinsic worth, the ulterior proceedings before a jury would be its own punishment on the plaintiff. Perhaps no book of merit ever appeared from which passages might not be selected that opposed some old-fashioned prejudices of a chancellor; consequently, the trade of piracy may flourish with impunity. When some knaves, a few years since, sought to avail themselves of our good name, by bringing out a work under our title, to which, as a *catch* to the unwary, they affixed the word *new*; we applied to our estimable and able friend, the late Sir Samuel Romilly, for his opinion on a motion for injunction. He agreed with us in the unprincipled character of the attempted robbery; but, said he, "your's is a liberal work, open to free enquiry on all subjects; and the work against which we apply professes superabundant devotion to ministers and their policy. Will they not be able to enlist the prejudices of the chancellor on their side, by quoting some free opinions of your own, or of some of your correspondents, and against these set off their own obsequiousness?" Hence, instead of a question of right, it became one of calculation and expediency. However, Sir Samuel said he would turn it in his mind, and give his opinion in writing. That opinion arrived in a few days, and was in the following terms:—"Under all the circumstances, the Chancellor may, or may not, grant an injunction." Unwilling to be the means of advertising a knavish project, and at the same time to be foiled by the authority of prejudices in ermine, we considered it expedient to forbear, and leave the question of an unfair rivalry to the moral feelings of the public. Of this result we have had no reason to complain; but it is evident we, and all persons in our situation, must suffer wrong, while any feelings but those of pure law are allowed to be mixed up with such decisions.

Dr. GRAHAM, of Carshalton, Surry, is preparing for the press, *An Introduction*

duction to the Modern Theory and Practice of Physic. The object of the author is to present the medical student and junior practitioner with a faithful picture of the present state of medical practice.

At the sale of Mr. WATSON TAYLOR's celebrated Collection, the pictures in two days produced 25,000*l*.

The Vision of St. Jerome, by Parmegiano, was purchased by the Rev. Holwell Carr, for 3050 guineas.

The Grand Landscape with a Rainbow, by Rubens; for Lord Orford—2603 *gs*.

Interior of a Stable, by Wouvermans; by Col. Bayley—530 guineas.

Portrait of Faustino Neve, by Murillo; by Col. Thwaites—910 guineas.

Two Landscapes, by Hobbima; for Lord Grosvenor—1750 guineas.

The Landscape with a Coach, by Rembrandt; by the Marquis of Hertford—350.

A Bull and two Cows, by Paul Potter, a small landscape; by Col. Thwaites—1210.

The Martyrdom of St. Apollonia, by Guido; for Lord Grosvenor—400 guineas.

St. Paul caught up into the third Heaven, by N. Poussin; by Col. Thwaites—305 guineas.

Jason pouring the Liquor of Enchantment upon the Dragon, by S. Rosa—300.

The Virgin seated, with the Infant on her lap. Andrea del Sarto; by Colonel Thwaites—305 guineas.

An Upright Landscape, G. Poussin; by Mr. Hume—360 guineas.

A Landscape, with a stream of water, Ruysdael; by Lord Gower—270 guineas.

A Landscape, with a stream of water rushing between the ruins of an abbey-mill, Ruysdael; by Colonel Thwaites—300.

Two Flower Pieces, Van Huysum—510.

A Calm, Van de Velde; by Mr. Secretary Peel—390 guineas.

Exterior of a Farm-house, Teniers; by Alex. Baring—395 guineas.

The Magdalen accosted by an Infant Angel, Guido; by Mr. Bullock—310 *gs*.

Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the Well, Ann. Carracci; by Mr. Seager—310.

A Bank of a River, Wouvermans; by Mr. Hume—685 guineas.

A Lioness rolling on the Ground, Rubens; by Mr. Lawley—310 guineas.

Portrait of the Wife of De Vos, Van Dyck; by Mr. Seager—340 guineas.

Portrait of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds; by Major Thwaites—470 *gs*.

Jan Steen and his Wife taking an afternoon's nap, Jan Steen; by Mr. Hume—220 guineas.

Two small Landscapes, Ruysdael; by Mr. Smith, of Marlborough-street—307 *gs*.

A small fancy Head, Murillo; by the Marquis of Lansdown—50 guineas.

Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, Sir Joshua Reynolds; by Lord Grosvenor—1750 guineas.

A few weeks since, the late Mr. WARREN's Collection of Prints, consisting chiefly of his own works, together with proofs which had been presented to him by various engravers, was brought to the hammer by Mr. Sotherby. Many of the finest proofs fetched very high prices:—

The Heiress, after Smirke, sold for two guineas; an inferior impression of the same plate, 1*l*. 18*s*.

The Murder of the Innocents, by Bartolozzi, 6*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Vandyke as Paris, by Schiavonelle, 2*l*.

Duncan Gray, after Wilkie, 6*l*. 10*s*.

The Demolition of the China Jar, after the same artist, 4*l*. 10*s*.

At the sale of Mr. Haydon's Pictures, "the Raising of Lazarus" sold for only 350*l*., which was not much more than double the value of its massive gilt frame; and his other historical picture, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," fetched only 220*l*.

GARRICK's Pictures (seventy-one in number,) produced nearly 4000*l*. The celebrated set of election pictures, four in number, by Hogarth, fetched 1,650 guineas, at which price they were purchased by Mr. Soane.

Forty thousand pounds is granted for a new building for the King's Library; such building to form part of the structure of the British Museum.

We feel shame at being called upon to notice the daring efforts of Charlatanism and Imposture, in a public narrative, called authentic, of the extraordinary cure performed by Prince ALEXANDRE HOHENLOHE, the Paracelsus of his age, on Miss Barbara O'Connor, a credulous nun, in the convent of New Hall, near Chelmsford. We are shocked to hear of convents in England, and astonished to see this arch-quackery sustained by the protestant, and of course independent, physician to the convent. On the 7th of December, 1820, Miss Barbara O'Connor, a nun, in the convent at New Hall, near Chelmsford, aged thirty, was suddenly attacked, without any evident cause, with a pain in the ball of the *right thumb*; and the superior of the convent, having heard of many extraordinary cures performed by Prince Hohenlohe, of Bamberg, in Germany, employed a friend to request his assistance, which he readily granted, and sent the following instructions, dated Bamberg, March 16, 1822.

"On the 3d of May, at eight o'clock, I will offer, in compliance with your request,

quest, my prayers for your recovery. Having made your confession, and communicated, offer up your own also, with that fervency of devotion and entire faith which we owe to our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Stir up from the bottom of your heart the divine virtues of true repentance, of Christian charity to all men, of firm belief that your prayers will be favorably received, and a steadfast resolution to lead an exemplary life, to the end that you may continue in a state of grace.

Accept the assurance of my regard.

PRINCE ALEXANDER HOHENLOHE."

Bamberg, March 16, 1822.

We are then told, that on the next day, the 3d of May, she went through the religious process prescribed by the prince, and, mass being nearly ended, almost immediately after she felt an extraordinary sensation through the whole arm, to the ends of her fingers. The pain instantly left her, and the swelling gradually subsided; but it was some weeks before the hand resumed its natural size and shape!!! If our English convents make such appeals to vulgar superstition as this, it seems high time that they were transferred to a more genial soil. The world is now too old for miracles in medicine or philosophy.

RUSSIA.

Translations of Sir WALTER SCOTT's and Lord BYRON's works, or rather the most celebrated of them, have appeared in Russia. In France and Germany they are greedily seized for the same purpose; and it forms a race among the trade which shall bring them out first.

A table has been published, from official documents, of the population, &c. of Russia, for 1822. It gives the number of the inhabitants for each of the fifty governments, also the governments in geographical square miles. Some of these may be noticed here:—

	Inhabitants.	Sq. Miles.
Archangel	200,000	11,900
Astrachan	190,000	3,100
Courland	410,000	330
Novogorod	673,000	2,300
Moscow	1,275,000	470
Petersburgh	590,000	840
Tobolski	430,000	16,800
Smolensko	950,000	1,000
Irkutsk	210,000	126,400

—The sum-total of inhabitants for the whole empire is stated at 40,067,000; the number of manufactories and workshops at 3,724; the total of commercial capital at 319,660,000 roubles; and the revenue from the poll-tax, and

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

that on the consumption of liquors, at 169,350,000 roubles.

SWEDEN.

In the Royal Library at Stockholm, there exists a very remarkable manuscript, the *Codex Giganteus*. It was taken from a Benedictine monastery at Prague, during the thirty-years' war. It is two Swedish ells in height, and of proportionate breadth. It contains, besides the Vulgate, a collection of writings upon the Jewish antiquities, by Josephus, Isidorus, &c.: also the *Comæ Pragensis Chronicon Bohemica*; and a treatise on magic, ornamented with an illuminated figure of the devil.

GERMANY.

A German writer, named FABRICIUS, has written a violent book against the universities of his country; proposing, with a true Goth-like spirit, partly to abolish them, and partly to subject them to strict inspection by the police.

M. J. KERNER, a German physician, of Stuttgart, has made the discovery of a new kind of poison, that arises in smoked meats. It appears, from experiments which he has made, that they become subject to some sort of decomposition that renders them venomous. Liver sausages are the most susceptible of it, and the decomposition generally takes place about the middle of April. From his enquiries the doctor found, that of seventy-two persons, in the country of Wurtemberg, that had eaten smoked sausages, thirty-seven died in a little time, and the remainder were ill for some time after.

FRANCE.

A small, though very ancient, vase, from the collection of the Duke of Brunswick, excites much notice in Paris. It is formed of a single onyx, six inches high, finely coloured, and ornamented with bas-reliefs of very high execution. Conjecture attributes it to the age of Mithridates.

Among other associations of recent institution in France, is one entitled *the Society of Christian Morals*; the object of which is to introduce principles of justice, public order, and benevolence; and to apply them to the social relations. No subjects of controversy will enter into their discussions; but they propose to collect documents of every kind, and of all countries, tending to ameliorate man's moral and physical condition: to publish

lish periodically a work characterising the influence of philosophy on laws and civilization, to recommend civic and domestic virtues, &c.

M. DUPETIT THOUARS, who has been for some time employed in collecting herbs and plants at Madagascar, and in India, has also devoted his attention to philological researches respecting the languages of those countries. He finds a very great analogy between the Madagascar and Malay languages; this he traces by comparing the names of a considerable number of plants that are of native growth, where these languages are spoken.

SPAIN.

The Cortes of Spain have published a decree, purporting that vessels concerned in the slave-trade shall be confiscated; and that the owners, masters, and crews, shall be adjudged to ten years' hard labour. Foreign vessels that enter Spanish ports, with slaves on-board, to be liable to the same penalties, and the slaves to be set at liberty.

The Cortes, in 1820, decreed the establishment of a journal appropriated to the discussions and speeches of its members, that the public might be truly informed on subjects so important. Two volumes for the session of 1820, and two others for 1821, have already been published; and recently the first volume of the extraordinary session of the last-mentioned year. Their importance to illustrate the modern history of Spain will readily be admitted.

UNITED STATES.

An ancient manuscript volume, of three hundred and fifty pages, has lately been discovered at Detroit, in the United States. It is in good preservation, and the penmanship is beautiful.—The characters in which it is written are unknown, being neither Hebrew, Greek, nor Saxon; the only parts intelligible are a few Latin quotations.

Mr. JAMES BOOTH, of New York, has invented a new printing-press, which will throw off fifteen hundred impressions an hour, and requires only two hands to feed it, and the engine which moves the whole machinery is only a one-horse power.

In the states of the union, North America, public instruction and the education of youth are considered as

national objects, requiring considerable sacrifices. The state of Connecticut has appropriated a fund of a million and a half of dollars to the support of public schools. In that of Vermont, a portion of lands is allotted to each district, for the same purpose. The colleges throughout the union are forty-eight in number, and in general, are well endowed. Of these, the most distinguished is Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston, founded in 1698. Children of every description, sex, and colour, are admitted to the rights of elementary instruction.

The American missionaries of Rangoon, from the little prospect of success in their labours, and under apprehensions for their personal safety, repaired to Ava, the residence of the emperor, to solicit permission to propagate Christianity within his dominions. The emperor's answer was forbidding, and the government of this country, like that of China, will not endure the profession of any novel religion. The missionaries have, in consequence, returned to Rangoon.

In 1804 a house was built at the mouth of the Delaware, near Cape May, at the distance of three hundred and thirty-four feet from the sea. In 1820, from the encroachment of the sea, the distance was only one hundred and eighty feet. This advancement of the waters varies from year to year, but is progressive. The same observation will apply to the coasts of Brazil, though no measurement has been made, and in a proportion much more rapid than in the United States.

In the province of Ohio, near the village of Milan, on the banks of the river Huron, United States, there is a spring, the water of which is inflammable, and takes fire on the application of a lighted torch. The flame, which is very pure and very ardent, might probably be used for the purpose of giving light.

INDIA.

In the Calcutta journals appears the prospectus of a new weekly publication, to be written in the Bengalese language, and composed and conducted by natives only. It is intended to discuss matters political, religious, and moral, with others of an interest purely local. The title to be *Sungbaud Cowmuddy*, or Moon of Intelligence.

NEW

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED IN AUGUST:

WITH AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL PROËMIUM.

Authors or Publishers, desirous of seeing an early notice of their Works, are requested to transmit copies before the 18th of the Month.

FOR the *Oracles of God, four Oration; for Judgment to come, an Argument, in nine parts*; by the Rev. EDWARD IRVING, is the title of a work, written by a gentleman who attracts, at present, more attention from the inhabitants of this metropolis than has been given to the head of any religious society since the days of Johanna Southcott. Man is a religious animal; he apparently dies like the beasts of the field; but, nevertheless, the belief in a continued existence is so necessarily interwoven in the texture of his mind, that he cannot possibly conceive a state in which he shall be as though he had never been. This never-ceasing confidence in a future life is the source not only of the hopes and fears of religion, but of the cherished fame of the philosopher. Accordingly, in all ages and nations, even in those that never saw the light of revelation, men have been found teaching the doctrine of futurity to the multitude, and explaining the "varieties of untried being." Horne Tooke called those teachers *fortune-tellers*; but Horne Tooke was an infidel, and, besides, he was not aware that he was actuated by the same principle when he personally superintended the erection of his own tomb. The public mind has been much divided respecting the oratorical merits of Mr. Irving. Witlings have ridiculed the manner, and critics have condemned the style, of his compositions; but thousands have flocked to listen to his discourses, and have read them in their closets with increased devotion. There must be some cause for all this; and the cause seems to be, the apparent sincerity of his faith in the doctrines which he inculcates, joined to the fearless, fervid, and independent, manner in which he utters his tremendous denunciations. To judge fairly of Mr. Irving's compositions, the critic must be partially inspired by that enthusiasm which appears to have guided his pen. To an ear that is unattuned to the harmony of numbers, Milton and Pope have written in vain, and the energies of Mr. Irving can have their effect only upon certain minds; but on such minds they are calculated to exert an immense power. After allowing this much, it would be fastidious to quarrel with the style. Whatever we might say of commas and points, or even of grammatical incongruities, that style is never despicable which answers the purposes intended by the writer. Believing the divine origin of the scriptures, (and who will dare to deny it?) the burning eloquence of Mr. Irving is as requisite to rouse the torpidity

of modern Christians, as was the voice of Knox at the period of the Reformation. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the great portion of the people of this country, especially the rich and powerful, are Christians only in name. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, but it may be truly said that we are also a nation of hypocrites. As a short specimen of Mr. Irving's style, we take the following extract from the beginning of his first Oration. It contains the axiom on which his system is built, and to him who has a heartfelt conviction of its truth, we repeat our assertion, that these Oration are models of eloquence.—"There was a time when each revelation of the word of God had an introduction into this earth which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came nor wherefore it was sent. But now the miracles of God have ceased, and Nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence-chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure to write his purposes in letters of flame. The vision is shut up, and the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended, and this solitary volume, with its chapters and verses, is the sum-total of all for which the chariot of heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us."

One of the novelties of the month, and which as a *real curiosity* ought to be seen by every body, is the *Prize Dissertation on Homer*, published at only half-a-crown, for which the *Royal Society of Literature* have adjudged their prize of 100 guineas. Accustomed to look over essays for this miscellany, we sincerely declare that, if it had been offered to us, we should not have admitted it, even if the same premium had been offered to us for its insertion. Who is the author does not appear. In style and tone of thinking, it is a mere school-boy's essay; but, its hypotheses that Homer was Moses; Helen, the Hebrew Dinah; Achilles, David; &c. &c. would be worthy of the Sorbonne, or of a popish council in the worst times. George the IVth who is a man of taste, will blush at such an appropriation of his bounty; and, if his Majesty is disposed to give other premiums, we pledge ourselves to send him a dozen papers from among our deferred communications, each worth a dozen of this trifle about Homer.

About two years ago (in *Monthly Mag.* Oct.

Oct. 1821) we noticed, with approbation, a small volume of *Notes relating to the Crim Tartars*, by MARY HOLDERNESS. This is now republished with additions; and *A Narrative of a Journey from Riga to the Crimea, with an account of the Colonists of New Russia*, written by the same lady, is prefixed. The whole constitutes an octavo of 320 pages, replete with interesting information. There are two views and three coloured lithographic representations of costume, which are well executed and add to the value of the volume. In this age of book-making, it is pleasant to peruse a work of this description. Mrs. Holderness is no imaginary traveller. She lived among the scenes which she describes, and she has taken care to describe only those things that are not to be found in other authors. We are not informed of the motives that induced a female, with her child, to accompany her husband in a perilous journey of twelve hundred miles, in such a country, in the middle of winter; nor of the nature of the engagements that, after detaining her for four years, made her venture to return alone; but, whatever they were, the public have no cause for regret, seeing that they have produced the volume before us. Nothing seems to have escaped this lady's observation. Besides the prominent customs and manners of the inhabitants, we have minute particulars relative to commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, written as if she were no stranger to either of those subjects. Of the preparation of *quass*, the common drink of the Russians, we have an account which is different, in every respect, from any that we have hitherto seen. It is usually described as a subacid liquor, formed by fermentation, from rye or barley-meal, mixed with water and occasionally with malt. The process mentioned by Mrs. H. is as follows: "The common drink of the Russians is *krass*, which is not so good as our small-beer; it is sometimes made with flour and water, flavoured by herbs, sometimes with different sorts of fruit; and this latter kind is a much pleasanter drink, though it is all sour. The method of making it is very simple: a large barrel is filled with fruit, sometimes plums, sometimes apples, crabs, wine-sours, or in fact any fruit of which you have a sufficient abundance to make it from; there is then put into the cask as much water as it will hold, and in fifteen days it is fit to drink. After a few gallons are drawn off, it is filled up again with water, to make it last until the time of year when it can be made again. This sort of *krass* is, however, only made in South Russia, and where fruit is abundant and cheap." The Crimea, which is colonized from all nations, seems to have had no charms for Mrs. Holderness. "The moral character of the peasantry," she says, "is exceedingly depraved and vicious;

and, excepting the Tartars, I never found it possible, by any good offices, or kindness, to excite any attachment in them, that the sight of a glass of brandy would not instantly surmount."

A Memoir of John Aikin, M. D. by LUCY AIKIN, with a *Selection of his Miscellaneous Pieces*, has been published in two 8vo. volumes. Dr. Aikin has been long known in the literary world; but his life was a "noiseless tenor," and completely barren of incident. The *res angusta domi*, the evil genius of the scholar, never haunted his abode, and, previous to that paralysis which consigned him to a living tomb for the last three years of his existence, he had attained the age of seventy-two, with scarcely a single cross in his journey of life. His correspondence appears to have been limited, and rather that of friendship than of literature, and, at all events, such as "delicacy towards individuals, and respect for the implied confidences of family intercourse," has induced the editor to suppress. The Memoir (which fills up about two-thirds of the first volume) is, in consequence, not a life of Dr. Aikin, but a sort of *Catalogue Raisonné* of his numerous works, and an account of his engagements with booksellers in the conducting of periodical publications. With respect to the latter, the doctor seems to have entered on his task in the spirit of an independent literary man, taking a deeper interest in the success of the different undertakings than is usual with a hired editor. The remaining part of the first, and the whole of the second, volume, consist of biographical memoirs, &c. published chiefly at different times in the Monthly Magazine, and of criticisms on the works of Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. furnished as prefaces to an edition of the British Poets. For the collection of all these pieces we are really obliged to Miss Aikin. They show much of talent as well as much critical acumen, and all of them evince an ardent love of civil and religious liberty. Their style is unadorned, but accurate and perspicuous; and they well deserve to be thus rescued from the mass of fugitive publications. The language of Miss Aikin, herself, is generally plain and simple, and seems formed on the model of her father's. There are, however, occasional expressions that a chastened taste would disapprove. For instance, should the writer chance to peruse these remarks, we would beg leave to refer her to the paragraph at page 152 of the Memoirs. It might be mistaken for a *calumny*, because it contains an *insinuation* without pointing to the slightest ground on which it can rest.

About fifteen months ago, Messrs. Carey and Sons, of Philadelphia, published an American Atlas. This Atlas was a large folio of coloured maps of the several States of

of North and South America, with letter-press upon the margin of the maps, containing historical, geographical, and statistical notices concerning each of the states. This Atlas was offered for sale in this country, by the mode of *capas*; but, as it was dear and cumbersome, we believe few copies were sold. We predicted at the time that an edition of this work, in which the descriptions should be printed in an octavo volume and the plates given as an accompanying Atlas, would be useful; and partly on this principle we have now before us, *the Geography, History, and Statistics, of America, illustrated by Maps, Charts, and Plates*. The letter-press of this volume contains all that surrounded the American maps, with corrections and considerable additions. So far all is well, and the editor appears to have done his duty. But the Atlas, which was the only valuable part of the American work, is woefully deficient. Thirteen only of the fifty-four Maps have been copied; and these are folded up in the volume, and, as usual in such modes of giving maps, must soon be useless. To make amends for the want of forty-one maps, we have five views of towns (Quebec, the Havannah, Philadelphia, Rio Janeiro, and Monte Video); but we would with pleasure give up all these for the single map of Jamaica. That of which we now complain may be remedied in a subsequent edition. The expense would no doubt be increased, but it might be easily sold at a higher price, and we should consider the work as extremely valuable.

The New Mercantile Assistant, General Cheque Book, and Interest Tables, by Mr. WRIGHT, an Accountant of Fenchurch-street, is a work which carries with it obvious marks of persevering labour and patient calculation. It contains twelve copious and distinct sets of tables, adapted to the purposes of commerce, and designed principally as a cheque on calculations made in the hurry of business. The first series exhibit the cost per single lb. any number of pounds, stones, or quarters, of goods of all descriptions, bought in the aggregate, i. e. by the ton or cwt. Thus, if a grocer, for instance, purchases a hogshead of sugar, and wishes in a moment to ascertain what it costs him per single lb., any number of pounds, or stones, by a reference to these Tables they will give the information without farther trouble; and on this principle they can be adapted to other departments of business, such as *measures, liquids, &c. &c.* The second series consist of copious and enlarged interest tables, of 3, 4, and 5, per cent. per annum. The third series includes progressive tables of profits, showing the net amounts from one penny to forty shillings, at 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, and 30, per cent. advance. If it be wished to add 5, 10, 15, 20,

25, or 30, percent. profit, the opposite columns exhibit the same. In addition to these sets of tables, the book contains many useful tables for the reference of men of business, combined with much accuracy. On a volume so varied in its contents, and so generally useful to all persons in trade, we need add no observation to recommend it to the attention of our commercial readers. Much praise is due to the author for his patience and ingenuity in projecting so valuable a manual.

The lovers of the Fine Arts are well acquainted with "*Ackermann's Repository*." During the years 1819 and 1820, a set of designs for Garden Buildings appeared in that periodical work, which are now collected in a volume, with the title of "*Hints on Ornamental Gardening, &c.*" by John Buonarotti Papworth, the same gentleman who produced the work entitled "*Rural Residences*," published about five years ago. The designs in the work before us (twenty-eight in number) are tastefully imagined, and the engravings are well executed and finely coloured. The letter-press consists of above a hundred pages, and it is sufficient praise of the appearance of the volume that it is not inferior in elegance to any of the other publications of Mr. Ackermann. This, it is well known, is no mean praise.

While on the subject of the Fine Arts, we must not neglect "*The Beauties of Cambria*," consisting of sixty Views in North and South Wales, with appropriate descriptions. The views, which are well chosen, were taken by Mr. Hughes, and are engraved on wood by the same ingenious artist, in a style of execution that has scarcely been exceeded, and which produces impressions that vie with copper-plate engravings of no mean celebrity.

The Memoirs of a Young Greek Lady, which has for some months past engaged the attention of the *coteries* in Paris, is now translated for the amusement of the tea-tables of this metropolis. Madame Pauline Adelaide Alexandre Panam, a lady still under thirty years, is the historian of her own misfortunes. At the age of fourteen, she was seduced by the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, the brother of Prince Leopold; and, if her tale be true, this Duke is the most worthless of mankind. She and her child, a boy of fourteen, were turned penniless upon the world, after a series of ill usage and indignities that reflect disgrace not only on the duke, but upon his whole family. We have no opportunity of hearing the other side, nor are we called upon to decide the question. The volume appears before us merely as a novel; and, taking it in that view, it is extremely interesting, and its moral tendency is unquestionable. It is preceded by the *Imprimatur* of the Maréchal P. de L^{***}, who,

who, in a letter to Madame Panam, recommends the publication of her narrative. This letter, though written by one of the old noblesse (the Prince de Ligne), breathes all the spirit of republican virtue. "The traces of a court in a nation are," says he, "irremoveable. That of Charles II. of England has left the vestiges of debanchery imprinted on all the literary productions of his time, and a School of Comedy, which seems to have been intended for representation before Messalina, by the actors of Caprea. In Asia, in Europe, in Spain, in Italy, you will find remains of the character of the ancient courts. Sometimes brilliant, they resemble those silvery traces which reptiles leave on quitting ruins. They impress themselves like marks, and spread themselves like stains." The lithographic portraits of Madame Panam and her Seducer are well executed, but the translation is as bad as possible. The gallicisms are innumerable, and the references to the letters and other documents in the Supplements are so maliciously misplaced, as to render them almost useless. Even the compositor seems to have combined with the translator to spoil the work; for we frequently find sentences without periods, and three or four lines in succession without a single comma.

Except a little *slang* in praise of war, of military glory, and of the battle of Waterloo, "*Influence and Example, or the Recluse, a Tale*," may be safely recommended to the readers of Novels. The characters, to be sure, are too far exalted above the sphere of the subscribers to a circulating library to be offered as models for imitation; but this is the fault of novels in general, and the source of the evils that novel-writing creates. The heroes of this volume can purchase estates at pleasure; and, whatever difficulties cross their path, it is never the want of money of which they have occasion to complain. The dangers described as the consequence of *Influence and Example* are those of the gaming-table and hypocrisy in high life; evils certainly, but not such as readily beset the linen-draper's shop-boy, or the milliner's apprentice.

There have been always versifiers who have determined,

In spite
Of nature and their stars, to write;

And of this number is Mr. James Bird. "The Vale of Slaughden," "Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira," and "Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany," have been brought forward in succession, unnoticed by the public; and now we have "*Poetical Memoirs*," and "*the Exile*." Why will Mr. Bird, who is certainly no fool, thus persist in giving his thoughts in measured lines? Why has he adopted the stanza of Don Juan in his *Poetical Memoirs*, when he has too much good sense to blaspheme, and too much

morality to be obscene? Perhaps he has chosen this measure because it comes nearer to prose, which is his natural element. The following stanza contains much good advice, and shows the near approach of the two sorts of writing:—"My Father told me, that to pen a sonnet or two was well enough; but, if my brain spun out long odes, whatever I said upon it, (he hoped his strictures would not give me pain,) I tell you, boy, said he, the more you con it, you'll find but little pleasure, and less gain: an overdose of verse quite sets me loathing, and will not bring you meat, nor drink, nor clothing!"—Our readers may amuse themselves by dividing this extract into lines of certain lengths and ending with certain syllables, as it is printed by Mr. Bird.

Some of the daily newspapers have ascribed the tragedy of the *Duke of Mantua* to Lord Byron, on the strength of a *masqued* portrait of the author in the title-page, which they are pleased to affirm bears a resemblance to the physiognomy of the noble poet. Had they perused the next leaf with any moderate degree of attention, they would have discovered a *dedication* to Lady Byron, which would have completely settled their scruples. A man must be a blockhead indeed who should publish a book with the view of having it mistaken for the production of Lord Byron, and dedicate it to that individual to whom, of all others in the world, his lordship would be least likely to inscribe any production of his genius, whether in verse or prose! Without, however, caring to be informed who is really the author of the *Duke of Mantua*, we may venture to affirm that it contains many passages that would do honor to any poet whatsoever, whether patrician or plebeian. The story is interesting and skilfully managed, and the language is throughout abundantly energetic and poetical. The Sketch of Hermione, the Moonlight Scene on the Terrace, and the Sybil's Prophecy, are eminently beautiful, and certainly by no means unworthy of the most successful efforts of the noble bard to whom the tragedy has been erroneously given. The prose dialogues are conducted with infinite spirit and humour, and remind us of those rich and racy colloquies which are to be met with in the productions of the dramatists of the Elizabethan age. Maturin in his tragedies has blended prose with his blank-verse with excellent effect. It requires, we should suppose, more skill to manage such interludes, than it would to render them in blank verse; and, that it makes a pleasing contrast with those parts of the play which aim at a more exalted character cannot be denied. Besides, we have often thought it prodigiously absurd where the servants of the piece are represented so imperturbably grandiloquent, that

that they cannot 'ope their mouths but ont there flies a trope!' They remind us of Martinus Scriblerus, who, instead of ordering his door to be shut in good English prose, used to transfuse his wishes into blank verse, and say,

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

We cannot afford space for extract, or we could select many beautiful passages from the Duke of Mantua. The description of the growing sounds of a many-voiced echo is admirable :

We laughed
On that still night, until the whispering woods
Grew loud, and thousand voices started forth
From bough and hoary stem, bursting, as if
To riotous life!

Some of the songs are also very elegant.

Characteristics, in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims, is a small volume which is said to be the production of a Mr. Hazlitt. The author, whoever he may be, has given us a number of good thoughts, such as might be the "ground-work of separate essays;" but the greater part are too long and too laboured to come properly under the denomination of *Maxims*. "There is only one point," says the author, "in which I dare even allude to a comparison with Rochefoucault: *I have no theory to maintain*; and I have endeavoured to set down each thought as it occurred to me, without bias or prejudice of any sort." Now, we apprehend that this *theory* of Rochefoucault's (*the selfishness of Man*), whether true or false, constitutes the very charm of his book. It is the leading strain that carries along the attention of the reader, the string which threads his pearls together; and we should have been better pleased had the writer avoided the want of connection in his aphorisms. Besides, *aphorisms* require as many thoughts as words, and in these *Characteristics* we have twice or thrice as many words as thoughts.

The Letter to the Mistresses of Families on the Cruelty of employing Children in the Sweeping of Chimnies is a small pamphlet; but is, notwithstanding, well worthy of attention and perusal, both on account of the subject and the earnestness with which it is written. The author not only shows, by irrefragable evidence, the cruelty of the practice; but demonstrates that its continuance is owing solely to the apathy of the "Mistresses of Families," and that there are few cases in which the machine would not be equally efficacious. The master chimney-sweep prefers the boy, because otherwise he must work himself; but the lady of the house has only to issue her commands, and they must be obeyed.

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BRITISH LEGISLATION.

ACTS PASSED in the THIRD YEAR of the REIGN of GEORGE THE FOURTH, or in the THIRD SESSION of the SEVENTH PARLIAMENT of the UNITED KINGDOM.

CAP. CIV. To continue, until the 31st day of December, 1824, the Bounty to Vessels employed in the Greenland Seas and Davis's Streights; and to authorize his Majesty to alter the Times for the sailing of the said Vessels, and any of the Limitations contained in the Acts for allowing the said Bounty.

Cap. CV. For granting Rates of Postage for the Conveyance of Letters and Packets between the Port of Liverpool, in the County of Lancaster, and the Isle of Man.

Z

Cap.

Cap. CVI. To continue for one Year so much of an Act of the last Session of Parliament, as increases the Duties payable on Sugar imported from the East Indies.

Cap. CVII. To allow, until the 1st day of August, 1823, a Drawback of the whole of the Duties of Customs on Brimstone used and consumed in the making and preparing Oil of Vitriol or Sulphuric Acid.

Cap. CVIII. For vesting all Estates and Property occupied for the Barrack Service in any Part of the United Kingdom in the Principal Officers of his Majesty's Ordnance, and for granting certain Powers to the said Principal Officers in relation thereto.

Cap. CIX. To repeal the Duties and Drawbacks on Barilla imported into the United Kingdom; and to grant other Duties and Drawbacks in lieu thereof.

Cap. CX. To amend the Laws for the Prevention of Smuggling.

Cap. CXI. To allow, until the 10th day of November, 1824, the Exportation of Spirits distilled from Corn for Home Consumption in Scotland, to Parts beyond Seas, without Payment of the Duty of Excise chargeable thereon.

Cap. CXII. To authorize the further Advance of Money out of the Consolidated Fund, for the Completion of Works of a Public Nature, and for the Encouragement of the Fisheries in Ireland.

Cap. CXIII. To amend an Act, passed in the 50th year of his late Majesty, for directing that Accounts of Increase and Diminution of Public Salaries, Pensions, and Allowances, shall be annually laid before Parliament, and for regulating and controlling the granting and paying such Salaries, Pensions, and Allowances.

Cap. CXIV. To provide for the more effectual Punishment of certain Offences, by Imprisonment with hard Labour.

Cap. CXV. To regulate the Qualification of Persons holding the Office of Coroner in Ireland.

Cap. CXVI. For the more convenient and effectual registering in Ireland Deeds executed in Great Britain.

Cap. CXVII. To reduce the Stamp Duties on Reconveyances of Mortgages, and in certain other Cases; and to amend an Act of the last Session of Parliament, for removing Doubts as to the Amount of certain Stamp Duties in Great Britain and Ireland respectively.

Cap. CXVIII. To amend an Act made in this present Session of Parliament, for amending an Act made in the 1st year of his present Majesty's Reign, for the Assistance of Trade and Manufactures in Ireland, by authorizing the Advance of certain Sums for the Support of Commercial Credit there.

Cap. CXIX. To regulate the Trade of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and for other purposes relating to the said Provinces.

Cap. CXX. To defray the Charge of the Pay, Cloathing, and Contingent Expenses, of the Disembodied Militia in Great Britain; and to grant Allowances in certain Cases to Subaltern Officers, Adjutants, Quarter-masters, Surgeons, Surgeons-mates, and Serjeant-majors of Militia, until the 25th day of March, 1823.

Cap. CXXI. To defray, until the 25th day of June, 1823, the Charge of the Pay and Clothing of the Militia of Ireland; and for making Allowances to Officers and Quarter-masters of the said Militia during Peace.

Cap. CXXII. For raising the Sum of 16,500,000*l.* by Exchequer Bills, for the Service of the Year 1822.

Cap. CXXIII. To amend an Act of the 1st year of his present Majesty, for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors in England.

Cap. CXXIV. To amend an Act passed in the 1st and 2d years of his Majesty's Reign, for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors in Ireland.

Cap. CXXV. To enable Ecclesiastical Persons, and others, in Ireland, to grant Leases of Tithes, so as to bind their Successors.

Cap. CXXVI. To amend the general Laws now in being for regulating Turnpike-roads in that part of Great Britain called England.

§ 2. enacts, that after the 1st of January, 1826, the nails of the tire or tires of the wheels of waggons, carts, and all such vehicles made use of upon turnpike-roads, shall not project above one quarter of an inch beyond the surface of the same; and inflicts a penalty for disobedience upon the owner, of a sum not exceeding 40*s.* and upon the driver of a sum not exceeding 20*s.*, for every such offence,—that is, for each time the vehicle with wheels differently constructed shall be drawn upon a turnpike-road.

§ 5. enacts, that the trustees or commissioners shall, after the 1st of January, 1824, continue to collect for every wagon, &c. having the fellies of the wheels of less breadth than four and a half inches,

or

or for the horses, &c. drawing the same, the same tolls as by such local acts are payable in respect of such waggon, &c. and for every vehicle having the fellies of the wheels of four and a half inches, and less than six, one-sixth less than the tolls payable for the same; and for every vehicle having the fellies of its wheels of the breadth of six inches or upwards, or for the horses drawing the same, one-third less than the tolls which are payable for the same, by any turnpike-road act.

Table of Weights allowed in Winter and Summer to Carriages directed to be weighed (including the Carriage and Loading).

	Summer.		Winter.	
	Tons.	Cwt.	Tons.	Cwt.
For every Waggon with 9-inch wheels	6	10	6	0
For every Cart with 9-inch wheels	3	10	3	0
For every Waggon with 6-inch wheels	4	15	4	5
For every Cart with 6-inch wheels	3	0	2	15
For every Waggon with wheels of the breadth of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches	4	5	3	15
For every Cart with wheels of the breadth of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inc. 2	12	2	7	
For every Waggon with wheels less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inc. 3	15	3	5	
For every Cart with wheels less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches	1	15	1	10

§ 6. orders that, where by the authority of any local act of parliament, for the preservation of high-ways, a scale of tolls shall have been digested, and where the additional tolls imposed by the 13th of the late King have not been levied, the trustees and commissioners do after the 1st of January, 1824, continue to collect the tolls as they have already collected them, without regarding at all those imposed by the said act.

§ 7. provides, that where the tolls shall be in the hands of trustees or commissioners, and not leased or let to farm, and where they have been raised, that they shall be reduced within fourteen days after the passing of this Act; and where the tolls have been leased or let to farm, authorises the trustees and commissioners to compound with the lessee or farmer for the reduction, in conformity with this Act, ordering its provisions to be put into immediate execution, upon the reduction taking place, and not waiting till the 1st of January, 1824.

§ 8. releases contractors for, and farmers of, tolls, whose contracts and agreements extend beyond the 1st of January, 1824, who shall, in consequence of this Act, be desirous of relinquishing their undertakings, from the same, provided that they do on or before the 1st of September, 1823, give notice in writing of their intention, to the treasurer or clerk of the trus-

tees or commissioners of the road whereon they are contractors.

§ 13. empowers trustees and commissioners to compound with individuals, for any term not exceeding one year, for the tolls payable upon the road under their management.

§ 15. orders, under a penalty not exceeding 5*l.* for disobedience or falsehood, the owners of waggons, &c. from and after the 1st day of October, 1823, to have the christian and surnames, and place of abode, of the principal partner or proprietor, painted at full length, in one or more straight lines, in letters of not less than one inch in height, upon some conspicuous part of the right or off side of the vehicle, or upon the off-side shafts thereof, before it shall be used upon any turnpike road, and during the whole of the time it shall be so employed.

§ 19. provides that nothing in the recited Act, or in this Act, relative to the breadth of the wheels of vehicles, or to the regulations of weight, or to the tolls payable in consequence, shall extend to chaise marines, coaches, landaus, berlins, baronches, phaetons, sociables, chariots, calashes, hearses, breaks, chaises, curricles, gigs, chairs, or taxed carts, or any cart not drawn by more than one horse or two oxen.

Offences for which Toll-keepers are liable to Penalties.

Demanding or taking a greater or less toll than they are warranted in doing.

Demanding or taking toll of persons exempt therefrom, and who shall claim such privilege.

Refusing to permit persons to read the inscriptions upon the board exhibiting the scale of tolls.

Refusing to tell their christian and surnames, or giving false ones, to persons demanding the same on paying toll.

Refusing to give to persons paying toll a ticket denoting the payment thereof.

Unnecessarily detaining or wilfully obstructing a passenger or passengers, from passing through the turnpike gates, upon the legal toll being paid or tendered.

Making use of any scurrilous or abusive language to any trustee or commissioner, traveller or passenger.

§ 44. prohibits the appointment of the same individual to the situation of clerk and surveyor.

§ 45. inflicts a penalty of 50*l.* upon any surveyor, who shall have any interest in any contract for work, materials, and tools.

§ 65. prohibits trustees or commissioners, in altering or deviating the course of any part of the turnpike-roads, to commit any of the following acts, without the consent in writing of the proprietor or owner, or those who shall be authorized to act for them:—

To take or to pull down any dwelling-house, or other dwelling.

To deviate over any inclosed lands or grounds, more than one hundred yards from the line of the road.

To take or to make use of any garden, yard, or paddock.

To take or to make use of any park, planted walk, or avenue to a house.

To take or to make use of any inclosed ground planted as an ornament or shelter to a house, or planted, or set apart, as a nursery for trees, or any part thereof respectively.

Casting or throwing rubbish, &c. into any drain, ditch, or other water-course, so as to obstruct the water from running or draining off the road.

Shovelling up or carrying, without authority, stone, gravel, or other materials,

slutch, dirt, &c. from off any footpath or causeway, or any other part of the road.

Wilfully preventing in any manner persons from passing upon the road.

Digging, making, or using, any pit or pits for sawing timber or wood within thirty feet of the centre of any turnpike road, unless the same be inclosed by a fence from the road.

§ 76. subjects drivers of vehicles, carrying goods for hire or sale, to a penalty not exceeding 20s. for neglecting to fasten their dogs to such vehicle.

Cap. CXXVII. *For applying certain Monies therein mentioned for the Service of the year 1822, and for further appropriating the Supplies granted in this Session of Parliament.*

MEDICAL REPORT.

REPORT of DISEASES and CASUALTIES occurring in the public and private Practice of the Physician who has the care of the Western District of the City Dispensary.

QUACKERY, of any kind, the writer of these papers has never spared; not that he has thought it worth while to go out of his common course in order to meet and attack the many-headed monster, conscious as he is that professional interference with the unprincipled proceedings of nostrum proprietors; or the lying statements of pretenders to secret plans of cure, is both beneath the dignity of regular medicine, and calculated to defeat its own purpose. If the people will be deceived, let them be deceived, has ever been the Reporter's feeling; and indeed, in some instances, it would seem cruel to destroy faith, however ill founded, when it is capable of effecting actual benefit.

In proportion, however, to his indisposition of thinking or caring about syrups, or balsams, or vegetables, or tractors, is his disposition to attend to those kind of appeals to observation and good sense, which some are too ready to reject as empirical and worthless, merely because they a little deviate from the routine of established practice. In this predicament is the proposed plan of treating cancerous and other disordered structure, simply by pressure. The Reporter's observation of Mr. Young's practice has not, perhaps, been sufficiently extensive to authorize very decided language on the subject; but what he has seen of it has been largely in its favour. He has witnessed two cases, especially, in which open cancerous, or fungoid, disease has been arrested in its destructive march; and a few days since,

in company with one of the most respectable surgeons in London, he was called upon to observe the decided improvement, under this treatment, of a very large schirrous breast. The subject of the disorder is the wife of a respected medical friend of the Reporter, who is exceedingly satisfied with the result, as far as at present manifested. The reader of these papers shall be duly informed of its progress; mean time, the writer cannot help again protesting against the indolent or interested feeling which would class Mr. Young's manly and open appeal to fact and principle, with the charlatanism of secret and superior pretension.

Disease of all kinds has, till within the last few days, been still comparatively infrequent. Fevers and stomach-ailments are now beginning to appear. Some cases of scarlatina have lately fallen under the writer's notice, of more than ordinary severity; their malignity, however, has rather been in their sequel than in their first state. Two cases especially are at this moment under treatment; in one of which there is every reason to suppose water on the brain; in the other, water in the chest. The inflammatory irritation by which scarlet fever is characterized, implicates especially that part of the organization, viz. the small terminal arteries of either the outer skin or internal surfaces, from which effusion is readily induced. Hence the dropsical swelling of the surface, which are so commonly the consequences of the malady in question; and hence the pouring out of fluids into internal

internal cavities when the pervading irritation shall have happened incidentally to fall upon internal membranes.

These effusions are the most easily produced when the subject is of a scrofulous constitution: if any one medicinal has more controul over them than others, it is foxglove, and the operation of this powerful drug has before been referred by the writer to the remarkable property it appears to possess, when properly managed in its administration, of imparting tone to the minute vessels. It is truly astonishing to witness the giving-way of the quick, irritative, debilitated, pulse, under a cautious and gradual administration of digitalis, and the coming on in its place of the steady, orderly, and comparatively slow, movement, which is the harbinger of returning strength.

An obstinate case of stomach-weakness has lately been effectually remedied by one-grain doses, twice a-day, of the sulphate of zinc, with fifteen of the extract of gentian, administered in the form of pills. This case here is especially alluded to on account of the sufferer having gone steadily through the usual routine of alterative stomachics with but temporary benefit. The zinc, with gentian, here

proved permanently operative; and the Reporter must reiterate his often-told tale, that tonic agency upon the nervous and muscular fibre is a more important principle to recognize in the treatment of disease, than some seem disposed to admit. A case of epilepsy, which has lasted many years, is now under treatment with the sulphate of zinc and nitrate of silver; and the visits of the disease, since these medicines have been taken, are not only less violent, but "fewer and farther between."

From some instances the writer has recently met with of the incidental expulsion of worms under the use of medicinals that had been administered with other views, he is disposed to think that the mints are more powerful vermifuges than is generally thought: the lumbricus teres seems especially to be disturbed by them, and it would be as well, in obscure cases of stomach or nervous affection, that either the spear-mint, or peppermint, or pennyroyal, should constitute the vehicles of more active materials, as they might prove anthelmintic in cases of worms being present.

Bedford-row;

D. UWINS, M.D.

August 20, 1823.

REPORT OF CHEMISTRY AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of Gas-lights are of opinion, that the danger likely to arise from gasometers and gas-works is not so great as has been supposed, and that therefore the necessity of interference by the legislative enactments pointed out in the Reports referred to them, does not press at the present period of the session. It is in evidence, that the carburetted hydrogen gas, usually supplied to the public, is not, of itself, explosive; but that, in order to render it so, a mixture of from five to twelve parts of atmospheric air, and the application of flame, is necessary; whilst the manner in which the gasometer-houses are in general built, renders it extremely difficult to form the mixture requisite for explosion, and consequently renders the chance of accident remote. The danger attendant on the use of gas in the streets and passages, appears also to be small; and that it will, probably, by the better management and care of the persons employed in these establishments, be henceforth lessened. It appears that, in some of the gas-works, safety-lamps are used on the premises, to guard against accidents that might occur by the application of flame to any explosive mixture that may have been formed by leakage from the gasometers or pipes."

A species of red earth, called Terras, has been found in the parish of St. Elizabeth, in Jamaica, which turns out to

be an excellent substitute for terras or puzzolana earth, and may therefore be of great value to the inhabitants of the West Indies. One measure of this earth, mixed with two of well-slaked lime, and one of sand, form a cement that answers extremely well for building any drain or bridge, or any structure in water, for it will soon harden and become like a stone.

The decay of modern paper is lamentable, and the causes are two-fold: the *materiel*, and the mode of bleaching the rags; or the employment of sulphate of lime, &c. in the pulp, and bleaching the rags previously, or the paper subsequently, with oxymuriatic-acid gas, or chlorine. Nettles (says Mr. Murray) would be an excellent substitute for linen rags, if linen cannot be obtained in sufficient quantity.

The last number of the *American Journal of Science* contains a very interesting article by Professor Silliman, on the deflagrator of Professor Hare. He has not only fused the anthracite and plumbago, but has actually converted them into diamonds. "On the end of the prepared charcoal, and occupying an area of a quarter of an inch or more in diameter, were found (says he) numerous globules of perfectly melted matter, entirely spherical in their form, having a high vitreous lustre and a great degree of beauty. Some of them, and generally they were those remote from the focus, were of a jet black, like the most perfect obsidian; others were

were brown, yellow, and topaz-coloured; others were greyish white, like pearl-stones, with the translucence and lustre of porcelain; and others still limpid, like flint glass, or in some cases like hyalite or precious opal, but without the iridescence of the latter. I detached some of the globules, and firmly bedding them in a handle of wood, tried their hardness and firmness; they bore strong pressure without breaking, and easily scratched not only flint-glass but window-glass, and even the hard green variety which forms the aquafortis-bottles. The globules which had acquired this extraordinary hardness were formed from plumbago, which was so soft that it was perfectly free from resistance when crushed between the thumb and finger." Speaking of the globules obtained in another experiment, he observes, that "some were perfectly limpid, and could not be distinguished by the eye from portions of diamond." The experiments detailed remove every suspicion which might be entertained that these globules were the earthy matter contained in the plumbago, which was vitrified by the intense heat. They were exposed in a jar of oxygen gas to the focus of a powerful lens; and, although they neither melted nor altered their forms, a decided precipitate was formed upon the introduction of lime water into the vessel. The globules of melted plumbago are absolute non-conductors of electricity; as strictly so as the diamond."

Mr. Faraday, of the Royal Institution, has made the important discovery of a method, by which carbonic gas can be condensed, and exhibited in a liquid form, limpid and colourless like water: he has also effected the same thing with the following æriform substances, viz. nitrous oxide, sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, cyanogen and enchlorine, all of which, except the last, produce colourless fluids; that of chlorine being of a yellow colour. Mr. Faraday's mode of operating has been published, but only briefly, with regard to chlorine, and a repetition thereof by Sir H. Davy, with respect to muriatic acid: it appears to consist, in causing the gases to be evolved from substances containing them, in hermetically sealed glass tubes, when the pressure of the atmosphere of evolved gas occasions its condensation into a fluid.

The same thing has been effected, by mechanically forcing the gasses into a strong vessel, immersed in a frigorific mixture. Upon dividing a tube containing fluid chlorine, a report was heard, the yellow fluid instantly disappeared, and a strong atmosphere of chlorine gas was

produced. The fluids resulting from the other condensed gases, seem also extremely volatile, and alike incapable of being retained at the ordinary temperature and pressure of the atmosphere.—Is it too much to hope and expect, that ere long our ingenious chemical philosophers, will devise methods, by which the fluids thus obtained, can be further condensed into solid or crystallized substances? and thus the diamond be manufactured, solid oxygen exhibited, &c. &c.

A new and powerful galvanic apparatus has been constructed at the London Institution by W. H. PEPYS, esq. It consists of a single sheet of copper and one of zinc, each fifty feet long, and two feet broad. They are wound round a wooden centre, and kept apart by pieces of interposed hair-lines. The coil and its counterpoise are suspended by a rope over a tub of diluted acid. When lowered into the tub, its electricity is so low, as not to affect the electrometer; even a bit of charcoal serves to insulate it, and it can hardly ignite an inch of platinum wire of one-thirtieth of an inch diameter; but when the poles are connected by a copper wire, one-eighth of an inch diameter, and eight inches long, it becomes hot, is most powerfully magnetic, and admirably adapted for all electro-magnetic experiments.

Indigo has lately been submitted to a rigid analysis by Mr. WALTER CRUM, of Glasgow, whose experiments are detailed in the "Annals of Philosophy;" whereby it appears, that sublimed or purified indigo is composed of one atom of azote, two atoms of oxygen, four atoms of hydrogen, and sixteen atoms of carbon; and in the course of these experiments he was fortunate enough to discover two new substances allied to indigo: one of them, named by him *phenicin*, consisting of the above elements of indigo, combined with two atoms of water (or of its component gases); and the other, which he calls *cerulin*, consisting of the same elements of indigo, combined with four atoms of water (or its gases). *Cerulin*, in combination with the sulphuric salts, is found by Mr. C. to possess the singular property of being soluble in pure or distilled water, but not so in impure water, of any kind which he tried; and hence he explains the practice of many experienced laundresses, who, in the washing of printed dresses, particularly those whose colours are dark, have found it necessary to rinse them in hard water (or else in salted or alumed water instead,) before hanging them up to dry, otherwise the colours run or spread on to the white parts.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES OF MERCHANDIZE.

July 29.

Aug. 20.

Cocoa, W. I. common ..	£3 5 0	to	4 0 0	3 5 0	to	4 0 0	per cwt
Coffee, Jamaica, ordinary	4 0 0	—	4 15 0	3 15 0	—	4 3 0	do.
—, fine ..	5 0 0	—	6 4 0	5 7 0	—	6 2 0	do.
—, Mocha	5 0 0	—	8 0 0	5 0 0	—	8 0 0	do.
Cotton, W. I. common..	0 0 9	—	0 0 11	0 0 9	—	0 0 11	per lb.
—, Demerara	0 0 11½	—	0 1 1½	0 0 11½	—	0 1 1½	do.
Currants	5 0 0	—	5 12 0	5 12 0	—	0 0 0	per cwt.
Figs, Turkey	1 18 0	—	2 2 0	1 18 0	—	2 2 0	per chest
Flax, Riga	63 0 0	—	65 0 0	63 0 0	—	64 0 0	per ton.
Hemp, Riga, Rhine	41 10 0	—	42 10 0	42 0 0	—	43 0 0	do.
Hops, new, Pockets	8 0 0	—	10 10 0	8 0 0	—	10 10 0	per cwt.
—, Sussex, do.	6 10 0	—	7 10 0	6 10 0	—	7 10 0	do.
Iron, British, Bars	8 10 0	—	9 0 0	8 10 0	—	9 0 0	per ton.
—, Pigs	6 0 0	—	7 0 0	6 0 0	—	7 0 0	do.
Oil, Lucca	11 10 0	—	0 0 0	9 10 0	—	10 0 0	25 galls.
—, Galipoli	55 0 0	—	56 0 0	54 0 0	—	0 0 0	per ton.
Rags	2 1 0	—	0 0 0	2 1 0	—	0 0 0	per cwt.
Raisins, bloom or jar, new	3 10 0	—	0 0 0	3 10 0	—	0 0 0	do.
Rice, Patna	0 16 0	—	1 0 0	0 16 0	—	1 0 0	do.
—, Carolina	1 17 0	—	2 0 0	1 18 0	—	2 0 0	do.
Silk, China, raw	0 16 1	—	1 1 1	0 16 1	—	0 18 1	per lb.
—, Bengal, skein	0 11 4	—	0 12 2	0 11 5	—	0 12 10	do.
Spices, Cinnamon	0 6 0	—	0 7 0	0 7 0	—	0 8 4	do.
—, Cloves	0 3 9	—	0 4 0	0 3 9	—	0 4 0	do.
—, Nutmegs	0 3 1	—	0 0 0	0 3 1	—	0 0 0	do.
—, Pepper, black ..	0 0 6½	—	0 0 6½	0 0 6½	—	0 0 6½	do.
—, white ..	0 1 3	—	0 1 3½	0 1 3½	—	0 1 3½	do.
Spirits, Brandy, Cogniac	0 2 10	—	0 3 4	0 2 9	—	0 3 3	per gal.
—, Geneva Hollands	0 2 0	—	0 2 1	0 2 1	—	0 2 2	do.
—, Rum, Jamaica ..	0 2 4	—	0 2 6	0 2 4	—	0 2 6	do.
Sugar, brown	2 13 0	—	2 14 0	2 14 0	—	2 15 0	per cwt.
—, Jamaica, fine	3 5 0	—	3 10 0	3 5 0	—	3 8 0	do.
—, East India, brown	1 0 0	—	1 4 0	1 0 0	—	1 4 0	do.
—, lump, fine	4 4 0	—	4 7 0	4 4 0	—	4 8 0	do.
Tallow, town-melted	1 18 6	—	0 0 0	2 2 0	—	0 0 0	do.
—, Russia, yellow ..	1 14 6	—	0 0 0	1 17 0	—	0 0 0	do.
Tea, Bohea	0 2 5	—	0 2 5½	0 2 5	—	0 2 5½	per lb.
—, Hyson, best	0 5 7	—	0 6 0	0 5 7	—	0 6 0	do.
Wine, Madeira, old	20 0 0	—	70 0 0	20 0 0	—	70 0 0	per pipe
—, Port, old	42 0 0	—	48 0 0	42 0 0	—	48 0 0	do.
—, Sherry	20 0 0	—	50 0 0	20 0 0	—	50 0 0	per butt

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. a 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. a 30s.—Belfast, 25s. a 30s.—Hambro', 20s. a 50s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 12 gs.

Course of Exchange, Aug. 19.—Amsterdam, 12 10.—Hamburgh, 38 2.—Paris, 26 5.—Leghorn, 46½.—Lisbon, 52½.—Dublin, 9½ per cent.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe and Edmonds.—Birmingham, 310l.—Coventry, 1100l.—Derby, 140l.—Ellesmere, 65l.—Grand Surrey, 44l.—Grand Union, 18l. 10s.—Grand Junction, 250l.—Grand Western, 4l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 375l.—Leicester, 300l.—Loughbro', 3500l.—Oxford, 745l.—Trent and Mersey, 2000l.—Worcester, 33l.—East India Docks, 140l.—London, 118l.—West India, 183l.—Southwark BRIDGE, 19l.—Strand, 5l.—Royal Exchange ASSURANCE, 255l.—Albion, 51l.—Globe, 155l.—GAS LIGHT COMPANY, 75l.—City Ditto, 128l.

The 3 per cent. Reduced, on the 26th was 83½; 3 per cent. Consols, 82½; 4 per cent. Consols, 101; new 4 per cent. 100½; Bank Stock 226.

Gold in bars, 3l. 17s. 6d. per oz.—New doubloons, 3l. 15s. 6d.—Silver in bars, 4s. 11d.

ALPHABETICAL

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES announced between the 20th of July, and the 20th of Aug. 1823: extracted from the London Gazettes.

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 61.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

ADAMS, J. Union-street, Southwark, oilman. (Drew and Sons)
 Alderson, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, surgeon. (Constable and Co. L.)
 Astor, W. H. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, musical instrument maker. (Lester)
 Austin, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Gilbank)
 Awty, R. H. Liverpool, dealer and chapman. (Crump)
 Baker, T. W. Foley-street, tallow-chandler. (Mayhew)
 Beart, J. Limehouse, timber-merchant. (Beet, L.)
 Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer. (Fisher and Co.)
 Broadhead, W. H. and T. Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, printers. (Allen)
 Butcher, T. Holborn, victualler. (Carpenter)
 Clarke, J. L. Honiton, Devonshire, saddle-maker. (Luxmore, L.)
 Cocker, G. H. Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, bill-broker. (Wigley)
 Consitt, R. and R. Lee, Hull, merchants. (Shaw, L.)
 Copp, J. High-street, Bloomsbury, draper. (Gates)
 Crisp, C. and J. Harris, Bristol, shoe-makers. (Williams and Co. L.)
 Davies, M. Bodynfol, Montgomeryshire, farmer. (Rogers, L.)
 Dawson, H. Leeds, silk-mercator. (Makinson, L.)
 Drummond, W. Hull, draper. (Chester, L.)
 Evans, D. Swansea, draper. (Bridges and Co. L.)
 Evans, E. Bollingbrooke-row, Walworth, baker. (Lys, L.)
 Graves, J. and H. S. Langbourn Chambers, merchants. (Fisher)
 Green, G. York-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. (Sweet and Co.)
 Green, J. White-horse Terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant. (Freeman and Co. L.)
 Harris, J. Llandarrog, Carmarthenshire, cattle-dealer. (Hilliard and Co. L.)
 Haselden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer. (Grey, Kingsland-road)
 Hawkins, J. U. Star Corner, Bermondsey, carpenter. (Lee)
 Hobbs, T. Westminster-road, victualler. (Bennett)
 Holroyd, W. Leadenhall-street, machine-maker. (Parris)
 Humphreys, H. and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-founders. (Lace and Co.)

Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker. (Mott)
 Jones, T. St. John's-street, West Smithfield, stationer. (Tanner)
 Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-man. (Webster and Son)
 Ladd, Sir J. Cornhill, watch-maker and jeweller. (Spyer)
 Lean, T. Liverpool, coach-maker. (Garnett)
 Longworth, J. Liverpool, builder. (Leigh, L.)
 Lucas, J. Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road, musical instrument maker. (Lester, L.)
 Mandate, E. Sebergham, Cumberland, lime-burner. (Falcon, L.)
 Middleton, R. King-street, Rotherhithe, merchant. (Greaves and Co. L.)
 Morton, R. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, paper-hanger. (Hill)
 Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, edge-tool makers. (Swain and Co. L.)
 Ramsden, H. Walworth, coach-master. (Chasley and Co. L.)
 Reed, T. High Holborn, linen-draper. (Jones)
 Righton, J. Bristol, haberdasher. (Clarke and Co.)
 Rogers, R. Piddle Hinton, Dorsetshire, farmer. (Hine, L.)
 Rothwell, P. Runcorn, Cheshire, corn-dealer. (Bruderett and Co. L.)
 Saffery, E. Downham, Norfolk, farmer. (Consteen)
 Sciaccalaga, J. Old Bailey, merchant. (Lavis and Co.)
 Shorthose, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer. (Anderson and Co.)
 Simpson, R. Watling-street, warehouseman. (Holton)
 Smith, J. Bradninch, Devonshire, paper-maker. (Hurd and Co. L.)
 Smith, W. B. Bristol, innholder. (Williams and Co.)
 Squires, T. St. Albans, saddler. (Fairthorne and Co.)
 Steward, M. H. Long-lane, Bermondsey, pump-maker. (Clutton and Co.)
 Symes, K. Kingswood, Wilts, clothier. (Bourdillon and Co. L.)
 Tabberer, B. Monmouth, currier. (Jenings and Co.)
 Thornton, H. Thayer-street, oilman. (Peachey)
 Truelove, W. Dunchurch, Warwickshire, farmer. (Meyrick and Co. L.)
 Warr, J. W. Davies, and T. Matthews, Tipton, Staffordshire, iron-masters. (Turner and Co. L.)
 Watts, E. Yeovil, Somersetshire, butcher. (Williams)
 Wibberley, G. Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, L.)
 Williamson, J. Withington, Lancashire. (Johnson and Co. Manchester.)

DIVIDENDS.

Atkinson, J. H. Holme, Westmoreland
 Bainbridge, J. Whitehaven
 Beaumont, G. Crowle, Lincolnshire
 Bedson, T. and R. Bishop Aston, near Birmingham
 Bell, T. Lincoln
 Bennett, S. A. Shoreditch
 Bennett, T. Dartmouth
 Bldwith, T. Stolesden, Shropshire
 Binion, J. Edward-street, Portman-square
 Burton, G. Knottingley, Yorkshire
 Byrne, E. Jun. Liverpool
 Carter, H. Ratchiffe-highway
 Cattermole, J. Framlingham, Suffolk
 Clarke, C. Bristol
 Cochran, T. York
 Cole, W. Sinnington, Yorkshire
 Cowrie, S. Barbican
 Cranage, T. Watling-street
 Deeping, G. Lincoln
 Dickens, G. J. Skinner-street, Snow-hill
 Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham Court road
 Douglas and Co. Fleet-street
 Doulan, M. J. Cleveland-street, Westminster
 Drakeford, A. Coleshill, Warwickshire

Dryden, J. Oxford-street
 Dunn, W. Hoxton
 Dye, S. Norwich
 Edmunds, T. Castellbugged, Cardiganshire
 Edwards, J. Gough-square
 Feise, G. Lawrence Pountney-hill
 Flecknoe, J. Daventry
 Forster, J. H. and C. Dobson, Norwich
 Fowler, W. Staines
 Grant, W. Oxford-street
 Greig, W. City-road
 Grove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool
 Hall, H. and J. Upper Thames-street
 Hamand, S. B. Plymouth
 Hayton, W. and M. Douglas, Sunderland
 Henzell, E. W. White Lion wharf, Upper Thames-street
 Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield
 Hillary, J. P. Mark-lane
 Hulbert, T. Chippenham
 Jackson, J. Dowgate-hill
 Jardine, A. Leatherhead
 Jenkins, E. Picketstone, Glamorganshire
 Jenkins, J. Llanvithen, Glamorganshire
 Kerr, W. Sherborne-lane
 Kirkland and Badenoch, Coventry

Large, J. Wootton Bassett, Wilts
 Lea, W. and J. F. Paternoster-row
 Leyburn, G. Bishopsgate-street
 Low, H. A. Sunderland
 Maberly, J. Welbeck-street
 M'Shene, M. Foley-place, Portman-square
 Manning, J. Clement's-inn
 Matthews, T. Bishopwearmouth
 Miles, J. Fairford, Gloucester
 Minchin, T. A., W. G. Carter, and A. Kelly, jun. Portsmouth
 Oliver, J. Broad-street, Golden square
 Palfrey, W. Hinckwick, Gloucestershire
 Parker, T. Stourbridge
 Passmore, J. Farnham
 Perkins, J. Coventry
 Player and Keen, Bristol
 Porter, H. Taunton
 Reid, D. Princes-street, Spitalfields
 Renaud, E. Birmingham
 Robinson, P. Kendal
 Rodger, J. Sheffield
 Roper, W. J. and W. Damens, Yorkshire
 Sharp, J. B.
 Smith, J. Liverpool
 Southbrook, E. C. Covent Garden Chambers
 Squire, L. Earith, Huntingdonshire Spring.

Spring, J. O. Coningsby, Lincoln-shire
Tappenden, J. J. and F. Stour-month
Tate, W. Cateaton-street
Tippetts and Gethen, Basinghall-street
Tomlinson, W. jun. Nantwich
Turnbull and Co. Broad-street

Turner, W. Buckholt-house, Ley-ton, Essex
Wagstaffe and Baylis, Kidder-minster
Walker, J. Jun. Axbridge, Somers-etshire
Wall, C. Coventry
Walton, S. Nantwich
Warwick and Aldred, Rotherham

White, A. Aldermanbury
Whitwell, S. Coventry
Winscom, J. Andover
Wood, J. Walsall
Wood, P. Kingston
Worrall, S., A. Pope, and J. Edmonds, Bristol
Young, J. G. Shiplake, Oxfordsh.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WHEAT harvest is at its height of activity throughout the southern counties, and much corn has already been carried in the best condition: also wheat has been cut in the most forward of the northern. So great a quantity of rain having already fallen, a very prosperous latter harvest may be rationally expected. From actual and close examination over a considerable extent and variety of soil, the wheat-straw is remarkably clean, but the ears bear the marks, in a greater or less degree, of having suffered from atmospheric vicissitude. Specimens of Sir Joseph Banks's 'hairy parasite' are in sufficient plenty, even in the finest crops; among which, also, may be found the black and red rust, which are the *ova* or eggs of the aphid, or wheat-blight insect. Hence, a number of the kernels in an ear are found shrunk and withered; and a considerable quantity of *tail* wheat may be expected in the present season. In the North, they complain of much *smutted* or putrid wheat, none of which the present writer has yet observed. On the whole, the crops have escaped wonderfully, the variable nature of the season considered, the deficiency of solar heat, and the constant rains. This good fortune is doubtless attributable to the long prevalence of the western winds, to the speedy absorption and evaporation which have constantly taken place, and to the cold alternations not being of long continuance. The winds, during some weeks past, have alternated, almost daily, between south-west and north-east. In such a season as the present, with winds in the opposite quarters, (it has formerly happened) the whole crops of the country would be nearly destroyed.

Late accounts from parts of Scotland and Wales speak of incessant heavy rains beating down the standing corn, and causing that to sprout which has been cut. For this calamity there is no remedy but in a favourable change of weather. Take it throughout, the wheat crop is great, both in corn and straw, as is also that of barley. Oats, good, but in few parts. In some favoured situations, the beans have escaped; in general, they are the worst crop of the year, and with these hops may be classed. Pease a variable crop. Turnips superabundant. Potatoes in vast plenty. There is a great bulk of hay, but the quality generally ordinary, and much of it damaged; on which account, the reduced price of salt will prove beneficial. The after-grass is most luxuriant and heavy. There is somewhat more life in the wool-trade. In fine, the country abounds to profusion, in corn, cattle, fruits, raw materials, and manufactures: in all the first necessities and luxuries of life, one thing only is wanted, *a knowledge of the cause, and a remedy for that overwhelming distress, under which such numbers of our countrymen actually labour.*

Smithfield:—Beef, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s.—Veal, 2s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Pork, 2s. 4d. to 4s. 2d.—Lamb, 3s. 4d. to 5s.—Bacon, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d. per stone.

Corn Exchange:—Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—New, 56s. to 62s.—Barley, 30s. to 38s.—Oats, 23s. to 33s.—London price of best bread, 4lb. for 9½d.—Hay, 76s. to 115s.—Clover, do. 84s. to 126s.—Straw, 36s. to 46s.

Coals in the pool, 38s. 6d. to 45s.
Middlesex; Aug. 25.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN AUGUST.

RUSSIA.

WE lament to learn from an Englishman long resident in the interior of Russia, and lately arrived in London, that that empire is retrograding in a melancholy manner into the state of barbarism and despotism, from which at one time it was hoped it was emancipating. All the plans of amelioration

MONTHLY MAG. No. 386.

which had been adopted are laid aside and utterly discouraged, and every thing military, with all its vassalage and oppression, distinguishes the present policy. A regular army of above a million is not deemed sufficient; but a large proportion of the villages are made military, i. e. taxes are remitted on the condition of the male population being exercised

2 A three

three days a-week. The soldiery too are quartered on the housekeepers, and often divide their property and take a daughter to wife under superior authority. The number of persons in chains under charges, often unknown, and untried, amounts to 150,000, while the system of *cerfs* is every where on the increase. In regard to manufactures, they are managed by Generals for the government, and their products are twice or thrice the price of the same articles smuggled from foreign countries. Money bears an interest of 20 and 25 per cent. and private speculation and industry of course are overwhelmed for want of capital. In a word, Russia is throughout a military government, and its entire policy is become military, to which every other social interest is rendered subservient. We regret such a result, because, after the death of Paul, improvements and ameliorations were spoken of, and were hailed by ourselves and others as likely to raise Russia to some rank among civilized nations; but we think it our duty to mention these changes for the guide of public opinion in reasoning upon Turkey and Greece, for it is too evident that the ascendancy of the Turks in Greece could not be more pernicious than that of Russia. The facts serve too as texts on which the free and civilized nations of all Europe ought to reason in speculating on its future destinies.

PRUSSIA.

The policy of Russia is that of Prussia. It is entirely military, but still more jealous, the passport and espionage system being exercised in the same perfection as in France itself. A silent war is thus carried on against the march of public intelligence, and constitutes a very remarkable feature of the age in which we live.

GERMANY.

The little which remains of freedom in Germany, owing to the clashing of local interests in the multitude of independent governments, is in a state of rapid deterioration. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, expect certain regulations to be adopted in each state restrictive of the press and personal liberty; and none dare resist so powerful a combination of despotism. The liberal king of Wirtemberg is obliged to accommodate his policy to the views of these superiors; and even the Swiss Cantons are no longer able to direct their own internal policy. The press, long so free in Helvetia, where

Rousseau and Voltaire lived and wrote in security, is now placed under an arbitrary regime. Such are the fruits of the Holy Alliance.

SPAIN.

A country covered with civil slaughter, with one part of its population arrayed against the other part, and with legions of monks allied to foreign banditti, is another of the results of the same Alliance. Let us hear no more of the French convention and the guillotine; they slew their thousands to *save* France, but the infernal policy pursued in Spain, slays its tens of thousands to *ruin* that fine country.

In our last, we calculated on the speedy retreat and extermination of the foreign banditti, but we did not suspect the extent of the treachery of the unprincipled Spanish commanders. The army under Ballasteros, of above 20,000 men, was regarded as the bulwark of Spanish liberty; and, although his continued retreat before the corps of Molitor was mysterious and ominous, yet it was little suspected that it would end in open compromise. His unfortunate troops were ensnared and betrayed in the mountains north of Grenada, of course easily beaten and scattered, when Ballasteros threw off the disguise, and basely united himself to the invaders of his country. It is believed that his army deserted him, but in so doing it has become in great measure inefficient. Thus the Cortes have been successively betrayed; in the centre by Abisbal, on the left by Morillo, and on the right by Ballasteros! Can we wonder that the Committee of Public Safety in France found it necessary to displace Dumourier, and decapitate Custine and Houchard? Are not all the events in Spain a commentary and justification of the much abused government of revolutionary France?

Of all the Spanish generals, Mina in Catalonia is the only commander in the field who has performed the duties of a patriot hero. With a handful of troops he has kept at bay an experienced marshal of France, repeatedly baffled him in the field, and rendered his forces nugatory. A vain attempt has been made to blockade or besiege Barcelona, but attended with as many ruinous skirmishes as are equal to the loss of a pitched battle. Mina still keeps the field, and seems rather to blockade the enemy in Spain, than permit any operation of theirs. But even the example of this hero has not prevented one of his sub-commanders,

commanders, of the infamous name of Manso, from seeking to betray his division; yet the traitor had difficulty to escape with only a few of his officers.

In the mean time the brave governors of the fortified places defend them against every attempt; and the French, in four months, have not obtained the surrender of a single garrison. Even Corunna, an unfortified place, has resisted a large force for nearly a month, and occasioned an immense loss among the French banditti and their Spanish adherents. Sir Robert Wilson and Quiroga having organized the defence of the place, left it, the one for Vigo, since found untenable, and the other for Cadiz, where he proceeded by way of England.

As there can be no doubt that the French armies have been greatly thinned during their four months' hard service, and as France is appeased by the industrious circulation of pending negotiations, which are held out as grounds of hope, so we continue to flatter ourselves that liberty in Spain may triumph, either through the retreat of the French, or by a negotiation in which the original objects of the invasion will be abandoned. The Duc d'Angouleme, or rather his councils, for he is a mere man of straw, are at issue with their violent Spanish friends, and their power of indulging their vengeance has been pointedly restrained. By withdrawing from them, the French doubtless hope to conciliate the opposite party, and it is understood that this true Bourbon is now before Cadiz making overtures to the Patriot Government. Before our next publication, we hope

that an accommodation will be effected, or that the French and the Spanish traitors will be in full retreat towards the Pyrenees.

Unfortunately most of the accounts of the war have been propagated through the corrupted and over-awed journals of France; so that in the difficulty of distinguishing truth from falsehood, we are unable to draw correct conclusions. Even the information in the English government journals is little to be relied on, while the same man is our ambassador to the Spanish government who filled a similar situation at the court of Naples in 1821.

GREECE.

Every account represents the Greeks as victorious in their rencontres with the Turks. The latter have been once more overthrown at Thermopylae, and all Thessaly is said to be in possession of the Greeks. Terrible fires too have been lighted at Constantinople, and parts of the naval arsenals destroyed. The Greeks seem also to be able to send expeditions to Candia and Asia Minor; and, if the latest accounts are to be credited, the Turkish fleet has been entirely destroyed. Of the independance of Greece little doubt can be entertained; but these brave people have now more to fear from the overwhelming eagles of Siberia and Austria than from the Ottoman crescent. To arrive at the key to the horrors which distinguish these wars, we call the attention of our readers to the Bloody Journal of the ordinary practice of Russian or Christian warfare when Mahomedans are the objects.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON;

With Biographical Memoirs of distinguished Characters recently deceased.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

JULY 29.—Intelligence received that the Steam-packet, Lusitania, a fine vessel of 80-horse power, which plied between London and Lisbon, struck on a rock off Evigeva, on the 11th inst. There were 200 passengers on-board, 50 perished from having imprudently left the vessel too soon.

—The magnificent temple of St. Paul's, at Rome, was destroyed by fire on the 15th July, owing to some sparks from a chafing dish of coals used by plumbers, falling on the timbers of the roof.

Aug. 5.—A melancholy accident happened at Billingsgate, in consequence of its being the first day of the oyster-

season. Among the great number of persons eager to purchase, 17 were, owing to a plank giving way, precipitated into the river, 12 of whom were picked up, but the other five were drowned.

7.—An extensive burglary was committed in Lambeth palace; the burglars remain undetected.

The house of the Rev. Mr. Onslow, of Newington, entered by false keys, and robbed to a considerable extent.

8.—A highly respectable company assembled at the City of London Tavern, to resume the discussion on the resolutions proposed by Mr. Owen on the 5th. Mr. O. now submitted other resolutions, recommending an application to Government

ment to advance money, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 per cent. interest, for the purpose of trying one experiment, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but more especially in the latter country. Some discussion followed, in the course of which the Rev. Mr. Lee objected to Mr. Owen's plan, as separating the father and the mother from their child, and destroying all the best and dearest natural affections. Ultimately the resolutions were carried, with only one dissentient voice.

13.—News arrived that hostilities had re-commenced between the Turks and Greeks, and that the Turks had been thrice defeated on land, and their plans deranged.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures have lately offered, among their premiums, one "To the person who shall invent and discover to the Society a Method of preventing accidents arising from Stage Coaches, *the Gold Medal or thirty guineas*. Ample certificates of its efficacy, and a description of the method, with models of the machinery used, to be produced to the society on or before the last Tuesday in February, 1824.

Several convictions of human brutes have taken place within the month under Mr. Martin's God-like Act. We hope to hear of its operation through the country, and that all the readers of the Monthly Magazine, at least, will be active in putting it in force. On one occasion, Mr. Martin himself had the heroism to seize a fellow in Smithfield, just after he had broken the leg of a sheep. In France, whips are preferred to knobbed sticks, for driving cattle, &c.

MARRIED.

Charles Montague Williams, esq. eldest son of William W. esq. M.P. to Miss Anna Maria Scott, of Sundridge-park, Kent.

Mr. Thomas Sell, of London, to Miss Mary Anne Peters, of Egham.

Thomas William Coventry, esq. only son of the late Hon. Thomas C. of North Cray, to Miss Ann Coventry, of Spring Hill, Worcestershire.

At Mary-le-Bone, the Hon. G. J. Milles, of Elmham-hall, Norfolk, to Eleanor, daughter of Dowager Lady Knatchbull, of Wimpole-street.

Mr. John Deudney, of Shoreditch, to Miss Maria Esther Dixon, of Wickham Bishops, Essex.

G. C. P. Living, esq. of Newington, to Miss Harriet Courage, of St. John's, Southwark.

At Mary-le-Bone Church, J. B. Praed, esq. of Tyningham, Bucks, to Sophia, sister of C. Chaplin, esq. M.P. for Lincolnshire.

The Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, to Lady Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

The Rev. T. Clare, vicar of Great Staughton, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Mary Anne Lee, of King-street, Covent-garden.

At Mary-le-Bone, Alexander Greig, esq. to Mrs. Wigsell, widow of the Rev. Attwood W. of Sanderstead, Surrey.

F. A. Clarke, esq. of Henfield, near Dorking, to Miss Anna Caroline Brett, of Grove House, Old Brompton.

The Rev. J. J. W. Turner, of Little Hampton, to Miss Hawes, of Chiswick.

Henry Birbeck, esq. of Lynn, Norfolk, to Elizabeth Lucy, daughter of the late Robert Barclay, esq. of Clapham Common.

Mr. John Coleman, of Cannon-street, to Maria Cooper, daughter of Professor Coleman, Veterinary College.

William Budd Prescott, esq. Bucklersbury, to Miss Jane Ravenhill, of Clapham Common.

M. K. Knight, esq. of Berner's-street, to Miss Marianne Holley, of Blickling.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, S. G. Benyon, esq. of Stratton-street, Piccadilly, to Caroline, daughter of John Thorp, esq. of Chippenham-park.

At St. Mary's, Newington Butts, Robert William Dickinson, esq. to Miss Susan Macroft, of Ware.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Frederic Wood, esq. of Cardiff, to Mary, daughter of William Crawshaw, esq. of Stoke-Newington.

John James King, esq. of Grosvenor-place, to Lady Charlotte, daughter of the Earl of Egremont.

Edward Treacher, esq. of Burton-Crescent, to Miss Anne Sarah Bowles, of Myddleton-house, Enfield.

Capt. Isaac Hawkins Morrison, R.N. to Louisa Adams, daughter of John Powell, Smith, esq. of Upper Berkeley-street.

W. E. Farrer, esq. of the E. I. Co.'s Service, to Miss Cracklow, of St. Olave's, Southwark.

The Rev. J. Hewlett, Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital, to Caroline, daughter of the late R. Price, esq. of Elstree, Hants.

Capt. Thomas N. Quicke, of the Dragon Guards, to Miss Sophia Evered, of Hill House, near Bridgewater.

The Hon. Capt. G. G. Waldegrave, R.N. to Esther Caroline, daughter of the late J. Pagett, esq. of Totteridge, Herts.

Lord Sidmouth, to the Hon. Mrs. Townsend, widow of Thomas T. esq. of Harrington-hall, Staffordshire, and daughter of Lord Stowell.

Lieut. H. Walter, of the Madras Army, and of Leigh, Essex, to Anne Pinder, daughter of the late William Dermer, esq. of Chelsea.

Thomas

Thomas Norton, jun. of Surrey-square, to Harriet Sterry, of Southwark, both of the Society of Friends.

John Vivian, jun. esq. of Hackney, to Susan, daughter of the late J. James, esq. of Penwinnick, near Truro.

Mr. Nicholls, solicitor, of London, to Miss Clark, of Frome.

DIED.

At Mitcham, 58, *Mr. Bailey Austin*, an eminent calico printer of that place.

At Stanmore, *Lady Mary Finch*, daughter of the late Earl of Aylesford.

In Southampton-buildings, 63, *Edward Bigg, esq.*

In Curzon-street, 64, *Mrs. Mary Cotterell*, sister of Sir John Geers C. bart. M.P.

In London, *James Adam, esq.* of Shiffnall, Shropshire.

In New Burlington-street, 55, *Andrew Mathias, esq.*

At Pye-Nest, near Halifax, 85, *John Edwards, esq.* of Harleyford-place, Kensington.

In Gower-street, Bedford-square, *Elizabeth*, widow of John Hull Harris, esq. of Stanwell.

At Dalston, 42, *Henry Windus, esq.*

At Brompton, 69, *Mrs. Rich*, widow of Robert R. esq.

William Beauchamp, son of Henry St. John, esq. of Hornsey.

In Walsingham-place, Lambeth, 27, *Mary*, wife of C. H. Rhodes, esq.

In Queen-square, *George Metcalfe, esq.*

At Twickenham, 76, *Jane*, widow of Stephen Pitt, esq. of Kensington.

At Bow, 59, *Francis Jowers, esq.* many years a Common Councilman of the Ward of Cripplegate.

On Dalwich Common, 57, *Mrs. Page*, wife of Samuel P. esq.

In Albany-road, Camberwell, 55, *Isaac Rice, esq.*

In Bedford square, *Major Gen. Darby Griffith*, of Padsworth-house, Berks.

In Devonshire-place, *Esther*, wife of the Rev. Francis North, prebendary of Westminster.

At Brompton, 59, *Lieut. Col. B. Lawrence*, late of the 13th Light Dragoons.

At Kilburn-priory, *Robert Gray, esq.* of the Duchy of Cornwall, Somerset-place.

J. Crouch, esq. Surveyor-General of the Customs.

At Twickenham, 79, *Sarah*, widow of Jeremiah Hodges, esq. of Boulney-court, Oxfordshire.

At Brentford, *Mrs. Montgomery.*

At Cobham, 78, *John Balchard, esq.*

On Stamford-hill, *Mary*, widow of Edward Janson, esq.

In Regent-street, *Lady Wilson*, wife of Sir Robert W. M.P. for Southwark, after many years' illness.

At Epping, the Rev. *James Curvey, B.D.* preacher at the Charterhouse, and rector of Thurning, Norfolk.

In Walcot-place, Lambeth, 40, *Mrs. Ann Todd.*

Benjamin Pugh, esq. of Bernard-street, Russell-square, many years Deputy Clerk of Assize in the Oxford Circuit, and much and deservedly respected by an extensive circle of friends and connexions.

In York-street, 83, the Rev. *Dr. Ledwich, LL.D.*; he was the author of the "Antiquities of Ireland," and was member of the most distinguished literary Societies of Europe. On all subjects of Irish Antiquities and History, he has, during the present generation, been regarded as the highest authority.

At Sheerness, *Edward Quin, esq.* many years a member of the Common Council for Farringdon Without. Mr. Quin was afterwards a proprietor of a morning paper called "The Day," which has since been changed into "The New Times." His body was found resting upon the wall from Sheerness to Queenborough. He was a man of superior eloquence, and of very attractive manners, but unfortunate in speculations of business, which required at once application as well as genius.

In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, 67, *George Richard Savage Nassau, esq.* only brother of the Earl of Rochford. Mr. Nassau was distinguished as the most diligent antiquary of his native county, Essex, and his collection of materials for its history, which he had in contemplation, was very extensive. His library was among the most extensive in the kingdom. He died regretted for many amiable private virtues.

At his apartments in Beaufort-buildings, *William Dickson, LL.D.* he was a native of Moffort, in the south of Scotland. He received a respectable education, partly at Edinburgh. Early in life he went to Barbadoes, where he officiated as a Teacher of Mathematics, in a respectable establishment in that island, and was, for some years, secretary to the Governor. While acting as a volunteer in the artillery, he had his right hand carried off by the explosion of a cannon. On his return to this country, he took a most active part in the abolition of the slave-trade; in the business of procuring petitions against that infamous traffic, Scotland was the district allotted to his exertions, and he travelled many thousand miles, and greatly injured his constitution by his exertions in favour of the Blacks. But the Doctor was an enthusiast in whatever he undertook; notwithstanding the loss of his hand, very few men ever wrote more. He was a man of very extensive erudition, and an excellent mathematician,

tician, and contributed a great many papers, which at an early period, tended to establish the reputation of the *Philosophical Magazine*. He was a man of true piety, and real practical religion! For his exertions in the abolition of the slave-trade, he obtained, through the influence of Mr. Wilberforce, a situation in the Mint; though the salary was moderate, by strict economy he contrived to save a considerable sum of money, and, though to himself severe, his purse was always open to his friends, and many of his young countrymen were relieved from temporary distress from his slender funds. He had retired from active employment for some years; he expressed in his will a singular wish, that if he were the survivor, he should be laid in the same grave with his friend and coadjutor, the respectable Clarkson.

In his apartments, Lambeth-road, 82, *William Coombe, esq.* who originally excited great attention in the fashionable world by a poem entitled, '*The Diaboliad*,' the hero of which was generally understood to be a nobleman lately deceased. Many other poems issued from his pen, but none ever bore the stamp of his name. Within the last few years, under the liberal patronage of Mr. Ackermann, who continued to be a generous friend to him till his last moments, he brought forth a work which became very popular and attractive, under the title of '*The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque*.' This work, which he extended to a '*Second and a Third Tour*,' with nearly the same spirit and humour as characterized the first, will for ever rank among the most humorous productions of British literature. He afterwards produced poems entitled '*The English Dance of Death*,' and '*The Dance of Life*,' which were written with the same spirit, humour, and knowledge of mankind, that marked his other works. His last poem was '*The History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax*.' All these works were illustrated by some admirable prints, from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson. Among the other works of this gentleman was '*The Devil upon Two Sticks in England*,' in which many very distinguished characters at that period were introduced, and the whole fairly entitles him to the name of the English *Le Sage*. He was the author also of several political pamphlets, which made a considerable impression on the public, among which were '*The Royal Interview*,' '*A Letter from a Country Gentleman to his Friend in Town*,' '*A Word in Season*,' and many others. He also wrote those letters, which appear under the title

of '*Letters of the late Lord Littleton*.' —Mr. Coombe began life under the most favourable auspices. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. He possessed great talents, and a very fine person, as well as a good fortune, which, unhappily, he soon dissipated among the high connections to which his talents and attainments introduced him, and he subsequently passed through many vicissitudes of life, which at length compelled him to resort to literature for support. Innumerable are the works of taste and science which were submitted to his revision, and of which others had the reputation. A love of show and dress, but neither gaming nor drinking, was the source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine; but, though a mere water-drinker, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sung in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was always entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper with very agreeable manners. He was twice married. His second wife, who is now alive, is the sister of Mrs. Cosway, and possessed of congenial taste and talents.

At Sheffield, 57, Mr. Robert Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, once very popular, and of other poems. He was the son of a poor taylor in Suffolk, originally employed as a farmer's boy, and afterwards followed the employment of a shoe-maker. Having, about 1800, finished his four Poems on the rural employments of the seasons, he brought them to London to endeavour to get them published. His first application was to Mr. Charles Dilly, who recommended him to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. He brought his Poems to our office; and, though his unpolished appearance, his coarse hand-writing, and wretched orthography, afforded no prospect that his production could be printed, yet he found attention by his repeated calls, and by the humility of his expectations, which were limited to half a-dozen copies of the *Magazine*. At length, on his name being announced when a literary gentleman, particularly conversant in rural economy, happened to be present, the poem was formally re-examined, and its general aspect excited the risibility of that gentleman in so pointed a manner, that Bloomfield was called into the room, and exhorted not to waste his time, and neglect his employment, in making vain attempts, and particularly in treading on the ground which Thomson had sanctified. His earnestness and confidence, however, led the editor to advise him to consult his countryman, Mr. Capel

Capel Lofft, of Troston, to whom he gave him a letter of introduction. On his departure, the gentleman present warmly complimented the editor on the sound advice which he had given "the poor fellow;" and, it was mutually conceived, that an industrious man was thereby likely to be saved from a ruinous infatuation. Bloomfield, however, visited Mr. Lofft, and that kind-hearted and erudite man, entering sanguinely into his views, edited the work through the press, wrote a preface, and the poem appeared as a literary meteor. Its success was prodigious. The author was to divide the profits with the bookseller, and they soon shared above 1000*l.* apiece. The reputation of the poem at length seemed so thoroughly established, that the bookseller offered to give Bloomfield an annuity of 200*l.* per annum for his half; but this he refused, in the confidence that it would produce him double. At length, however, new objects caught the public attention; the sale died away; and, in three or four years, a small edition per annum only was required. All this was in the usual course; but Bloomfield, whose expectations had been unduly raised, keenly felt the reverse; he was obliged to seek other employment, and his health and spirits suffered in consequence. Other attempts produced but moderate recompense, and, becoming peevish, he entered into a paper-war with his patron Mr. Lofft, and lost the sympathy of many of his first friends. He was nevertheless a man of real genius; and, though the bloated popularity of his *Farmer's Boy* led to no permanent advantage, yet it had, and still has, admirers, some of whom never ceased to be kind to the author. His ambition, however, was disappointed; and, for some years, he was in a state of mental depression, which, it is stated, rendered his death consolatory to his connections. Under these circumstances, and they are such as constantly attend genius without pecuniary independence, the editor of this Magazine is not ashamed of the advice which he gave Bloomfield at his outset. The world would have lost nothing by the non-appearance of the *Farmer's Boy*, as it then existed in Bloomfield's original manuscript, and the poet would have enjoyed the comforts of an industrious life, enhanced by his love of the Muses. Bloomfield, however, never forgave the adviser, and the phrase with which the conversation ended. "I earnestly advise you to stick to your last," which was used without any suspicion that such was his real employment, he often quoted with indignation in the hey-day of his subsequent popularity.

In Wimpole-street, Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B., C.T.S., and other Orders, Colonel of the 84th Foot, and Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth.

At Richmond, the Hon. Mr. Addington, eldest son of Lord Sidmouth. He was insane for many years, yet, to the day of his death, held a sinecure worth 3,000*l.* per annum.

At Dacre-lodge, Lord Napier, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Selkirk, and one of the sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland.

At Barrogill Castle, near Thurso, 56, the Earl of Caithness, Lord Lieutenant of that county, and Postmaster-General of Scotland.

In London, 63, John James, Earl of Farnham, Viscount Maxwell, and Baron of Farnham, Governor of Cavan-shire, and one of the representative Peers for Ireland.

At Winchester, 37, Charles Frederick Poulett Townshend, Lord Bayning. He is succeeded by his only brother, Henry.

In Old Burlington-street, 48, Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, Earl Cornwallis, Viscount Brome, Baron Cornwallis, of Eye, and a Baronet, Master of the Stag Hounds, Colonel of the East Suffolk Militia, and Recorder of the Borough of Eye. Dying without male heirs, the Marquisate is extinct. The Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, his uncle, succeeds to the Earldom only, by descent from his father the first Earl.

[In noticing the late Sampson Perry in our preceding number, we described him as the preparer of Perry's Essence; but it ought to have been of Adams's Solvent for the Stone and Gravel; and, we learn, that his widow continues the preparation from the original receipt.]

ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTIONS.

Rev. Augustus Cooper, B.A. to the rectory of Billingsford, alias Pryleston, with Thorpe Parva, Norfolk.

Rev. T. Gisborne, M.A. has been collated to the fifth prebendal stall in the Cathedral Church of Durham.

The Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, of Drymen, to be principal of the University of Glasgow, and to the church and parish of St. Mungo.

The Rev. Alexander Lochore to the church and parish of Drymen, in the county of Stirling.

Rev. W. Cecil, M.A. to the rectory of Stanton St. Michael's, Cambridgeshire.

The Rev. J. Paul, to the parish of Mayhole, Ayrshire.

The Rev. Duncan M'Cairry, to the church and parish of Uig, in the county of Ross.

Rev. Charles Atlay, M.A. to the rectory of St. George with St. Paul, in Stamford.

The Rev. George Hume, to be domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Ailesbury.

The

The Rev. R. Paton, to the parish of Straiton, Ayrshire.

Rev. J. Leech, to the vicarage of Barton, Cumberland.

The Rev. Mr. Brittain, to the living of Kilcormick, in the county of Longford.

Rev. Elias Thackeray, to the valuable rectory of Louth.

Rev. Wm. Knight, B.A. to the rectory of Stevington, Hants.

Rev. M. H. Goodman, M.A. to the vicarage of Bitton.

Rev. John Hubbard, to the valuable rectory of Horstead, Sussex.

Rev. Samuel Sheen, M.A. to the rectory of Stanstead, Suffolk.

Rev. E. Postle, to the rectory of Colney, Norfolk.

Rev. G. Hole, to the rectory of Chulmleigh cum Doddiscomleigh, Devon.

The Rev. William Riland Bedford, rector of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, to be domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Lothian.

Rev. C. Beetham, to the vicarage of Bunny, Notts.

Rev. Z. S. Warren, B.A. to the vicarage of Dorrington, near Sleaford.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES,

WITH ALL THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS,

Furnishing the Domestic and Family History of England for the last twenty-seven Years.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

THE exhibition of the Northern Society closed within the month, after a season of unprecedented success. The improvement in the Society's funds, consequent upon this success, will enable it to extend its original views, to cultivate native taste, and encourage native talent. Pictures to the value of nearly nine hundred pounds were disposed of during the season. Next year it is in contemplation to exhibit a collection of paintings by the old masters.

A fine new steam-vessel for conveying passengers and parcels has commenced plying between Newcastle and London.

Married.] Mr. R. Brown, to Miss H. Harle; Mr. J. Atkinson, to Miss E. Dodd, of Brandling-place; Mr. J. B. Butler, to Miss Donkin of the Groat-market: all of Newcastle.—Mr. W. Gallon, of the Windmill-hills, Newcastle, to Miss M. Sinton, of Elswick Mill.—Mr. C. Stafford, of Newcastle, to Miss H. Rutherford, of Carr's Hill.—Mr. J. Smith, to Miss M. Barras, both of Gateshead.—Mr. J. Powe, to Miss J. Howe, both of Bishopwearmouth.—Mr. R. Thompson, to Miss M. Nelson, both of Bishop Auckland.—James Forster, esq. to Miss Meggison, both of Whalton.—At Chester-le-street, Mr. W. Charlton, to Mrs. M. Nelson.—Mr. P. Laing, of Monkwearmouth Grange, to Miss Shaftoe, of Durham.

Died.] At Newcastle, in Pilgrim-street, 61, Mrs. A. Gray.—At the Westgate, 79, Mrs. Turner.—On Pandon Bank, 55, Mrs. Bonney.

At Gateshead, 72, Mrs. E. Bowlf.—55, Mr. W. Bage.—Mrs. Brown.—Mr. Jas. Blakey.

At North Shields, in Dockway-square, Mr. W. Scott Galbraith, late of Carlisle.—In Northumberland-square, 43, Mr. J. Milburn.

At South Shields, 67, Mrs. A. Purvis, suddenly.

At Darlington, 21, Mr. H. D. Hutchinson, much respected.—41, Miss J. Addi-

son.—22, Miss M. Johnson.—80, Mr. J. Hawford.

At Tynemouth, 27, Mrs. J. Johnston.

At Hexham, 29, Mr. P. Armstrong.

At Sugley-house, near Newcastle, Miss Margaret Bulmer, deservedly esteemed and regretted.—At Coalclough, Mrs. Green, much lamented. At Eachwick-hall, 74, Ralph Spearman, esq.—At Hartlepool, 76, John Cooke, esq. mayor.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

A mineral spring has lately been discovered in the neighbourhood of Stainton, Cumberland. It runs from a hole about four inches in diameter, which some years ago had been bored by some speculators in coal. The water issues in a plentiful stream with great force.

The powder-mill of Mr. Barker, at Low Wood, near Backbarrow, Cumberland, was lately blown up, by which two men were killed, and one wounded.

Married.] Mr. R. Bell, to Miss M. Hebden; Mr. F. Hampson, to Miss S. Sewell; Mr. E. Barnes, to Miss E. Hudson; Mr. W. Hind, to Miss E. Black; Mr. T. Nichol, to Miss E. McKane: all of Carlisle.—Mr. J. Jardine, to Miss M. Peel; Mr. J. Temple, to Miss R. Cockbain: all of Whitehaven.—Mr. W. Hartley, to Miss A. Blacklock, both of Wigton.—Mr. J. Banks, sen. to Mrs. M. Oswald, both of Cockermouth.—Mr. Dixon, to Miss Harrison, both of Kendal.—Mr. S. Harrison, of Shotton, to Miss Scarth, of Castle Eden. The Rev. J. Hope, of Stapleton, to Miss J. Young, of Maryport.

Died.] At Whitehaven, 59, Mr. T. Nicholson, of Springfield, suddenly. one of the Society of Friends.—Mrs. Mason.—44, Mr. J. Westray.

At Maryport, 34, Mrs. E. Ross.

At Cockermouth, 75, Mrs. H. Steele, suddenly.

At Wigton, 83, Mr. Pearson.—55, Mr. G. Skelton, one of the Society of Friends.

At Brisco, 61, Mrs. A. Gibson.—At Great Salkeld, 75, Mr. C. Hodgson.—At Cargo,

Cargo, 26, Miss M. Lawson.—At Woodbank, 64, Mr. W. Angus, much respected.

YORKSHIRE.

At these Assizes, the calendar of which was light, William Mead was found guilty of killing and slaying Mr. James Law, by shooting him with a pistol on the 14th of February last, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in York Castle:—John Ashton, and John and Richard Burnett, (father and son) who had pleaded guilty to a charge of having committed a burglary, were left for execution.

The eightieth Annual conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, were held at Sheffield within the month. The numbers of this body are as follow: in England and Scotland, 219,393; in Ireland, 22,218; total, 241,616. Increased during the past year, 8006; ditto in foreign stations, 1653. Total increase, 9659.—We regret to state, that two respectable ministers, Messrs. Sargent and Lloyd, of this persuasion, in consequence of the upsetting of the Sheffield coach, through the violent and wanton driving of the coachman, met an untimely death; and six others were at the same time severely wounded.

The Whitby theatre was lately entirely destroyed by fire, with all the scenery and dresses of the performers.

Married.] Mr. H. Hall, to Miss Wormall; Mr. J. Hodson, to Miss A. Swann, of George-street: all of Hull.—Mr. J. Fenton, to Miss J. Backhouse; Mr. J. Wilkinson, to Miss S. Strickland; Mr. D. Whitehead, to Miss E. Moore; Mr. W. Hargrave, to Miss S. Milnes; Mr. T. Dawkins, to Miss E. Clarkson; Mr. J. Clapham, to Miss E. Hunter: all of Leeds.—Mr. J. W. R. Parkinson, of Low Moor, near Bradford, to Miss J. Scarf, of Leeds.—Mr. J. Burgoyne, of South Kirby, to Miss J. Holroyd, of Leeds.—Mr. J. Halstead, to Miss S. Robertshaw, both of Wakefield.—Mr. W. D. Hitchin, to Miss A. Royston, both of Halifax.—Mr. H. N. Bradley, to Miss T. Aspenal, both of Huddersfield.—Mr. T. Wicks, to Miss Bulmer, both of Selby.

Died.] At York, 81, Ralph Lutton, esq. At Hull, in Albion-street, 53, Sarah, widow of Joseph Eglin, esq.

At Leeds, 43, Mr. W. Moxon.—43, Mr. J. Goss.—Mrs. M. Wood.

At Wakefield, 81, Mr. W. Scott.

At Halifax, 57, Mr. R. Bark.—93, Mrs. Greenwood.—Mrs. Jardine.

At Huddersfield, 65, Mr. R. Fell, of Skipton.—61, Mr. W. Garnett.

At Pontefract, 87, Richard Wilsford, esq.—89, Mrs. Hepstonstall.—84, Mrs. Harrison, of the Society of Friends.—79, Miss Kemp.

At Sheriff Hutton, 76, Tabitha Crispin, a member of the Society of Friends.—At Sandall, 55, George Webster, M. D. of the common council of Doncaster.—At Ea-

singwold, Miss E. Wrightson, much esteemed and regretted.—At Flockton, 70, William Milnes, esq.—At Brotherton, Mr. H. Haxby.

At an advanced age, at Pepper-hall, near Northallerton, John Arden, esq. of Arden Hall, near Stockport, and of Tarpoley, Cheshire; he was the elder brother of the late Lord Alvanley, and uncle to the present.

LANCASHIRE.

A numerous public meeting was lately held in Liverpool to consider the propriety of raising a subscription to assist the Constitutional Spaniards. It was very respectably attended, and the resolutions, the purport of which were to express the strongest abhorrence at the conduct of France, and commiseration for Spain, were unanimously agreed to.

A public library for apprentices and mechanics has been recently established at Liverpool. Many gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood have presented useful and instructive books.

A public dispensary is about to be erected at Bolton.

Married.] Mr. J. Brown, to Miss M. Stewart; Mr. Jas. Carey, to Miss C. Brownhill; Mr. W. Burd, to Miss M. Sandbach; Mr. G. Smith, to Miss E. Kilner; Mr. S. Lea, to Miss M. Derbyshire; Mr. W. Ratcliffe, to Miss M. Wolfendale: all of Manchester.—Mr. C. Webster, jun. of Manchester, to Miss E. Erlam, of Partington.—Mr. G. Spencer, of Salford, to Mrs. Reiley, of Manchester.—Mr. E. Pratt, to Miss Bachope; Mr. J. Metcalf, to Miss Casson, of Duke-street; Mr. J. Dutton, of St. James's-street, to Miss A. Simpson, of Salthouse-dock; Mr. Jas. M'Fie, of Barker-street, to Miss J. Walker; Mr. J. Littlewalker, to Miss A. Hales: all of Liverpool.—Mr. W. Williamson, to Miss A. Plimmer; Mr. J. Kershaw, to Miss S. Oddie: all of Salford.—William Marsden, esq. of Salford, to Miss Walton, of Worsley.—Mr. T. Potter, of Wigan, to Miss A. Nicholson, of Newchurch.—Mr. J. Musker, to Miss M. Morrison, both of Bootle.—Mr. J. Winterbotham, jun. of Higgenshaw, to Miss L. Fletcher, of Greenacres Moor, near Oldham.—Mr. J. Vianna, of Liverpool, to Miss S. Kitchen, of Bootle.

Died.] At Manchester, 76, Mr. H. Edgar.—In High-street, 22, Mrs. E. J. Robinson.—In Henry-street, 31, Miss Mansiere, greatly respected.—50, Thomas Phillips, esq. late of Leek.

At Salford, in Edmund-street, 21, Mrs. Bryden, much and deservedly respected.

At Liverpool, 45, Mr. E. Byrne, late of Newry.—In Sidney-street, 35, Mrs. M. Dawson, suddenly.—In Renshaw-street, 60, Mr. G. Bourn.—21, Miss J. Taylor.—In Great Richmond-street, 75, Mrs. M. Baitson.—In Clayton-street, Mr. Jas.

Oldham.—On the North Shore, 83, Mr. E. Wilcock.—In Gloucester-street, 37, Mr. Jas. Roberts.—27, Miss S. Pate.—In Cleaveland-square, 42, Mr. M. Bold, generally respected.—In Bispham-street, Mrs. E. Lowe.

At Warrington, 46, Mr. S. Jones.

At Blackburn, 80, Mrs. Sudell.

At Bradford, 70, Mrs. E. Wolstoncroft.—At Ormskirk, Margaret, widow of Thomas Aspinwall, esq.—At Kirkdale, Thomas Winstanley, esq.—At Hay Carr, 58, Thomas Lamb, esq.

CHESHIRE.

A Committee has been formed of the respectable and spirited inhabitants of Chester, for establishing a connexion with Ireland, by forming a packet-station at Dawpool, near Parkgate. An experiment has been tried, and it appears that letters may be delivered in half the usual time.

Married.] Mr. T. Edwards, to Miss Eliza Bannister, both of Chester.—Mr. J. Ramsey, to Miss Latham, both of Nantwich.—Thomas Price, esq. of Furness, to Miss E. Harman, of Chamber-hall.—Mr. T. Vernon, to Miss M. Bartholomew, both of Over.—Mr. W. Wright, of Kinnerton, to Miss M. Chesworth, of Middlewich.

Died.] At Chester, 29, Mr. T. Edwards.—47, Mrs. M. J. Benson, regretted.

At Stockport, 84, Mr. J. Nield.—62, Mr. J. Abbott.

At Congleton, 53, Miss S. Copeland.

At Pool-hall, 73, Mrs. Daulby.—70, Mr. S. Daulby.—At Wistaston, the Rev. W. Morgan.—At Backford-hall, 39, Sarah, wife of Major Gen. Glegg.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. W. Ward, of Derby, to Miss M. A. Jones, of Ambaston.—Mr. Jas. Orange, of Chesterfield, to Miss H. Flint, of Fairfield.—Edward Nicholas Hurt, esq. of Wirksworth, to Miss Caroline Strutt, of Derby.—Mr. J. Cartner, of Wirksworth, to Mrs. Hughes, of Bonsall.—Mr. J. Nixon, of Mayfield, to Miss C. Chawner, of Shirley.

Died.] At Derby, 52, Mr. Jos. Dodson, suddenly.—63, Mr. Hartley.

At Whitwell, 48, Mr. J. Bentley, regretted.—At Cublay, Mr. Audinwood.—At Codnor-park, 25, Mr. Royston, of Belper.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. M. Gilbert, to Miss E. Smith; Mr. R. Berry, to Miss S. Booth; Mr. H. T. Waite, to Miss C. Boswell; Mr. H. Poulton, to Miss A. Allcock; Mr. B. Pollard, to Miss A. Clay; Mr. T. Bradley, to Miss E. Pan: all of Nottingham.—Mr. J. Mann, of Nottingham, to Miss E. Fox, of Ratcliffe-upon-Trent.—Mr. T. Shipman, of Mansfield, to Miss M. Gregory, of Ollerton.—Mr. T. Winter, of Blyth, to Miss F. Fryer, of Newark.—Mr. B. Smith, of Crumwell, to Miss S. Briton.—Mr. J. Simpson, to

Miss A. Morris, of Kirby Woodhouse.—Mr. R. Green, of Langer, to Miss J. Speed, of Nottingham.

Died.] At Nottingham, in Clare-street, 33, Mr. W. Paulson.—In Rutland-street, 82, Mr. W. Clayton.—In Red-lion-street, 44, Miss J. Broomby.—In Pilcher-gate, 68, Mrs. S. Glover, deservedly lamented.—In Mount East-street, Mrs. H. Holmes.—94, Mr. J. Linegar, suddenly.

At Newark, 26, Mrs. A. Mullins.—21, Mr. T. Pettifair.—Mr. W. Mabbott, regretted.—34, Mrs. M. Medworth.—74, Mr. R. Bell, sen.

At Mansfield, 53, Mrs. S. Finch, regretted.

At Park-hall, near Mansfield, 52, Major Gen. Hall, lamented.—At Southwell, Elizabeth Anne, wife of the Rev. Dr. Barrow, prebendary of Couthwell.—At East Bridgford, 22, Miss Wilkinson; 76, Mrs. Levers, her grandmother.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. J. Holland, to Mrs. Breyman, both of Grimsby.—Mr. G. Todd, of Barton, to Miss E. Smith, of Bushblades.—Matthew Henry Lister, esq. of Burwell-park, to Miss Arabella Crockcroft, of Hackthorn.

Died.] At Grantham, 21, Miss R. Burbage.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Nearly 200 persons of Leicester were lately summoned before the Magistrates for using short weights. Honourable dealers ought to be well pleased. Fair profit is sufficient, without robbing the poor or defrauding the rich.

Married.] Mr. Jas. Hudson, to Miss Vann, both of Leicester.—Mr. T. Bennett, of Mountsorrel, to Miss M. Burgess, of Selby.—Charles Paget, esq. of Rudington, to Miss Eliza Paget, of Southfield.—Mr. T. Oliver, of Earl Shilton, to Miss E. Armstone, of Hinckley.—Samuel Weston, esq. of the Grange, Obstock, to Miss Elizabeth Paget, of Leicester.—Mr. Walker, to Miss A. Wright, both of Bottesford.

Died.] At Leicester, 82, Mrs. H. Farmer, deservedly lamented.—In Churchgate, Mr. Dawes, sen. suddenly.—In Thornton-lane, 58, Mrs. Billings.

At Wimeswold, 49, Mrs. E. Lacy.—At Langley-priory, Mrs. Cheslyn, wife of Richard C. esq. suddenly, and regretted.—At Billesdon, Mr. Hollingsworth.—At Croxton, Mrs. Shepherd.—At Nether Broughton, 41, Mrs. Gill.—At Eastwood, 59, Mrs. Godber, regretted.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A severe contest has taken place for the representation in parliament of Newcastle-under-Lyme, between Mr. Heathcote, a whig candidate, and Mr. Denison, a partizan of government. In consequence of Mr. Heathcote not announcing himself

himself in time, his election was lost: the numbers were—

Denison 336

Heathcote 313.

A splendid Service of Porcelain, has recently been manufactured at Mr. Spode's works, on the order of the East India Company, for their Factory at Canton, to replace that destroyed by the late fire. The whole service consists of upwards of *thirteen hundred pieces*. The body of the China is particularly fine in the delicacy of its transparency, and its Parian whiteness: and *exceeds in beauty* what have been regarded as choice specimens of Dresden Porcelain.

Married.] Mr. J. Ash, to Miss Williams; Mr. Yates, to Miss A. Cotton: all of Wolverhampton.—Mr. Wilson, of Walsall, to Miss M. A. Harris, of Lichfield.—Mr. J. Smith, of Bloxwich, to Miss E. Boulton, of Wolverhampton.—Mr. Moore, of Beech-bank, to Miss M. Moore, of Adderley-lodge.

Died.] At Walsall, Mr. Thomas.

At Tamworth, Robert Woody, esq.

At Wordsley, Mrs. S. Cook, deservedly regretted.—At Chillington, 59, Thomas Gifford, esq.—At Langdon, John Smith, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At the late Warwick assizes, 3 prisoners received sentence of death; 7 were to be transported for life; 2 for seven years; and others to minor punishments.

A lamentable accident lately happened at the button manufactory of Messrs. Wilson and Starkey, Birmingham, by an explosion of a considerable quantity of gunpowder. Mr. Wilson was blown to pieces, and a young woman employed in the warehouse, was also killed on the spot, and four of her fellow-workwomen were dreadfully wounded and carried to the hospital without hopes of recovery.

A sad catastrophe lately happened at Radford, a short distance beyond Leamington. The Sovereign-coach, between Birmingham and London, was proceeding to town, when its progress was arrested by one of the fore wheels leaving the axle-tree, and instantly the coach sunk, with a sudden and dreadful crash. The coachman and a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Atterbury, grandson to the celebrated bishop, were then thrown from the box, and the coach falling on them, crushed them to death. Most of the other passengers received severe injuries.

Married.] Mr. W. Broomhall, of Warwick, to Miss E. Scarlett, of Halford-thridge; Mr. S. P. Horton, of High-street, to Miss M. E. Hill, of Digbeth; Mr. J. Tast, to Miss M. A. Parker, of Constitution-hill: all of Birmingham.—The Rev. H. Hutton, M.A. of Birmingham, to Miss Mary Wilson, of Moneycarragh, Ireland.—Mr. W. Fouks, of Luxbard-

street, Denitend, to Miss J. Parker, of Cooker's Bank, near Dudley.—Mr. Simmonds, of Coventry, to Miss A. Palfrey, of Chapel-fields.—At Coventry, Mr. J. H. Crockett, to Miss M. Fisher, of Hales Owen.—The Rev. W. S. Bagshaw, M.A. of Foleshill, to Miss A. Sutton, of Weekeley.

Died.] At Birmingham, in Colmore-row, 84, Mary, widow of Edw. Thomason, esq. deservedly esteemed and regretted.—In Wannull-street, Deritend, 29, Mr. W. Bolt, lamented.—In Edmund-street, 45, Mrs. E. Payton.—In Thorp-street, 74, Mrs. A. Harrison.—In Great Charles-street, Mr. C. Shaw.—In Ellis-street, Mrs. A. Haywood.—In Hertford-street, Mrs. M. Vale.

At Coventry, in Bishop-street, Mr. J. Barnes.

At Leamington, the Rev. Archdeacon Gooch.

At Islington, near Birmingham, 78, Mr. W. Pagett.—At Ashted, 59, Mr. G. Parsons.—At Handsworth, 65, the Rev. Hugh Williams, of Stone, esteemed and lamented.

SHROPSHIRE.

At the late Shrewsbury Assizes, Edmund Whitcomb, esq. one of the Coroners for the county, was found guilty on a charge of perverting the course of justice, in endeavouring to bias a Jury in returning a verdict in an inquest held on the body of a woman of the name of Newton, who it was suspected had been murdered by her husband.

Married] Mr. B. Jones, to Miss Atch-erley, both of Shrewsbury.—Mr. Minton, of Hopton, to Miss Strange, of Shrewsbury.—Mr. T. Welch, to Miss M. Heath, of Whitechurch.—Thomas Brocklehurst, of Foden-bank, near Macclesfield, to Miss Unett, of Drayton.—Mr. Mercer, of Hythe-hall, to Miss H. Rhodenhurst, of Spout-farm, near Ellesmere.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, in Belmont, 94, Mr. H. Bowman, greatly regretted.—In Princes-street, 53, Mr. T. Lloyd.—In High-street, Mr. L. Maddox.

At Bridgnorth, 79, Mrs. Betty Lello, highly and deservedly esteemed and regretted.—Miss M. Downes.—74, Stephen Izzard, esq.

At Ludlow, the Rev. T. C. Rogers, rector of Huntshill, Somerset.

At Brockton Grange, Richard Phillips, esq. deservedly lamented.—At All Stretton, 71, Mr. Hall.—At the High Downs, near Bridgnorth, Mrs. Jones, wife of John J. esq.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. W. Bohun Yeomans, D.D. to Miss Anne Clifton, of Worcester.—Mr. R. Martineau, of Dudley, to Miss J. Smith, of Edgbaston.—Mr. E. Lane, to Miss Woodyatt, of Mathan.

Died.]

Died.] At Kidderminster, 63, Mr. J. Horton.

At Brace's Leigh, 21, Mr. J. Winnell, jun.—At Upper Wick, Susannah, widow of Thomas Bund, esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

At the late Hereford assizes, four prisoners were sentenced to suffer death, two to seven years' transportation, others to minor punishments, and four were discharged, no bills being found.

Married.] Mr. G. Stokes, to Miss Minton, of St. Owen's-street, both of Hereford.—At Branyard, Mr. C. A. Harris, to Miss S. Inett, of the Home House.

Died.] At Hereford, in Bye-street, 68, Mrs. M. Arthur.—Mrs. A. Knill.—80, Mrs. Williams, widow of William W. esq. of Brecon, banker.

At Leominster, Miss Linging, deservedly regretted.—Mr. R. Trotter, suddenly.

At Bunshill, 69, Mrs. E. Luntley, suddenly, generally esteemed.

At Hereford, Mr. Philip Garbett.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the late Gloucester assizes, fourteen prisoners received sentence of death, one was sentenced to seven years' transportation, and eighteen others to minor punishments.

A communication by a steam-vessel between Bristol and New Ross, Ireland, is about to take place.

Married.] Mr. J. F. Brain, to Miss M. Stock; Mr. J. Longdon, of Queen-street, to Miss E. Ferris; Watson Bagehot, esq. to Mrs. Estlin, of Bristol.—John Matthew Gutch, esq. of Bristol, to Miss Mary Lavender, of Worcester.—George Bramble, esq. of Siddington-house, to Miss M. Howse, of Cirencester.—Mr. Alex, of Cheltenham, to Miss P. Isaacs, of Stratford.—Mr. J. G. Hughes, to Miss L. Harris, both of Monmouth.—Mr. R. J. Bridges, of Upton St. Leonard's, to Miss E. Frankis, of Bristol.—At Hempstead, Mr. W. H. Halpen, to Miss E. Prestidge, of Cheltenham.—John Horniblow, esq. of Shepston on Stour, to Miss M. Sabin.

Died.] At Gloucester, 26, Miss S. Luke.—In Westgate-street, 28, Mrs. E. Legge, deservedly lamented.—81, Mrs. Dobbins.—In Norfolk-buildings, Miss Anne Newenham, esteemed and regretted.—Mrs. Barrett.

At Bristol, Miss H. Lovel.—Mr. G. Compland.—76, Mrs. Elizabeth Art, an esteemed member of the Society of Friends.—21, Miss M. Wytch, greatly regretted.—Mr. Jas. Sheet, suddenly.

At Cheltenham, Mr. G. Long.

At Cirencester, at an advanced age, Mr. G. Harvey.

At Stottis Croft, 78, Mary, widow of Henry Hillman, esq.—At Ashton, 40, Eliza, wife of Daniel Stanton, esq. of

Bristol.—At Caincross, 78, Mrs. Holmes.—At Siddington, 72, Mrs. E. Walker.—At Frenchay, 25, Miss M. A. Codrington, of Yate.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. W. Godfrey, to Miss J. Hayward, both of Oxford.—The Rev. Jas. Stewart Murray Anderson, of Baliol-college, Oxford, to Miss Barbara Charlotte Wroughton, late of Newington-house.—Mr. J. Jackson, of St. Clement's, to Miss R. Cater, of Holywell, Oxford.—Mr. G. Drinkwater, of Banbury, to Mrs. Foreman, of Oxford.—Mr. W. Huggins, of Oxford, to Miss E. Egerton, of Bicester.—The Rev. J. Fleming, of Knoyle, to Miss A. Talmage, of Oxford.

Died.] At Oxford, 75, Mrs. Bishop.—71, Mrs. Knibbs.—In St. Ebbe's, 52, Mrs. Tyror.

At Tetsworth, 91, Mr. W. Eaton.

BUCKINGHAM AND BERKSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. C. S. Whitman, to Miss A. King, both of Reeding.—Mr. H. W. Brewer, of Wantage, to Miss Mary Burrows, of South Lambeth.—William Wakeford, esq. of Andover, to Miss Maria Darvall, of Reading.—Mr. S. Aldworth, of Hungerford, to Miss M. Plumb, of Wantage.—B. Brocas, esq. of Wokefield-park, to Miss Ann D. Pigott, of the Bridge-Villa, Maidenhead.

Died.] At New-house-place, Chalford, St. Giles, Lady Carrington, wife of Sir Codrington Edmund C. bart.

At Windsor, at an advanced age, Mrs. Smith.—In Peascod-street, 72, Mrs. Larkin.

At Reading, 63, the Rev. Jas. Hinton, the much esteemed pastor of a dissenting congregation of Oxford.—John Gills, esq. formerly of the Strand, London.

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

A numerous meeting of the friends of aristocratical independence and parliamentary reform, lately took place at Hertford, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, esq. in the chair. Several patriotic toasts were given. Mr. Duncombe made an animated speech, which was loudly applauded, and it was unanimously resolved to support him at the next general election.

Married.] The Rev. J. Walker, to Miss E. Brown, both of Harrold.—The Rev. Miles Bland, rector of Lilley, to Miss Anne Templeman, of Conyngham-house, Ramsgate.

Died.] At Watford, 78, Harriott Steward, esq.

At Woburn, Mrs. Gilbert.—At Great Berkhamstead, Miss Childs.—Mrs. Walker, wife of William W. esq.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Chas. Buswell, to Miss E. Jones; Mr. T. Betty, to Mrs. S. Jones; Mr. W. Williams, to Miss E. A. Parker; all of Northampton.—The Rev. R. Waldy, M.A. to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. W. Greenwood,

Greenwood, B.D. rector of Culworth.—Joseph Pitchers, esq. of Hawnes, to Miss Birch, of Beddenham.

Died.] At Northampton, 80, Mary, widow of Thomas Pewtress, esq.

At Chapel Brampton, Mrs. E. Taberner.—At Guilsborough, 73, Mr. H. Evans.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] Edward Semple, esq. of Clarehall, Cambridge, to Sarah Helen, daughter of the late John Dean, of Parrock's Lodge.—H. T. Thompson, esq. of St. John's-college, to Miss Harrington, of Bury.—The Rev. T. Clare, vicar of Great Staughton, to Miss M. A. Lee, of King-street, Covent Garden, London.

Died.] At Cambridge, 60, Mrs. Chane.—In the Petty Curry, 97, Mr. S. Wheldon.—59, Mrs. A. Pawson.

At Huntingdon, 22, Mr. F. Cole, of the firm of Messrs. Wells and Cole, attorneys.

At Chesterton, 74, Mr. W. Taffill.

NORFOLK.

Married.] Mr. Jas. Wright, to Miss Cross; Mr. H. Nibham, to Miss Bean: all of Norwich.—Mr. H. Baloe, of Norwich, to Miss Ostler, of Great Yarmouth.—Mr. R. Barber, to Miss P. Seaman; Mr. W. Tooke, to Mrs. S. Baker; Mr. A. Thrower, to Mrs. Allcock: all of Yarmouth.—The Rev. T. Harrison, of Tivershell-parsonage, to Miss F. Cooper.—J. Porrett, esq. to Miss M. Southgate, of Cawston.—Mr. L. Lewis, of Winch, to Miss M. Stimpson, of Cawston.

Died.] At Norwich, in St. Peter's Man-croft, 77, Mr. James.—84, Mrs. Trull.—In Gentleman's Walk, Market-place, Mrs. Candall.—In Pulham St. Mary, 48, Mr. W. Carron, much respected.—36, Mr. Jas. Smith.

At Yarmouth, 63, Charlotte, wife of Dover Colby, esq.—40, Mrs. E. Boggy.—69, Mrs. E. Norton.—21, Mr. W. Piper.—81, Mrs. M. Smith.—40, Mrs. Page.—54, Mr. J. Lancaster.

At Swaffham, 43, Mr. J. Rust.

At Stiffkey, Col. Lottus, of the Cold-stream Guards.—At Tivetshill-mill Green, 77, Mr. J. Holmes, a member of the Society of Friends, deservedly regretted.—At Ripon-hall, 52, Mr. D. Ebbett.—At Hackford, 46, Mrs. M. Reeve.

SUFFOLK.

The women and children paupers in Bury are about to be employed in plaiting grass for hats, somewhat in the manner proposed by Mr. Cobbett. The Court of Guardians of the Poor have determined on an experimental trial.

Married.] John Henry Heigham, esq. of Hunston-hall, to Maria Catharine, daughter of colonel Gould, of Bury.—At Bury, Mr. J. Barwick, to Miss L. Sturgeon, of Horningsheath.—Mr. Dale, to Mrs. Barker, both of Ipswich.—Mr. J. Nunn, to Miss M. Barnes, of Beccles.—Mr.

Stannard, to Miss R. Cole, of Woodbridge.—Mr. H. Smith, to Miss P. Deane, both of Southwold.—Brazier Jones, esq. to Miss Wright, both of Sudbury.—The Rev. W. A. Norton, of Alderton, to Miss E. D. Fox, late of Great Doods, Reigate.—Mr. R. Jannings, of Stowmarket, to Miss E. Cockrell, of Pakenham.

Died.] At Bury, 80, Mrs. Cobbin.

At Ipswich, 38, Andrew Creagh, esq. Lieut. Irish Hussars.—Mr. S. Ruffell.

At Woodbridge, 70, Mr. B. Turtle.

At Southwold, 57, Mr. T. Pott.

At Pulham, 48, Mr. W. Carron.—At Melford-house, Mrs. Plunkett, wife of Major P.—At Charsfield, 27, Mr. J. Randall.—At Long Melford, 50, Mrs. Norman.

ESSEX.

A Botanical and Horticultural Society has been recently established at Colchester, Lord Braybrooke patron: it is called the Colchester and Essex Botanical and Horticultural Society. It is intended to combine a nursery with the botanic garden. The horticultural shows will take place every two months, and prizes will be awarded to the finest specimens of each class.

Four hundred looms are now in full work in the parishes of Braintree and Bocking, by which the poor are fully employed. The chief manufacture is silk crape; and many deserving involuntary paupers or labourers have turned from the plough to the shuttle.

Married.] George Haycock, of Chelmsford, to Sarah Reynolds, of Clerkenwell, both of the Society of Friends.—Mr. R. Cremer, of Chelmsford, to Miss Parker, of Badwell Ash.—John Windus, esq. of Thornwood, to Miss J. Yarrington, of Swaffham.—Mr. J. Stebbing, of Westhall-farm, Paglesham, to Miss A. Salmon, of Great Oakley.—Mr. R. Adams Newman, of Witham, to Miss Grimwood, of Kelvedon.

Died.] At Colchester, Mr. W. Game, of the Old Heath.

At Chelmsford, 22, Miss E. Mace.—19, Miss S. Archer, of Saffron Walden.—32, Mr. H. Y. Wiffen; deservedly regretted.

At Harwich, Mrs. Cottingham.—77, Mr. R. Ackfield.

At Great Waltham, Mr. A. Bentall.

At Leytonstone-house, Mr. Letchworth, of Katesgrove, near Reading.—At Lexden, Mrs. Round, wife of George R. esq. banker, of Colchester.—At St. Osyth, 69, Mr. R. Mayhew.—At Debden, Mr. R. Levrett.

KENT.

Married.] Mr. E. Flocks, to Mrs. Hooker; Mr. S. Newington, to Miss E. Clarke: all of Canterbury.—Mr. J. Hutt, to Miss E. Jarvis, both of Dover.—Mr. L. Patterson, to Mrs. J. Christian, both of Rochester.—Mr. E. Jeyes, of Chatham, to Miss C. Budds, of Milton.—Mr. E. Hammond, to Miss A. Gandon; Mr. V. H. Robinson, to Miss M. Fuggles; Mr. C. Forster, to Miss

Miss C. Webb: all of Chatham.—Mr. Richardson, to Miss J. Eve, of Maidstone.

Died.] At Canterbury, in Longport, Mrs. Webb.—In the Lower Close, 93, Mrs. Rolfe, widow of the Rev. Robt. R. formerly rector of Willborough, Norfolk.

At Dover, Mrs. Mitchell.—Mr. E. Farley.—Mrs. Jones.—Mr. Penn.—22, (after a long and painful illness, following the birth of her first child,) to the inexpressible affliction of her husband, and of all her friends, Briseis, wife of Arthur Brooke, of Canterbury. The memory of this amiable woman, who to great personal beauty united an uncommon sweetness of disposition, will be long and dearly cherished in that circle which her presence, unfortunately for so short a time, has adorned and blessed.

At Chatham, 29, Miss R. Tucker.—44, Mrs. Joire.—35, Mr. T. Greenstead.

At Faversham, 63, Samuel Fasham Roby, esq.—56, George Smith, esq.

At Frindsbury, Mr. Hards.—At Wingham, at an advanced age, Mrs. Sandcroft.—At Buckland-hill, Mary, wife of John Vernon, esq.—At Leeds, 60, Mr. Crowhurst.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Chichester, Capt. H. Cramer, of the 30th regt. to Marianne, daughter of the late Major Madden.—Mr. T. Stroud, to Miss Gibbs, of Chichester.—Mr. G. Botting, to Miss E. Pawson; Mr. Smart, to Miss Dennett: all of Lewes.

Died.] At Chichester, Miss S. Hookey.

At Brighton, 57, Mr. J. Cheeseman, sen.—Mr. Reeves, suddenly.

At Eastbourne, Mrs. Stubbington, late of Selsey.

At Burpham, Mr. Roberts, of Chichester.—At Uckfield, 35, Mr. B. Lidbetter.—At Goodwood, Mr. Vector.

HAMPSHIRE.

The delightful town of Southampton has lately had a more than ordinary influx of respectable company.

Married.] Mr. J. Beazley, of Titchfield, to Mrs. S. Sims, of Southampton.—Mr. Wheeler, to Miss Gilmour, of the High-street, Winchester.—Mr. T. Macnamara, of Portsmouth, to Miss M. A. Long, of West Cowes.—Mr. G. Moorsom, to Miss M. Crenze, both of Portsmouth.—Mr. Slaughter, to Miss Fletcher, both of Gosport.—Mr. W. Hall, of Alresford, to Miss F. Charriott, of Ropley.—Mr. Charriott, of Ropley, to Miss A. Budd, of Medstead.

Died.] At Southampton, 53, Mrs. Rudd.—44, Mrs. M. Purkis.

At Winchester, 32, Miss A. Toomer.

At Portsmouth, 35, Mr. J. Furse, much lamented.—Mr. T. Tolervey, suddenly.

At Portsea, Mr. Robinson, sen.—In Britain-street, 66, Mr. Blake.—In St. George's-square, Mr. Blake.

At Billingham, Mr. E. Jacobs, suddenly.—At Headley, Mrs. Thomas, late of Chelsea.—At Romsey, Mrs. J. Edwards.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. P. Wyndham, to Miss Tatem, of Salisbury.—The Rev. George Mantell, to Mrs. Grey, both of Swindon.

Died.] At Salisbury, Mrs. Cheater.—At an advanced age, Mr. Dennis, sen.—At an advanced age, Mr. Henry Sutton, deservedly esteemed and lamented.

At Westbury, Mr. H. Grey, deservedly regretted.

At Little Chiverell, 63, the Rev. William Richards, greatly esteemed and regretted.—At Poulshott-lodge, Mr. Eden.—At Purton, at an advanced age, Mr. J. Large, deservedly lamented.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

At the late Somerset assizes, thirteen prisoners received sentence of death, and five others were sentenced to different terms of imprisonment.

A numerous and respectable meeting of the inhabitants of Taunton, convened by the bailiffs in pursuance of a requisition, was held at Taunton, to take into consideration the present state of the Taunton-college School, which had been for forty years in a state unavailing to the purposes of the foundation. It was agreed, on the motion of H. J. Leigh, esq. seconded by Dr. Kinglake, to present an address to the Warden of New College, Oxford, earnestly requesting him to resume the patronage of the school, by nominating to the mastership, on the next vacancy, a person whom he, uninfluenced by local testimonials, shall deem competent to the mastership of a great public school. Dr. Shuttleworth, the warden, has replied; and stated that the inhabitants may rest satisfied that no person would be nominated, in the event of a vacancy, who does not feel zealous to raise the school to that degree of importance and utility of which it is represented as being capable.

Married.] Mr. C. Wilkins, to Miss H. Whieldon; Mr. W. D. Blood, to Miss Dance: all of Bath.—Thomas Cuff, esq. of Bath, to Mary Ann, daughter of Edward Hamblin Adams, esq. of Nailbrook-house.—Mr. J. N. Harris, of Park-hall, Keynsham, to Miss Sarah Collins, of Bath.—At Walcot-church, John Campbell, esq. R.M. to Catherine, daughter of Lieut.-col. Savary.—Capt. Grossett, R.N. to Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. W. George, vicar of North Petherton.

Died.] At Bath, in Upper Camden-place, Mrs. Slocombe.—In the Vineyards, 29, Lieut. Launcelot J. Atkins, R.N.—In Milsom-street, 30, Mrs. C. Stockman.—John Green, esq. of the Barnfield, Exeter.—In the Abbey Church-yard, 41, Mr. T. S. Meylin, bookseller, and proprietor of the *Bath Herald*: in all his engagements he was distinguished for a high sense of integrity; and in his private relations, as husband and friend, the regret which followed evinced the propriety with which he

he filled them.—In Rivers-street, Lady Palliser, widow of Sir Hugh P. bart.

At Wrington, Miss J. Grace, of Widcombe-hill house.—At Worle, 42, Mrs. E. Parsley.—In Walcot, in Beaufort-buildings, Mr. J. Tanner.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] Capt. R. Swain, of Bridport, to Miss F. Trent, of Lyme.—Mr. E. H. Tucker, of Bridport, to Miss Pitcher, of Yeovil.

Died.] At Dorchester, 83, Mr. J. Greening.

At East Coker, Mr. C. Murly, of Bridport.

DEVONSHIRE.

A public meeting was lately held at Exeter, for raising a subscription in aid of the Spanish cause. The resolutions, which were moved by the Rev. J. P. Jones, were supported by Dr. Tucker and Mr. Flindell, and carried unanimously.

A large manufactory of lace, by machinery, has lately been established at Exwick, near Exeter, which is carrying on with spirit, and employs a considerable number of hands.

A beautiful steam-packet, called the *Sir Francis Drake*, is about to start from Plymouth. It is the intention of the directors to call off Weymouth, for passengers to and from Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Plymouth, affording a great facility to gentlemen and families; as the distance between the two great naval depôts will be accomplished within the short space of eighteen hours.

Married.] Mr. W. Barch, to Miss Elliott, both of Exeter.—Mr. E. Nugent, to Miss Yeoland; Mr. Toms, to Miss Jarvis, of Richmond-walk: all of Plymouth.—Capt. W. Hillyer, R.N. to Miss Dawes, of Plymouth-dock.—Mr. H. Searle, to Miss E. Sherwell, both of Plympton.—Thomas Pugsley, esq. of Barnstaple, to Miss S. Chapman, of John-street, Bedford-row, London.—Thomas Parsons, esq. of Okehampton, to Anna Becher, daughter of Dr. Turton, of Torquay.

Died.] At Exeter, 54, Mr. James Worthing.—64, Mrs. Ellis.—59, Mrs. Gorford.—39, Major Charles Hall, Madras Light Infantry.

At Plymouth, 62, Philip Westlake, esq.—Mr. Steward.—Mr. G. Norrington.

In Dock, in Catherine-street, 55, Mrs. Marshall.—In James-street, Mrs. Beall.—In Chapel-yard, Miss Mary Ann May, deservedly regretted.

At Crediton, 38, Mrs. E. Kingdon.

At Exmouth, Mrs. Priddis.

At Alpbington, 38, Mrs. S. Rowe.—At Heavitree, 22, Miss S. M. Carter, late of London.—55, the Rev. Mr. Morris.—At Wiveliscombe, E. Boutcher, esq.

CORNWALL.

A public meeting lately took place at Liskeard, to take into consideration the

propriety of cutting a canal, or making a rail-road from Looe to Liskeard. Sir Edward Buller, and other gentlemen from the neighbourhood, were present. The estimates, &c. were read, and a committee appointed.

A public meeting was also held at Callington, pursuant to a notice, for taking into consideration the plan and estimate for erecting an Iron Suspension Bridge over the river Tamar, at Saltash; when a series of resolutions were proposed, and unanimously agreed to, and a committee appointed.

Married.] Mr. S. Michell, to Miss E. Michell, both of Redruth.—Mr. J. Austen, to Miss Geach, of Liskeard.—Mr. W. Brown, to Miss B. Kindall, both of Padstow.—Mr. C. Peake, to Miss M. Walters, both of East Looe.

Died.] At Falmouth, 67, Mr. James Laffer.

At Truro, 82, Mr. Catherine Brown.

At Maylor, 45, the Rev. William Whitehead, curate, highly esteemed and lamented.—At Feock, 32, Mrs. D. Thomas.—At Porth, 84, John Stephens, esq.

WALES.

Married.] Edward Bevan, esq. of St. David's, to Miss E. Davies, of Fishguard.—J. Hugo, esq. of Brynbo, Denbighshire, to Emma Sarah Aveling, daughter of the late Archdeacon of Derry.—Lieut. W. Pierrepont Gardiner, to Miss E. A. Wynne: Richard B. Phillipson, esq. 7th regt. to Miss E. Wynne, of Peniarth, Merionethshire.—Mr. E. Evans, of Pen-y-Vron, to Miss Pryse, of Gilvach, Montgomeryshire.—Mr. Davies, of Prospect-cottage, Reynoldstone, Glamorganshire, to Miss S. Bristow, of Priest-hall, Sussex.

Died.] At Swansea, at an advanced age, Mrs. Angel.—In Mariner's-row, 49, Mrs. Wilson.

At Carmarthen, 28, Mr. D. Evans, proprietor of the *Carmarthen Journal*.—53, Mr. R. Phillips, organist, and formerly editor of the above-mentioned journal.

At Aberystwith, Miss Hitchcox, of Birmingham.

At Pembroke, 60, M. Campbell, esq.

At Abergale, Miss H. Summers; and her father, Mr. Summers, both greatly regretted.

At Glanllyn-house, Merionethshire, 67, Griffith Richards, esq. brother to Chief Baron Richards, deservedly regretted.

SCOTLAND.

Married.] T. A. Fraser, esq. of Lovat, to Charlotte Georgiana, daughter of Sir George Jerningham, bart.—John Orrok, esq. of Orrok, Aberdeenshire, to Mary, daughter of the late James Cockburn, esq. of London.

Died.] At Edinburgh, in Buccleugh-place, 51, Alexander Anderson, esq.

At Paisley, 78, the Rev. Robert Boog, D.D. senior minister of the Abbey-church.

IRELAND.

IRELAND.

In the absence of commensurate undertakings to meet all the evils which have and do afflict this fine unhappy country, a new and improved practice has, with the avowed sanction of the Lord Lieutenant, and under the recommendation of the Judges, been recently adopted by the county magistrates, for the adjustment of minor differences and the cognizance of trifling offences. Petty sessions are to be held and attended by four or five justices, who are to determine upon cases which had been formerly brought before a single magistrate.

Five men, among whom were a father and son, were lately executed at Cork, for the alledged offence of setting fire to the mills and dwelling-house of Charles Hennesey, near Castletown, in that county. Previously to being turned off, the Rev. Justin F. M'Namara made the following observations on behalf of the unhappy men.—“These men, now about to die, have severally and individually directed me to say, what in their presence I now say, that though they die with respect for the laws of their country, yet, in justice to their own characters, they think themselves bound, as before God they are in their conscience enabled to do, that they are innocent of this single transaction for which they are about to suffer.”

Married.] At Bishop's Court, the Earl of Fitzwilliam, to the Dowager Lady Ponsonby.—At Dublin, F. Bruen, esq. to Lady Catharine, daughter of the Earl of Westmeath.—The Hon. and Rev. G. Gore, dean of Killala, to Mary, widow of T. B. Isaac, of Holywood-house, county of Down.—Lieut. James Knight, R.N. to Miss C. Christmas, of Whitfield, Waterford.

Died.] At Dublin, in Fitzwilliam-square, Lady Saxton, widow of Sir Charles S. bart. of Goosey, Berks.

At Derry, 76, the Rev. C. O'Donnell, esq. D.D. Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Derry. During thirty years that he exercised the prelatical functions, his conduct secured the regard of all ranks.

At Dungannon, Capt. J. Anderson, R.M.

At Glasnevin, near Dublin, Viscountess Mountmorres.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Magdeburgh, 70, Count Carnot, one of the ablest, honestest republicans, which the revolution of France produced. He was born on the 13th of May, 1753, and was one of the most extraordinary men of his time. A member of the Convention, one of the committee of Public Safety, alternately war-minister, and one of the executive directory in the senate, in the war bureau or the Tuileries, he never laid aside the plainness of republican simplicity. Under his administration, seven hundred thousand men appeared on the frontiers in arms, as republican defenders of resuscitated France; and, in the language of the eloquent Barrère, Carnot “organized victory and rendered her permanent.” He subsequently saw the feeble Directory and Republic overthrown by the ambition of an individual, backed by military force, while the cold and metaphysical Sièyes, with Barras, pandered to the power of the popular and aspiring victor. During Bonaparte's career, as first consul and consul for life, and his subsequent assumption of the imperial dignity, Carnot remained in retirement. He emerged from it when the tide of misfortune began to roll heavily on Napoleon and France; and he offered his services in the hour of danger. Antwerp was committed to his charge, and the ability with which he defended that important city, until after the recall of the Bourbons, is fresh in the memory of all. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he was again appointed war-minister, and accepted the title of count. The second return of the Bourbons again brought exile and poverty on Carnot. He addressed one or two able and powerful remonstrances to Louis, on the policy then pursuing; but the advice of Carnot was rejected, and he retired, proscribed, first to Warsaw, but, on the invitation of Frederick, came to Magdeburgh, where he died. Carnot is still survived by Barrère and David, both of whom reside in the Netherlands, and in the fate of Spain behold the justification of the Committee of Public Safety.

At Rome, 81, Pope Pius the Seventh.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Poetical Correspondents may calculate on the early insertion of the pieces bearing the following Titles or Signatures:—Stanzas on Curran—S. S.—I. S. H.—Old Robin Codfrey—Ode to Fancy—The Sun—Echo and Narcissus—T. H.—L. L.—On Night—D. R. T.—From the Danish—J. G.-m.—Other pieces will, if desired, be delivered to their writers.

Does any Correspondent remember a satirical Poem under the title of “the State Dunces,” inscribed to Mr. Pope?

ERRATA in our last.—In the Critical Proëmium, page 65, col. 1, line 43, for *obscure* read *obscene*.—In the Lines to Charles Nicholson, page 51, col. 1, in the Latin motto, for “*sine aliquo afflatu divius*,” read “*sine aliquo afflatu divino*,” in the last line but two, for *weakness* read *greatness*; and in the two concluding lines, for *harmonies* read *graces*.